

"ALL STORIES COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER"

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1912

BY ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Author of "From the Car Behind," "Stanton Wins," etc.

"THE STOLEN WOMAN"

A SPARKLING COMPLETE NOVEL

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THE STOLEN WOMAN

BY

ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Author of "From the Car Behind," "The Substitute," etc.

L.

EAR out against the silver wall of mist a dark point leaped into view, a rushing spot that dilated enormously, incredibly, while the eye dwelt on it. Visibly the point became a line, the line a bulk; suddenly it was a speeding, foam-wrapped boat that bore down upon the shore like a hurtling projectile, the roar of its motor shattering the dawn hush. The girl on the rocks sprang up, snatching the silk scarf from her shoulders and waving it flag-like in dismayed warning.

"Stop!" she sent her clear voice across the water. "The tide is out! Stop!"

The slender sound was overwhelmed, but abruptly the droning engine fell into silence. Carried only by its momentum, the low, narrow racing-boat came on at lessening speed, until its miniature anchor fell and it swung stationary opposite the jutting shore. The man stood up, the bright water pouring in streams from his oilskins, and took off his cap and motor-mask.

"If the signal was for me——" he began.

"I thought you did not see the Point, through the fog," she made explanation. "I feared you would strike the rocks out there to the left."

"Thank you," he acknowledged simply.

They looked at each other. They both were well-bred in schools that exacted reserve, but they looked at each other steadily, with a singular

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intentness and arrest of attention; he standing straight and at supple ease in his swaying craft, his heavy, dark hair rumpled about his forehead and his gray eyes curiously brilliant in the dark setting of his face, she a slim, white figure against the white dawn.

"Thank you," he said again, when the pause threatened to be too long. "I intended to come here, as it happened. I wonder if it would be trespassing too much to ask where I could find a man who would play doctor for a few moments."

There was a long scarlet stain on his pale-yellow coat, the girl suddenly perceived; scarlet discolorations marked the boat's steering-wheel, and scarlet tinged the glinting pool of water in the bottom of the daintily dangerous craft.

"You are hurt!" she exclaimed.

"A trifle only. But it was acquired by my own utter folly, and I should rather not display results to my men on the yacht out there"—he nodded toward the mist-veiled blankness of the river. "Of course, if there is no one here who cares to officiate, I'll apologize and go on. It is my right arm, or I would tie it up myself."

She caught the white scarf from where it had fallen and stepped down the smooth incline of rock. Her extreme grace of movement had a distinguishing beauty; like the woman of old, she "carried herself delicately," so that she was invested with a stateliness that imposed while in reality indicating no more of her mental attitude than did the gown she wore or the color of her burnished brown hair.

"Can you come ashore?" she questioned, doubtfully gauging the stretch of shining water between them.

He laughed.

"Why not? If I may—and you would be so good as to move aside."

She drew back. Throwing off his rubber coat, he walked surefootedly out the length of slippery, rounded deck, and was beside her with scarcely a visible effort.

"I am sorry to be such a melodramatic spectacle," he regretted. "If you will tell me where to remove myself to—"

"Please roll back your sleeve," she requested, ignoring his suggestion. From wrist to elbow his white flannel coat was crimsoned, but she did not wince or shrink from the sight.

"Pardon me—no!" he demurred promptly and decidedly.

She made an impatient gesture.

"It is half a mile to the house, and there is no one nearer us. This is Huyden's Point, and I am Frances Huyden. Why may I not be of use to some one, for once in my life? I am not at all emotional. Pray put up your sleeve and let me aid you, or you will become faint from loss of blood before you reach better help."

His eyebrows lifted; suddenly it was borne in upon the young girl

that the dominant characteristic of his face was strength, a strength serenely relentless whether in offense or beneficence, a strength that would make this man's determination like the closing of steel jaws upon its object. But he yielded to her dictation with a docility that somehow only intensified her impression; great forces are not exerted on trifles, the strong are not the obstinate.

"Thank you. But I don't believe we need consider fainting. I'm not very emotional, either. I am Estien Randolph, Miss Huyden. If I really am to do this—"

Her movement made it clear that he was.

The wound disclosed was a long, shallow cut traversing the surface of the forearm; ugly but not dangerous. Randolph himself washed it in the river and tore into strips the scarf she offered, leaving to her only the task of winding the bandage. There was a little rustic bench on which they sat side by side to accomplish this, he guiding her absolute inexperience by tactful suggestion and incidentally teaching her how to tie a flat knot.

"A gasoline motor could hardly do this!" she wondered, at their conclusion.

The query was not without intention. Frances Huyden felt the Desdemona stirring in her, the curiosity to know from what adventure this man had come to spend half an hour on the threshold of her calmly ordered life before passing down his own road.

His gray eyes laughed at her, disconcertingly clairvoyant.

"You are detective as well as surgeon, Miss Huyden! Yes, it was a knife-wound. I will confess myself, if that will not bore you."

"Do you really believe, Mr. Randolph, that the conventionally bred girl is surfeited to boredom with the histories of gentlemen who drift ashore at daybreak pierced with duel-suggesting wounds?" she retorted, her soft mouth curving. "Pray go on. We others are fed so consistently on weak tea that we develop a positive yearning to sip—by proxy—from piratical flagons."

He looked at her attentively, with so concentrated a power of observation that she caught her breath with a wild, absurd sense of mental nakedness before him, although his gaze rested on her but an instant.

"I am a pirate," he tranquilly returned. "At least, I always take everything I want, sooner or later. I keep a row of skulls filled with a black wine for my visitors, of course, and I pass you this one with pleasure—thus: Last night the prison whistle was sounding a warning of an escaped prisoner. You did not hear it, perhaps? I was a mile further down the Hudson, and I did. In fact, I heard it half the night; dull, menacing, merciless, unhurried, yet telling of hurry—the frantic hurry of a desperate man chancing all for liberty, of a man who is the conscious quarry of a bitter hunt. I lay in my stateroom and fancied

the mind of that other fellow who was gasping his way through the black, wet fog he must curse for hiding his path and bless for hiding himself. I have been through that, myself."

"You——" she faltered, her bronze-brown eyes wide.

"Oh, not as an escaping convict, but as an escaping prisoner-of-war. I took part in the recent Russo-Japanese argument."

"On which side?"

"Russian. You disapprove?"—as she moved.

"No, certainly not. Only, I remember my own sympathies were rather with the others."

"Well, but white calls to white, race kin counts. However, when I started out for an early run in the speed-boat, an hour or so ago, and caught sight of a muddied man crouched in a clump of river-grass near shore, my overnight sentiment got to work. Instead of going on to inform the prison guards, or minding my own business, I stopped opposite him and asked if he wanted some breakfast."

"He did not run away?" she exclaimed.

"He was played out and half-dazed. I tossed him what things to eat there were aboard and a flask of whiskey carried in the emergency locker, then talked with him while he consumed them. He had been serving a fifteen-year sentence for forgery, it appeared. Did you ever feed a starving dog or cat?"

She shook her head, flushed with her interest.

"I am afraid I never did. I never met one."

"Well, when you do, you will discover what a protective kindness for the brute you immediately feel, a sort of protector-of-the-poor sensation. After I had fed my convict, I was still sorrier for him. In the end, I told him to climb into the boat; that I would give him an old overcoat to cover his clothes and set him a couple of miles up the river. Breaking the law? I admit it; I never could count details. He naturally accepted, although he did not trust me at all. I knew that, but thought I did not care."

"Thought?"

Randolph shrugged his shoulders.

"A mile from our start, while I was busy with my motor, he jumped on me from behind and tried to stab me."

The girl uttered a cry of horror and disgust, incredulous eyes meeting his.

"After you had helped him? After eating your bread?"

"And salt," he finished. "Exactly. He distrusted me, and he decided that he could use my boat alone. I had to take this scratch on my arm before I remastered the situation. My sentiment bubble burst, and left some sulphur fumes."

"What did you do?"

"With him?" Randolph paused, his expression altering. "I don't believe that I care to tell you, Miss Huyden. I was exceedingly angry at the time."

The distant clamor of the sea-gulls came across the moment of silence, the mist was shot with deepening hues of lavender and rose. Frances Huyden glanced at her companion's firm profile, reminiscent of the bronze outlines on some fine old coin in its repose and suggested inflexibility, and shivered slightly.

"You sent him back to prison," she deduced, her voice low. "You had the right to do so, of course."

"Yes, I had the right. I suppose it was even my duty as a citizen. But he was a muscular fellow, so we had a pretty hand-to-hand fight in the semi-dark before we found out who was bossing that cruise—I can't see yet why we failed to capsize the boat. And when you have a royal battle with a man in good primitive fashion, and get him down, somehow it doesn't feel like playing the game in primitive etiquette to send him to twenty years in prison. No, I did *not* carry him to Sing-Sing."

"You let him go?"—amazed.

He considered briefly.

"No; not precisely."

"But what, then?" she urged. Unexpectedly the answer loomed as of an importance out of all proportion to the fact, as containing the keynote of the character she studied to understand in him.

As if penetrating her thought, he shook his head in playful denial, and rose.

"I am not vain of it. But I have trespassed too long on your patience, and the lazy rest of the world will be awaking to breakfast. When may I call to thank you for this goodness?"

"What did you do with him, Mr. Randolph?"

She spoke as she moved; with a graceful stateliness and assurance quite natural. Randolph looked down into her wilful eyes, his glance blending raillery with infinite indulgence, and she saw the color run vividly under his dark skin.

"Must I, Miss Huyden?"

"Please."

"Please remember, then, that the affair was compressed into minutes, with no time to cool down, from his attack to the finish. I was bleeding and furious. I pitched his knife overboard and told him he could take his choice of being turned over to the police within fifteen minutes or of pulling off his coat and taking as sound a thrashing as I was able to give him. He chose the latter, and he got it. After which I put him ashore, according to promise, with an overcoat and a five-dollar bill. Have I shocked you so that you will forbid me your house?"

"No," she responded absently, still gazing at him. She had one

answer now to her curiosity: he made his own law, and outside influence did not affect it.

"Then, may I come this afternoon?"

She recovered herself, aroused to sober life.

"I am sorry—" she began.

"To-morrow?"

"I am about to go away for a long time." She hesitated oddly. "Indeed, forever. It was to say good-by to all this place that I came out here alone, at this hour. If you went to the house now, you would have to explain our adventure to my mother, who would not approve of my dawn-tide promenade. Thank you very much for the piratical interlude. Do not let us spoil it by a commonplace climax, but say good-by here."

He did not rebel at all. For an instant his serene eyes continued to dwell on her face, then he smiled and held out his hand.

"As comrades, at least—"

She put her small hand in his, smiling also; half-relieved, half-disappointed in some vague fashion.

In his boat, Randolph turned to salute her again. Behind him the mist had altered from a silver wall to a ragged, shifting curtain of sun-shot gold; rose-color and violet had faded to leave water and sky one tender blue. The gulls were visible now through the clearing haze; snowy shapes hovering and stooping with soft, brief cries to one another. For the moment his upright figure seemed to Frances Huyden one with the morning and freedom of things untrammelled, things in which she had no part, so that she caught her breath in a strange, surging sense of loss and rebellion at bondage.

"May I meet a convict every sunrise, with the same consequences!" he wished with gravity, and started the motor.

Instantly the quiet air was filled with harsh sound; the boat trembled and vibrated under the powerful engine. The girl waved her handkerchief as he bowed, before the quivering racer curved away with the long swoop of a bird and fled out into the luminous vistas of the river.

II.

It is a very quiet household indeed that can preserve its quietness during the week before a wedding. And, being a country-house, the Huyden home was further enlivened by the presence of six bridesmaids as guests, in addition to the usual gathering of family kin. In the gayety and excitement, the preparations for the dance that night and the approaching ceremony, there was small space for individual thought or action.

It was, then, at the dinner table that evening that Frances first put

the question she had considered all day, turning to her companion her delicate, inquiring face.

"I am wondering whether you ever heard of Mr. Estien Randolph," she said.

Her fiancé contemplated her pleasantly through his *pince-nez*. Lewis Granton was a pale, somewhat faded man of forty-odd years, with kind, shallow eyes of no decided color and an air of distinguished good-breeding.

"There can hardly be more than one," he responded. "Of him every one has heard, more or less, have they not?"

"I am not sure. Suppose you tell me a little."

"May I ask help?"

"Help?" she puzzled, uncomprehending.

Mr. Granton leaned back in his chair and surveyed the company.

"Jack, who is Estien Randolph?" he queried.

The blond, square-shouldered youth across the table looked up, at once attentive.

"A first-rate sport! The aviator who flew across Lake Erie in a French monoplane, and the man who drove an automobile from New York to San Francisco in record time four years ago," was the prompt answer. "Why? He's got rich lately, and quit all that."

"Thank you, Jack. Mr. Huyden, can you tell Frances anything of Estien Randolph?"

The gray-haired man of affairs Granton addressed broke his own conversation, glancing across at his eldest daughter.

"Estien Randolph has carried destruction into certain industrial circles by producing an indestructible pneumatic tire for motor-cars, and has made himself a millionaire by it," he drily stated. "There are some hundred of people who would have been delighted if he had died young."

"Well, it would have been a pity, George," interposed the speaker's brother, a crisp, bronzed army officer. "He is a fine young fellow, the best travelling companion I ever met. I crossed from Manila with him once. Considerate, gentle way about him."

The attention of the table was arrested.

"Gentle!" laughed another guest, not without a shade of bitterness. "Gentle! Better ask the business world of that, Major Huyden. What he wants he gets. What stands before him goes down. He is as yielding as a stone wall and as considerate as a steam hammer."

"Not fair, Will," quietly rebuked the man at Frances's other hand, choosing an olive. "There is just one accusation against Randolph, Miss Huyden: that is, he can't be downed. He had an invention worth millions, which the business machine intended to force from him for scant hundreds. Inventors are usually pillaged and starved. It was a life and death matter for the trade to obtain his secret process, but, then,

it was a life and death matter for him to have money to exist. They figured that they could wait and he could not; that they could compel him to submission. But Randolph did n't compel. He had no capital, but he declined to sell cheap, and he would n't starve. When they thought they had him cornered, he went off and got money to live some other way. And the ways he chose almost set them frantic—he drove fast motor-cars on cross-country runs, he went off to Russia as a war-correspondent, he finally took to aviation; and if he got himself killed, his indestructible tire would perish with him. He would fight until he needed money, then he would go get it and come fight again. It has taken him seven years, but he has won. He is n't thirty yet, either."

"A friend of yours?" suggested the last speaker.

"Yes."

The composed declaration had the effect of changing the subject, as a matter of course and courtesy. Some one broached golf.

The women present had said nothing. Frances inferred that Mr. Randolph's versatility had not led him into the realms of chiffons.

"Thank you," she observed to her betrothed. "I am enlightened, rather variously."

"My dear Frances, I am enchanted to have amused you," Mr. Granton replied, kindly indulgent and placid. "If it would interest you to meet the strenuous gentleman in question, I will get some one to introduce me to him, and bring him home some time this winter."

The scarlet flashed into the young girl's face, her heavy brown lashes fell.

"You are very good," she acknowledged. "But please do not, Lewis; my curiosity does not extend so far."

Mrs. Huyden was rising.

The dance was to take place later. In preparation for it, the gay, excited group scattered for an hour. And in the confusion Frances escaped to seek brief quietness. It had been a long day, crowded from her before-dawn rising to the elaborate wedding rehearsal of late afternoon.

Two men were coming up the veranda steps as she crossed the broad outdoor room.

"You, Frank?" greeted the younger, with brotherly *sans-gêne*. "Here, Mr. Randolph, let me present you to my sister, Miss Huyden."

She gave her hand to the guest as an act of necessity, finding no speech at all.

"His yacht is anchored near here," her brother explained with airy volubility. "He happened to be at the railroad station when I left the train this afternoon, and he carried me off to dine with him aboard-ship; so afterward I carried him off with me to your dance. Come get rid of our coats, Mr. Randolph, and meet my mother."

Frances walked to a porch-chair and sat down. She had caught her first glimpse of the fact that when Estien Randolph listened, smiled, and submitted, it did not mean that he abandoned his point, but that he shifted his attack. She was not surprised when he presently came back unaccompanied and took the chair opposite her own.

"I once met your brother at a motor club," he said; "so I took advantage of that acquaintance to avoid those explanations of my visit which you disliked. Of course I had to come."

The girl looked at him helplessly as he leaned on the arm of his chair and bent upon her the shining steadiness of his regard. He did not suffer at all by the change from picturesque outdoor apparel to conventional evening costume, but the contrary.

"I think that I asked you not to come at all," she corrected, holding her level voice to dignified reproof.

"Why?" he asked. "What did I do this morning to incur outlawry."

"Nothing, certainly. I—" She hesitated, disconcerted by her inability to explain, even to herself, her reluctance to have him here. "I only meant that—that—"

"One should not try to carry dawn glamour into sober day?"

"Yes."

He shook his head, smiling whimsically.

"I think it could be done," he asserted. "In fact, it has happened—for me, I mean. I do not pretend to speak for others. I am quite sure that the tissue of dreams could be mystically treated by the right alchymiste—steeped in a tincture of reality and ideality, say—and be brought forth a tangible fabric in which a heart might wrap itself and go royally clad all its days."

"'Alchemists'? It would require more than one?"

"I think it would take two."

"Mr. Randolph, this is a prosaic period, there are no more alchemists. I am sorry to make Peter Pan grow up, but the loom of dreams is in Never-Never Land."

"Not at all! Silver mist across a sun-barred sky, the white flash of a seagull's wing—there are fabric and loom and shuttle."

"And the weaver?"

He looked at her steadily, his gray eyes clear and brightly earnest. Without knowing why, she felt the color rise over her face.

"If there is only one weaver," he said, "he weaves his own sorrow. Again there should be two."

Was it possible her brother had not told him that she was about to be married? Frances swerved aside from the pretty nonsense that was becoming too serious, adopting a new topic.

"I have not asked if your arm is better. I am afraid the black wine

of piracy is too strong for my drinking, after all; I have thought of your treacherous convict all day."

"I had hoped you might concede a thought to some one else, if you deigned to recall that incident. The arm is very well, thank you. It had the most perfect care."

"After you returned to your yacht?"

"No, before I left the Point."

It was impossible not to smile with him. The knowledge that this boyish playfellow was the determined man of strange adventure and conquest who had recently been discussed at the dinner-table, added to the conversation a piquancy attractive to a degree Frances instinctively felt dangerous. But while she hesitated for the right retort, he deliberately came to the edge of the chasm she desired to show him as open between them.

"You did not tell me this morning that you were on the point of marriage," he said.

"Why should I have done so? Our conversation was altogether impersonal," she administered chilling rebuke, instantly self-defensive.

Randolph remained silent for a moment.

"Why, indeed?" he acquiesced. "It would have made no difference."

The cryptic finality of that statement had the effect of bewildering and angering her.

"Certainly not," she confirmed, still more coldly. "Shall we go in? I hear the violins, and Harry does not seem to return."

"Pardon, only one bribe could induce me to expose dawn glamour to ball-room chandeliers. Will you dance with me?"

"Pray excuse me; since my engagement, I do not dance except with Mr. Granton."

"I should never have supposed Mr. Granton capable of that," declared Estien Randolph.

"Mr. Randolph!"

His mischievous eyes laughed at her across the faintly lighted space.

"Strike, but hear!" I only meant to say that I knew Mr. Granton by sight, and I should not have imagined him crudely red-blooded enough for jealousy. My respect for him is increased. I fancied him too correct for love's unreason."

In spite of herself, Frances dimpled into malicious mirth, her large eyes glinting a fun matching his own.

"Mr. Granton is indeed above such petty emotions as jealousy," she demurely stated, rising. "In fact, he never asked me not to dance; I myself established the rule, as due him. You will not come in?"

"Allow me to decline. I do not care to see Mr. Granton and his fiancée dancing. I have had what I came here for."

"And that was?"

The question was involuntary and imprudent. Randolph sent one straight glance into her eyes, as they stood opposite each other, a glance like the flash of an unsheathed blade.

"To see you," he answered, and moved aside to permit her passage.

The gayety and brightness of the house closed around her. He stepped back and disappeared.

Late that evening Mrs. Huyden came into the room of her two daughters, a handsome, stately presence of authority. Both girls were there. Evelyn was fluttering daintily among powder-puffs and fragrant bottles, refreshing ribbons and curls after the ardor of the last hours' dancing. Frances was nestled among the cushions of a couch, idly watching her younger sister.

"Where is Mr. Randolph? I understand that Harry left him with you, Frances," questioned the elder lady.

Frances raised her eyes with a nervous sense of guilt for which there was no occasion.

"He did not stay, Mamma," she replied.

"You did not bring him into the house again?"

"No, I—— He left."

"You invited him to visit us frequently while his yacht is in our neighborhood, no doubt."

"I did not think of it," the girl acknowledged, her voice low. "I could not—I mean, why should I?"

Mrs. Huyden fixed her daughter with a regard of dignified severity.

"This is not the first time, Frances, that I have been obliged to consider you selfish," she signified.

"Mamma!"

"Because *you* are established is no reason why a gentleman of Mr. Randolph's standing should not be welcome in our house. Evelyn has the right to such introductions. *You* were always given such advantages as lay in your father's power and mine, and I shall insist that Evelyn receive equal opportunities. I shall try to remedy your neglect of Mr. Randolph to-morrow."

"You—you mean to have him here?" she faltered.

"Certainly. Have you any objection?"

"No. Oh, no! Of course not."

Mrs. Huyden looked in the mirror, brushed the inevitable feminine powder-puff over her own face, and withdrew without further comment.

"Never be a piggy-wiggy-wig!" chanted Evelyn, leaning forward to view the effect of a chrysanthemum pinned above her rosy ear. "I'd like to be a Mrs. Millionaire, all right. A yacht, and *all* the new frocks I wanted—your trousseau makes me perfectly *ache*—and motor-cars instead of our fat old horses, and a butler instead of maids. To think

I did n't know it was in the house! Harry says he is young and nice-looking, too. Why—why, Frank, you're *crying!* You know Mamma did n't mean it, dear—you're not one bit selfish. Darling, don't!"

Frances hid her wet eyes against the other's pretty, bare shoulder, yielding to the impetuous embrace.

"It is n't that," she articulated brokenly. "It is just—just that I am going away so soon, and I am frightened, I think. You will muss your gown, Evie! Never mind me; I must go down again. Lewis is waiting for me."

"He is n't dying of impatience," consoled Evie the practical. "He is eating lobster patties in the alcove; I saw him. Now you are better!"

For at that picture of her betrothed, Frances had broken into hysterical laughter.

III.

THREE parties simultaneously came to a halt on the narrow country road. Brilliant sunshine fell in long rays through the gold-and-crimson archway of autumn-painted maples and threw into relief the contrasts among the arrivals.

Between a sheepishly ill-at-ease rustic constable and a trim officer in dark-blue stood handcuffed a man; a grim, haggard captive, mud-stained, showing the bruises and passivity of recent unsuccessful combat, yet still wearing a long overcoat almost ludicrously correct in cut and line. Opposite them, the girl sat erect on the horse she had reined to a standstill, gazing in shrinking repugnance and wonder at the prisoner. Behind her stood panting a rakish white automobile, containing two men.

It was the driver of the motor-car who broke the hush of unexpected encounter.

"Where to, officer?" he called interrogation.

The sound of his clear, pleasantly imperious voice brought all eyes to him. Even the exhausted prisoner looked up at the speaker, and continued to look. The girl turned swiftly, surprised into an exclamation which the motorist promptly answered, baring his head.

"Good-morning, Miss Huyden. Your horse does not mind the motor? I should have shut off before."

"No, indeed," she answered, with less than her usual composure. Her troubled gaze travelled from Estien Randolph to the group opposite. "No. But I will ride on; we seem to have blocked the road."

"Not a bit, miss," contradicted the officer in command, genially expansive in his hour of triumph. "We've struck luck this morning, sir; this is the fellow that broke jail night before last. He could n't make a getaway of it, though! We got him in a swamp four miles back."

"What did you do to him?" Randolph drily inquired.

"He fought, sir"—laconically.

"He looks it."

The prisoner indeed looked near the end of endurance, the endurance of a man of unusual physical strength. Lividly pale under new and old scars, grimed with clay and black mud, he had seemed scarcely conscious of what passed. But now, in the pause, he spoke suddenly, his voice harsh and raucous:

"I'd fight better if I knew who gave away where to hunt for me."

There were two who understood that concentrated menace and challenge—the second, Frances Huyden. Randolph answered it promptly and in his own way. He pushed the wind-ruffled dark hair off his forehead and leaned forward on the steering-wheel, giving his clear face and steady eyes to the acute, savage scrutiny.

"Do you think you know who it was? I don't," he responded.

The convict's small, narrowed eyes lingered for an instant, then fell, the spark gone.

"I don't know," he acknowledged hoarsely.

Frances drew an uncertain breath of relief, shaken as if she had witnessed an actual duel.

"I guess you don't," the officer laughed contemptuously, "for there was n't anybody. We trailed you. Come on."

"Where are you going?" Randolph inquired.

"To the railroad station, sir."

"That is two miles away, and you must have come miles already."

"Well, sir, we've come from a lonesome section and we could n't find a wagon for the trip. We'll make it all right."

With an impulsive movement, Randolph slipped out of his seat behind the steering-wheel, motioning his companion to take the vacant place.

"Take the wheel, Hamilton," he directed. "See here, officer, I'll lend you my car—you can all get in if you squeeze a bit—and my chauffeur will drive you into Ossining. Never mind thanks; I'm not going to use the car this morning, anyhow."

He crossed the road before the astonished men found speech, and stopped beside the girl.

"Miss Huyden, will your horse suit his steps to mine, I wonder? You were going through those gates?"

"Yes, that is an entrance to our land. But you—" she broke off.

"You will not deny me permission to cross your park? My yacht—my present substitute for a home—is anchored off your Point, and I will find some method of reaching it."

She flushed, finding herself in a situation where refusal would be more markedly personal than concession.

"Oh, certainly," she acquiesced. "I only thought that it would be out of your way."

"Whatever is your way is mine."

She found no ready reply, since a compliment may not be taken seriously, even when spoken with disconcerting sincerity. Randolph held open the rustic gate for her to pass, closed it behind them, and dropped the bar in place.

The woods were heavily fragrant and very still. Tinted leaves rustled underfoot and gave out aromatic scents; occasionally the light thud of a falling chestnut-burr or the chatter of a chipmunk stirred the quietness with brief sound. Randolph offered no speech to dispel the dream-like sense of isolation that pervaded the place, and the two moved on in a silent companionship that might have befitted the legendary forests of Ardennes or Broceliande.

Frances watched the man walking at her stirrup, recognizing, at first unwillingly, then deliberately, his youth and vigorous grace of movement. Why not, she asked herself defiantly? Who would not feel the curiosity and interest born of the adventures that seemed to follow him? And how fit he was to meet adventure! How was it possible so to combine the ultra-modern and the romantic?

"Why did you care?" she abruptly ended a silence that commenced to affect her oddly. "Since that convict will be shut in prison for years and could do you no harm, why did you care whether he believed you had sent the officers to find him?"

"Do you ask me that," he wondered, "who care so much what people think of you?"

"How can you know that I do?"

"I guessed."

"I do," she slowly admitted. "More than I care about anything else. But a convict, and one who had tried to kill you—you had the right. Instead, you even lent him your car."

"Pardon, I had no right. He and I had chosen another way of closing our account. I am glad chance set him in my way, this morning, so I could tell him the truth. As for lending the car, he was not fit to walk."

"It was a strange chance that we three who alone knew the story should meet that way," she mused; inwardly thinking yet stranger that trick of circumstance which had left her to ride alone with Estien Randolph through the golden lights and velvet shadows of the October noon. Her brother's horse had stumbled, laming itself, half a mile back on the road, and she had chosen to ride home this way instead of returning with him. And now she found herself here.

"It was not strange that you and I should meet him together, for I had followed you from the village," Randolph composedly amended.

"Oh!"

"Was that wrong?" His gray eyes, sun-shot with a laughter that

intensified rather than lessened the resolute earnestness of his expression, met her own with disarming frankness. "Surely you know I would not have annoyed or spoken to you without your consent. Even pirates wear a thin veneer over their villainy. Shall I go now? I will accept my dismissal, if I must."

Her soft eyes dwelt on his, arrested. No one ever had looked at her like that, least of all Lewis Granton. What was the thing behind his surface-laughter, that flashed like fire through a screen? What was there in the world that she was missing, must always miss?

"Must I go?" he asked again, yet more lightly and earnestly. "Is that my sentence?"

With an effort she broke the regard, turning away her head.

"We are near the end of the road," she forced indifferent retort. "It would not be worth while now."

He smiled charmingly and ruefully.

"Too late, indeed. The part of wisdom for me undoubtedly would have been to take yesterday the wings of the morning and to have escaped to the uttermost ends of the earth. But I did not, and now I cannot."

"Cannot?" she wondered, not quite sincerely.

He smoothed between his fingers a burnished red-and-yellow leaf that had fluttered down as they passed.

"It was a dull, sober enough leaf on its sober tree, until one sharp hour clad it in motley and sent it questing down the wind; but could you put it back?" he questioned, with the whimsical indirectness Frances was commencing to learn.

"You are a poet, Mr. Randolph."

"I am the most practical of dull moderns. If I am caught in the Great Whirlwind that sweeps men from sober life, I will remember that even winds may be harnessed and made to serve a purpose. I am accustomed to fighting for what I want—but I am accustomed to winning it."

His implied meaning was almost too daring to be credible, yet how could she rebuke a speech whose surface was so impersonal as to expose no point of offense? After all, what did it matter, since there could be no sequel to this meeting. Was it not wiser to say nothing, to shake hands presently, and return to their separate paths? Even as she hesitated, the blue of the river gleamed through the tree vistas; they had come to the end of the road.

"Next time—" Randolph began.

Frances winced.

"I wish," she checked him, her voice low, "that there might be no 'next time.' My people will ask you to visit our house—I wish you would decline, until I have gone from it."

Randolph's swift glance sought her averted face, his own expression

changing. He took no ungenerous advantage of her innocent admission that his presence was not to her that of a casual acquaintance, but it was a moment before he replied.

"I shall not go to your home or accept your people's hospitality, Miss Huyden. Of course I must call formally, this afternoon, to acknowledge last night's reception. Further than that I could not go, for a reason of my own which I think you do not understand."

"I do not," she confirmed, troubled. "I—I spoke for myself. You will find a rowboat down those steps, if you can reach your yacht that way."

"Perfectly, thank you. You mean that I must leave you?"

"Please."

He did a quaint and daring thing. He took the hand she offered and touched his lips to the small fingers.

"I did not tell the whole truth: I helped our villainous convict from gratitude for the stab that brought me to you," he told her.

He had a knack of effective exit. Frances blushed from throat to temples, but his going left no opportunity to express or feign anger. She sat still on her horse, watching his straight, lithe figure go down the rocky slopes. Presently she heard the fall of oars into rowlocks, and the little boat shot into view, leaping forward under his strong, even strokes. The episode was closed, she would not see him again. That afternoon she would leave his reception to Evelyn and her mother. Day after to-morrow was her wedding-day. But still she watched the retreating boat.

IV.

FRANCES did not see Estien Randolph that afternoon. The following day, the last before her marriage, was crowded too full of incident to leave space for connected thought. The coming ceremony was rehearsed again, more guests arrived; there was no solitude, no repose. The girl around whom all this centred felt herself stunned by the general excitement, a mere passive automaton.

But she did not escape the image of Randolph, as she had escaped his presence. On her awakening that morning, the maid she shared with her mother and Evelyn brought her a square, shallow casket carved from some dark exotic wood.

"I guess it's another wedding present," smiled the attendant, femininely delighted with a bride and a bridal.

It was nothing so conventional. The casket yielded an exquisite scarf, a sheer, silken web of pale rose-color threaded with silver. From the shimmering, rose-scented folds a card fell, bearing, not a name, but a few lines of writing.

Allow me to return the scarf you were so good as to make a bandage. As you will perceive, it has since assumed its true colors as a genuine fabric of dreams.

"Shall I put it with the other presents, miss? Sure it's beautiful!"

"No," refused Frances slowly; "I will keep it here to-day. Tomorrow I will not take it with me."

So it happened that all day she thought more of Estien Randolph than of Lewis Granton, against her will and effort, to her haunting dismay.

The last evening! A sense of finality attended all the simple, usual actions and moved Frances to sensitive tenderness, as twilight fell.

"Oh, the *heavenly* blue frock!" Evelyn wailed enviously, watching her sister dress for dinner. "When will I *ever* get married and have one?"

"Do you want it?" Frances asked. "I will leave it in my closet, Evie, and play it was forgotten. Mamma will let you have it then."

"Frank! You don't mean it? You can't truly mean it?"

"Don't I? I will take it off now and wear my old pink dancing frock for the last time."

Evelyn was radiant. But the rose-colored gown failed to reflect its warm tint on its wearer's clear pallor when Frances finally descended the stairs.

The house was quiet with the before-dinner lull. Later, Mr. Granton would arrive, but until then his fiancée was free. She went, half-mechanically, half-intentionally, to her favorite refuge, the old veranda.

Some one was already there, in the delicate lavender dusk; some one who advanced to place a chair for her with frank naturalness and ease.

"I have been hoping you would come here," said Estien Randolph. "But if you had not, I must have found you, somewhere, to-night."

"Oh!" Frances exclaimed. "Oh!"

She was thinking of her gown. That was the core of the consternation with which she gazed at him: the fact that involuntarily and by pure chance she wore the color matching his scarf, his "color of the fabric of dreams." Suppose he fancied it intentional? Because he still offered the chair, she sat down, but her impulse was toward flight.

"You told me that you would not come to the house," she reminded him; and then found her speech the most indiscreet she could have made.

"I beg your pardon; I told you that I would not accept your parents' hospitality or that of Mr. Granton," he amended. "I could not do so with honor, since I am at war with them."

"At war?"

"Do you not know that I must be at war with all who stand between you and me?"

"Pray let me remind you that I am no longer free to listen to idle

compliments," she retorted with the stateliness that sat upon her like an old-world garment. "Excuse me, I should like to go in now."

"Let me deprecate punishment. I have much to say that is not idle—that is supremely important."

"To you?"

"To us."

She sank back, silent. The evening was summer-warm; a haze blended of violet river-mist and the pungent smoke of burning forest leaves curled and eddied up through the twilight, changing familiar aspects like an autumn incantation. And Frances felt herself one with enchanted things, beyond reality.

"The color would accord your gown, and yet the poor scarf returned failed to win the honor of being worn," Randolph broke the pause, most simply and playfully. "You did not like it?"

"No"—hastily.

Randolph's firm lip bent. He checked the smile before she saw it, but Frances was furiously aware of her self-betrayal as soon as the unnecessary rudeness escaped her. But he gave her no opportunity to visit the mistake upon him.

"I am sorry," he rejoined. "I hope you will often wear pink. It—well, it suits you, if I may be allowed to say so."

She started erect in her chair, stupefied, and encountered his tranquil eyes across the dusk.

"Since we shall not meet, Mr. Randolph, it hardly matters to me what colors you prefer," she flashed angrily. "As you do not care to come in, I will say good-night."

"Have I offended? Forgive me! Long ago I learned to like rose-color. You see, I had very little of it except in imagination. My father was a Virginian, my mother was a French-Canadian lady of Quebec, but from babyhood until my nineteenth year I lived in a Michigan village. The method of treating rubber from which I have made wealth was my father's invention. He could not force his world to fair dealing, and he would not be robbed—he had the courage to refuse partial success and to carry his wife and child to where he could keep them by his own labor. He was a chemist with the daring vision of an alchemist. If he did not bend men, men failed to bend him, but our life was not *couleur de rose*."

If he had meant to distract her from proposed flight, he had succeeded. She remained gazing at him, braiding with what he told all that she had heard at the dinner where she had inquired of Estien Randolph.

"He could not force his world," she repeated, "but you have forced yours to your will."

"Yes, I have."

There was no arrogance in the statement; simply and impersonally

he pronounced a fact. The picture that flitted before the girl's inward sight was the one she had thought of many times: that of a grim, silent combat between two men in a reeling motor-boat, and of the disarmed convict stripping off his coat to take his punishment from the bleeding victor who stood over him. The crude savagery of it had strangely allured her; now, quite suddenly, it terrified her.

"You said once that you take what you want," escaped her, almost involuntarily.

He turned fully to her, a beam of light from the house throwing into relief his firm profile.

"I said that. And I want you. You know I love you, Frances."

She flung herself back in her chair, panting, clutching at conventionality.

"You—I— Oh, you never saw me until three days ago!"

He smiled, leaning forward, his glance resting on the small, fragile hand she had clasped upon the chair-arm.

"I think," he replied, "that does not matter at all. I could have told you the first morning, but I did not know then that there was no time for leisurely courtship. Long ago, like the boy in the fairy tale, I understood that I was to marry a princess. That morning I saw her. She was to have a fine, flower-petal skin sun or wind had never touched roughly, little fair hands that were quite useless except as playfellows, and, above all, she would look at me with the right eyes. She was to go clad in daintiness and hold herself proudly; and to obtain her I must—not kill dragons, but make money. So at nineteen I started after my golden dragon. It has taken ten years to get him under my heel, but it is done. And according to legendary promise, I find you. Will you deny that you recognized me that dawn, Princess?"

Frances rose, quivering in actual panic and sense of conflict with an irresistible antagonist. Her one articulate thought was thankfulness that her marriage would take place next day, and that he would have no time to win her to disloyalty before the final barrier was raised between. From that source sprang her hasty answer:

"You forget this is the eve of my wedding. It is too late to speak of such things to me, it is wrong, dishonorable!"

"Not too late, not wrong, and not dishonorable, since you are not yet married," he contradicted. He had risen with her, and now moved a step nearer her slender rose-colored figure. "Come with me now. What are other people to us? I love you; if I had not come late, you would have yielded to me willingly. Can you deny that?"

She could not deny it. Even while she flung out her hand to motion him away, she knew that she could not deny it.

"I am to be married to-morrow. I—I will keep faith with them. Go away, please go away!"

In spite of her shaken incoherence, resolution rang true in her cry. Randolph made no mistake of insistence, but rather drew back, perhaps purposely allowing the light from the house to illumine the steadyng serenity of his face.

"Tell me something of the man you are going to marry," he asked.

"What is there to tell? He is very good, very kind. His first wife died years ago; he gave her his best love, I believe, but he is fond of me. Mr. Randolph, I should like to go in."

"Why are you marrying him?"

The question was very gentle. Out of her utter loneliness of spirit she answered, child-frank, with sudden drooping weariness.

"I am twenty-five. I have had my turn, and there was no one I liked better. My younger sister is a débutante this autumn; Mamma pointed out that I should give Evelyn her chance now. We are not rich; two daughters out at the same time were too much to support. So I promised. Mr. Granton is kind. I respect him very much."

"Poor Princess!" said Estien Randolph.

The tone was more than the words; together they compelled a rush of tears to the girl's eyes and left her wordless.

"Youth to youth," he urged again. "First love to first love. Come with me. Whatever Lewis Granton's wealth would do for your people, mine can do also. My motor-car is down there, waiting. I can teach you what I know: the strong beat of the pulse called life, the catching of sweet breath in delight. Come."

She retreated from his offered touch.

"No!" she refused desperately. "No!"

"I could not teach you?"

"No."

Her statement was a falsehood. They both knew it, but it served to keep them apart. In the momentary pause she swept her strength together.

"I will keep my word to Mr. Granton and my parents," she declared finally. "I will not grieve or disgrace them, ever. To-morrow I will be married. You see, you can do nothing. Please go."

"You will marry Granton?"

"Yes. Never see me again, I beg of you."

He bent his head slightly and moved aside to permit her passage.

"I will go, since you are resolved, Frances. But whatever you do to-morrow, or any other day, we shall continue to see each other."

"No!"

He looked at her fully, and she saw his smile flash across.

"I hope," he signified musingly, "that you will often wear pink."

Hot color flamed up to her brow; outraged and terrified, she cried out:

" You shall not come near me ! You never shall. Mr. Granton shall forbid you his house. How can you say it ? How can you think it ? "

He answered nothing at all, nor made any motion to detain her as she fled past him toward the house-door. On the threshold she glanced back; Estien Randolph had already turned and was walking unhurriedly down the driveway to the road.

In the hall Mr. Granton met his fiancée.

" Your mother asked me to find you," he imparted, in his kindly, prosaic accents. His pale eyes appraised her mildly. " You should not go out without a wrap these October nights, my dear; you are shivering."

Frances clasped both hands upon his sleeve with the most intimate movement of affection she had yet conceded to him, lifting her sensitive, agitated face to his.

" Lewis, we shall always be together, shall we not ? You—you will take care of me all the time, and I will be your good wife ? You will keep me in your house and let no one come—"

Surprised, not unpleasantly, but a trifle embarrassed by the emotional element, he kissed her cheek.

" Certainly, certainly," he vaguely assured. " You shall be mistress of our house, my dear; and an excellent one, I am sure. Anything I can do, you know—"

Under the cold electric-light he appeared nearer middle-age than she had ever supposed him, his amiability answered feebly to her appeal for his strength. The test was unfairly severe; there were few men who would not have been dimmed by immediate contrast with Randolph's vivid personality.

" Thank you, there is nothing," she acknowledged confusedly. With a sigh of resignation, she moved back from him. " I wish always to be what you wish me, after to-morrow. Some women are vain of being beautiful or clever; I think I am vain of being good."

V.

FRANCES HUYDEN'S wedding-day opened with dull skies and the first autumn chill. A cold, fine rain was falling. There was no rose-and-silver mist on river and hills; Randolph's white yacht was gone from its anchorage.

But no weather conditions could quench the gay excitement of the house-party of young people, or the more subdued satisfaction of the family who contemplated this " establishment " as the final triumph for Frances. They were much attached to her, her kinspeople, if not romantically so. They approved of her as sensible.

Nothing ruffled the smooth current of incidents sweeping the household on to the one towering event. Six o'clock was the marriage-hour

appointed. At half-past three, her laughing bridesmaids summoned Frances to the equally important ceremony of dressing.

Under all the overlying business of the day, the young girl had suffered a constant dread of Estien Randolph's appearance and a renewal of the difficult combat of the night previous. But now that fear was ended. When at last her dainty attendants scattered to attend to their own toilets, when she stood fully robed before her long mirror, she realized that her true dread was of his coming later, after Lewis Granton had taken her home.

She had asked to be left alone for the hour before the ceremony, and the request had readily been granted. In this lull, this pause between the old life and the new, she went to draw from its casket the rose-and-silver scarf, and carried it to the open fireplace. The filmy web caught and clung about her fingers, as if understanding and resisting the sentence passed upon it, but she did not falter in her determination. There was a puff as she bent over the red coals, a running flash of flame, and the fairy tissue had vanished. Frances stood up and slowly turned, again facing the mirror.

For many moments she studied her own reflection in the glass; the figure of a slim girl arrayed in frost-white satin and lace falling in rich, lustrous folds whose weight hampered free movement, a girl whose coiled and waved masses of bronze hair had not yet been covered by a veil, and whose large bronze-brown eyes gazed at her earnestly. The hushed pathos of those eyes moved her as though they belonged to another person. She leaned nearer to see into them.

"You do not mind, not *that* much?" she wondered at the image, her voice a mere breath. "You know, if it was not right for you to be married, God would not have let it happen."

The serious declaration of faith sounded in the quiet room with a singular effect. The thought that had been scarcely articulate stood up clothed in words, as a dominant truth. And while she continued to gaze into her own half-awed eyes, some one knocked at the door.

The servant who entered at her bidding was distinctly apologetic.

"I know you gave orders not to be disturbed, Miss Huyden," the maid deprecated; "but Mr. Granton has come in an automobile and sent me to ask you to go down to him at the south porch, alone, right away."

Amazed, Frances looked at the woman with a startled foreboding of calamity. Lewis, the conventional Lewis, to send her such a message at that time? The clock on her dressing-table chimed half-past four, a scant hour before the guests would assemble, as she caught around her the heavy lengths of satin and hurried from the room.

The south porch was a small separate structure, apart from the other verandas fringing the house. When Frances emerged there, she perceived a limousine halted at the foot of the steps, dripping wet and glistening

in the rain. The chauffeur was in his place, leaning over his wheel with a hand upon a lever, and not far from the car's open door a man in motor costume was standing.

The man was not Lewis Granton. As the girl checked herself, stupefied, Estien Randolph sprang forward, lifted her lightly and easily in his arms, and carried her down to the waiting automobile. With a click the door closed. The forewarned chauffeur sent the machine ahead with a leap that covered half the distance to the gates.

The shock was great, the day-long strain had told upon her; Frances Huyden reverted two generations and fainted in Randolph's arms like an early-Victorian heroine.

Many moments before she reopened her eyes, Frances knew what she would first see. And when her lashes actually lifted, she saw it: Estien Randolph's dark, strong face and translucent gray eyes bent upon her. He was seated opposite, grave, intent, leaning forward with his arm upon his knee.

A long fur-lined coat had been slipped over her wedding-gown, although the costly vehicle was heated and nothing of the storm's chill reached its interior. Silk cushions supported her as she half-sat, half-lay, in her place. The car was rushing on swiftly and steadily; the rain streamed down the glass panes, commencing to dull with the approach of dusk. Dusk! Frances started up, fully conscious, her eyes blazing wide and dark in her colorless face.

"Take me back!" she appealed piteously. "Take me back!"

"Why?" Randolph asked, with the serene gentleness that was so inflexible.

"They are waiting—what will they think me? Oh, turn the car; hurry, hurry!"

He shook his head.

"I cannot. It is too late."

"You can—you must! Oh, you are cruel—I will not bear it. How could you, how could you? Take me back."

"It is too late," he repeated. "Your wedding hour would be past. We are entering New York City. And even if it were not so, I would not turn back, Frances."

"Not if I ask you? Not if I beg you?"

"It would be treason to us both. Forgive me—no."

"Against my will—"

"Against all wills! My dear, my dear, I love you!"

The finality was absolute. That languor which succeeds faintness weighed heavily upon Frances; she sank back and covered her face with her hands, feeling rebellion utterly vain, struggling to think. The household at home—what uproar, what dismay and consternation! The imagined scenes came and went before her inner sight, humiliation

scorched her. They would believe she had fled voluntarily, in a vulgar elopement. What could she do? How could she ever stand as she had stood, in pride of chaste aloofness from gossip and remark? The newspapers would print the story, perhaps not credit her account. What she had expressed to Lewis Granton was a truth: she was "vain of being good," and that vanity was being lashed. At that moment she hated her captor with all the energy of bitter mortification.

Randolph did not speak or disturb her. Perhaps he comprehended the trend of her thoughts; he certainly knew that Frances Huyden was not the type or class of woman to whom personal conflict or hysterical pleading would even occur. If she had been, her intelligence would have declared both weapons useless against this man. But in fact, her graceful stateliness of movement, the imperious carriage of her small head, her assured bearing, were mere matters of physical outline and life training, an unconscious deception; she was by nature essentially feminine in timidity and yielding helplessness before a stronger will. She sat still, as did he.

The car's swift flight had slackened to a pace reasonably near the legal limit of fifteen miles an hour. When the roar and rattle of an elevated train overhead announced that the limousine had turned into upper Broadway, the girl dropped her hands and looked across at her companion.

"What do you propose to do with me?" she demanded.

"We will drive at once to the Bureau and get our marriage license," he responded. "After which we will go to the rector of St. Aquinas—whom I know very well—and he shall marry us. Then, my yacht is ready to sail."

The colossal assurance of the thing struck fire from even her soft dignity.

"I will not! I will not!" she flared passionately. "I will appeal to the men of the Bureau—I will cry for help in the streets. You have no right, you dare not!"

He continued to regard her, no change in his grave earnestness.

"I may have no right, but I have dared, Frances."

She gasped, closing her small fingers on the cushioned seat as if grasping at support. Indeed, he had dared, the hour for retreat was past. The broken wedding would be hard to reconstruct, few people would believe that she had been taken from that crowded house without her consent. The day of swooning women was gone; even to herself the explanation sounded weak and improbable. But she retorted, answering her own thought rather than his speech:

"I will tell the truth to every one. You will not, cannot, deny it and let them think I was not forced to go with you."

"Hardly, Princess." His vivid smile glanced across the tranquil

resolution of his face. "If you appeal to the police, tell them your story and procure my arrest, I shall be convicted and punished, of course, since I can have no defense. But I am not sure that it will help matters very much for me to go to prison, however I may deserve it."

It would not, most certainly. Again she covered her face, giddy, overwhelmed, her own reason turning traitor and lending its support to his argument. Because he did not contradict her, would the world accept her story? His silence under her accusation would prove nothing; any gentleman would keep silence. No, it would be said that she had eloped with him, but at the last moment her courage failed and she tried to throw all responsibility upon him and return to Lewis Granton. Always she would feel herself doubted, even by Lewis himself.

"I have tried to consider your pride," he added. "Of course I might carry you to the yacht and marry you on the high seas, where no license is necessary, but I want to make our marriage as frank and open as possible. It will be more pleasant for you afterward. Believe me, you will be best and most honored as my wife."

She thought of the convict, armed, man-strong, who had found no way but submission to Estien Randolph's mood. What chance of successful resistance had she, hampered socially by her sex as her limbs had been hampered at the moment of capture by the lengths of clinging satin and lace she wore?

"Why do you want to go back, Frances?" his gentle voice presently fell across her absorption. "What is there you regret? You did not love Lewis Granton, nor did he you. A life is a long time to spend with bare duty. Why should you make that sacrifice? I love you, but I tell you before God that I would not have done this to-day if I had not seen in your eyes the possibility that will become love for me. You may not understand yet, but you will. You were mine, and I have taken you—rest content."

"Do not touch me, do not speak to me!" she panted.

He had not moved; he did not then.

"Do you suppose, Frances, that I would touch you, except as the veriest stranger might, until you are my wife? Can you understand nothing, *nothing*, of this thing that has overtaken me? Do you feel nothing where I feel so much? You know, you must know—you did know, dear!"

There was a long silence. Frances wanted to answer with some edged word that would leave its scar forever, but she said nothing. She raged desperately against him and herself, for he had told a truth; she had known he loved her, and in the core of her heart she had been glad. From that weakness of hers had come this, this wild ride that never could be undone. He had seen, and closed his hand upon her.

The uproar of down-town New York's last afternoon hour filled

the air; again and again the car halted at the raised hand of a traffic officer, or rolled at walking pace, one of a blocked stream of chafing vehicles. There was no lack of opportunities to attempt public appeal for rescue.

When the car swung to the curb and stopped, Frances sat erect, turning her beautiful, startled eyes to Randolph. The answer was unexpected. He drew the silk curtains before the limousine's windows, and, smiling slightly, took from a rack overhead one of the large, plume-wreathed hats of the hour, which he laid beside her.

"Will you excuse me while I go into the Bureau to make arrangements?" he requested. "I think you would rather stay here until your presence is needed. And—there is what the builder of this car called a vanity compartment, behind that button."

Quite serenely he stepped out to the sidewalk, closed the car-door, and went across the small park surrounding the white building. Amazed, incredulous, Frances realized herself to be alone and unconfined. She pushed the door and it opened, not secured in any way.

The rain had ceased to fall, but the pavements gleamed wet and greasy with indescribable New York slime under the feet of the hurrying throngs who streamed past. Electric-lights were beginning to flash out across the premature dusk, over the swirling, congested mass of people and vehicles. In the wet park groups of men were lounging, sullen watchers of others' activity, the nearest of them staring at the costly automobile. A whistling messenger-boy slouching along beside the curb leered impudently into the girl's face as she leaned out. Terrified, Frances shrank back into the refuge of the car's interior. Randolph had not miscalculated. The vision of herself alone in these swarming streets in her rich and conspicuous dress, penniless, at nightfall, imprisoned her more securely than locks.

She was to be taken into that building, then. She touched the hat hesitatingly, then abruptly pushed the button Randolph had indicated. A tiny door swung back. There was a mirror; at sight of it she was suddenly all woman, present escape dismissed. Little silver pots and bottles were ranged on the miniature shelf; she cooled her flushed cheeks with cologne, dusted the fragrant powder across traces of tears, and pinned on the wide black hat. The long fur-and-velvet coat covered much of her gown, and in a pocket beneath the mirror she found handkerchiefs and gloves.

She was fastening her glove when an idea pierced her, arrow-pointed, stinging. For what woman, by what woman, had these things been placed in Estien Randolph's motor-car? Certainly no man had selected the dainty array; at least, not his type of man. Her hands fell to her lap, interdicted; she remained gazing at the toylike closet of Fatima as if its pretty trinkets were so many ghosts.

The ear door opened.

"Will you come?" Randolph asked. "They are waiting for us."

She sent a direct glance of outraged challenge into his eyes, sitting straight and still.

"Whose things are those? Who put them there?" she demanded, ignoring his speech.

Surprised, he followed her gesture, and looked back to her.

"Why, yours," he replied simply. "I told your maid to put in what you would need for a motor trip. I dare say she chose badly; I am sorry."

"My—maid?"

"Of course. She is waiting on the yacht. Come, Frances."

She dumbly accepted his hand and stepped out beside him, gathering up her trained skirt and setting her foot in its little white-satin slipper on the dripping pavement. Instantly she felt the attention of bystanders and passers-by centred upon her, an exotic figure in this practical, working-day atmosphere, and involuntarily she drew nearer Randolph for protection.

For protection, although their real contest of strength was about to occur. She knew that very well. And Randolph's deliberate placing of her in a position where she could free herself if she chose overawed her more than any restraint by him. He was so sure of her—how could he but be right? She was dimly aware of crossing the wet park, of stairs, a hall, finally of a room.

A room. A man was seated at a desk, other officials were busied here and there, by the door a police officer was stationed. Frances let the folds of lustrous satin and lace fall about her and stood upright, steady-ing herself, striving to realize and think. Now was the time for her appeal for justice and rescue if she meant to make it, now, at once. A pace from her, Estien Randolph already was answering the questions of the man at the desk, in a moment they would summon her. She was dizzy, her mind reeled.

"Your name, please, Miss Huyden?" the official addressed her, crisply courteous.

Randolph turned to her, waiting, the moment hung. She knew that he was paler than she yet had seen him, that the other people in the room were observing them curiously. Now she must speak, each instant of delay marred her case.

"Your full name, please," the curt demand was repeated.

The result of speech? Through her fog of bewilderment it loomed: Estien Randolph being led away to disgrace and punishment, she sent back alone to the shocked and embarrassed Lewis, to questions, hysterics, reproaches, doubts. Only one person in the world could really understand, and he must be separated from her forever, in a prison.

"Frances Louise Huyden," she faltered, and averted her eyes from Randolph's changing face.

There were more questions, but the agony of indecision had ended with the first. She answered obediently what was required, her soft, silver-toned accents falling delicately in the businesslike place. Without looking at Randolph, she felt that he had moved nearer her.

It was done. Again there came the panorama of halls, stairs, and the damp, crowded park, and then the limousine. Randolph gave an order to his chauffeur before taking the seat opposite Frances.

"We will go at once to the rectory," he explained, his steady naturalness a tact that might support any situation. "Afterwards, you must rest and dine."

She protested nothing. She comprehended that the most fatal thing that could happen to her now would be for Estien Randolph *not* to marry her. She had made herself his; not the marriage itself could make her more dependent upon him for protection than had her public consent to be his wife. There was no returning, none. She had cut off all entrance into her own world except at his side. She felt no anger; an apathetic blankness of emotion had succeeded to passion.

They were driving up-town, into wider, less noisy avenues. When the car again halted, she withdrew her gaze from the bright streets and regarded her companion passively, waiting to be commanded. But Randolph did not command.

"Will you come with me, Frances?" he asked, quietly serious.

"Yes," she faintly consented.

He lifted her to the ground and led her up the high brown-stone steps of the rectory.

They were expected there, it appeared, and preparations had been made. But they were left for a moment in the reception room, and Randolph seized that interval for a preparation of his own.

"Give me your hand—the left," he desired.

And when she obeyed he took Lewis Granton's engagement ring from her finger and set his own jewel in its place. Once the look with which he accompanied the action would have profoundly shaken her; even now it stirred vague recollections of a silver-misted dawn and the drowsy magic of an October noon in the forest. But it did not seem to matter, or to have anything to do with the present. She submitted to it, as to the rest.

When the gray-haired and urbane clergyman entered, Frances went through the ceremony of introduction with mechanical propriety. She was acutely thankful for the absence of his wife, sensitive as she was to the incongruity of her attire for this perfunctory wedding. The two maids called in as witnesses stared in awed admiration of her shimmering garments, when her outer wraps were removed.

The cathedral clock pealed half after six as Frances stood up opposite Estien Randolph to be married. It was just half an hour later than the time set for her wedding with Lewis Granton.

There was nothing to provoke remark in the bearing of the two principals. When Randolph stooped and kissed his wife, no one could have guessed that it was for the first time in their lives. If the blood flamed under the girl's transparent skin, that was natural enough in a bride.

But in truth Frances was very close to exhaustion, and betrayed it to the one who understood. As soon as possible, Randolph took her back to the car.

"To the St. Royal," he directed the chauffeur. "Mrs. Randolph and I will dine ashore."

"No!" she pleaded, the prospect of facing the brilliant hotel appalling her.

Randolph shut the door and leaned forward, his warm, laughter-touched eyes arresting hers, under the light from the luminous globe affixed overhead.

"Frances, please remember that the worst you feared has already happened; you have been married to me," he reminded her. "Now, having nothing more to dread, will you not strive to bear this cheerfully and come to dinner?"

Amazed, she looked back at him, finding comedy where she had expected solemn drama. Afraid of him, of this gentle, gay, clear-eyed companion who smiled at her with a boy's enchanting frankness of railery? Involuntarily her quivering lip bent in a half-smile to answer his.

"If you could change things so," he urged again, as lightly and tenderly, "would you put Lewis Granton here instead of me? And would he be so much more agreeable, if you did?"

The pallid, tepidly amiable image of her former fiancé rose to set itself beside the virile youth and determination before her.

"It is not that," she stammered.

"Well, then, let us dine merrily. You are tired."

Yes, she was tired, tired of combat. The offered peace allured her utter weariness. Moreover, she was no longer in an equivocal position, she had the right to be here in Estien Randolph's guardianship.

"If you wish, we will dine," she agreed, with hesitating appeal. "Only, if you would not take me where people are who know me—not yet—"

VI.

WHEN she followed Randolph into the little private dining-room, Frances had not believed it possible that she could swallow food. But she literally had reckoned without her host; almost without her knowl-

edge, under his influence she dined very well. The giddiness left her, she regained color and self-control, finding herself able to answer his conversation; a conversation of whimsical impersonalities and leisurely intervals that possessed as delicate and distinctive a bouquet as certain fragrant, innocently heady, and little-known wines of the Latin South.

When they descended to the motor-car Frances had recovered her usual poise sufficiently to speak of the other side of the affair.

"My father and mother—all my family," she recalled to him, pausing on the sidewalk and lifting to him a troubled face over which a flush ran hotly at the thought of that outraged household—"what must they think? They may even be frightened—"

He returned her glance with charming understanding.

"I telegraphed to your father before we left the rectory, saying we were married and were starting on a cruise south," he reassured. "That is what you wished? Believe me, your people will be vexed, but not grieved. I have quite as many worldly advantages as Granton—whose ring I mailed to him, by the way—and they were already prepared to yield you to a husband. A suitable elopement is soon pardoned. But let me put you in the car; it is too damp out here. To the wharf, Hamilton. Is there anything you want before we go on board the yacht, Frances?"

Her long lashes fell and she turned her head to hide the expression of a new and most feminine dismay. Want anything? She wanted everything. But she could no more have reminded Estien Randolph that she was being taken on a sea-voyage without even a gown except the one she wore, than she could have demanded lingerie from the passers-by.

"No," she murmured, deeply embarrassed. "No; I thank you."

The limousine sped down-town, through a district of the city strange to Frances. The sombre streets, the gloomy waterfront overhung with fog, the drip and chill in the heavy atmosphere, affected her with an increasing depression and sense of desolate captivity. All that Randolph had gained in the previous hour was lost there in the semi-darkness where Frances no longer saw his face. If the globe in the ceiling of the car had been lighted, the whole situation might have changed. But it remained dark, and in the darkness rebellion and fierce desire of escape flowed into the young girl's heart, too late. In that mood she would have appealed for rescue in the Marriage License Bureau, would have cried out to any police officer. But now that possibility was ended; she was Estien Randolph's wife.

On the wharf, opposite the black, heaving water across which a small launch was to transport them to the yacht, she suffered Randolph's support willingly enough, cowed by the place and scene. The evening had become very cold; the half-cabin of the launch was a welcome

shelter. Only, there too it was dark, and all the moments she grew more terrified. And the core of her fear was Randolph himself.

Except to assist her, Randolph had not touched his wife; the fault was not in any lack of tact on his part. But when the launch stopped at a miniature staircase swung against the yacht's white side, when Frances found herself at the foot of those mounting steps, the thought of where she was going and of her complete isolation struck her with blind panic. Panting, she turned on the man beside her.

"Let me go!" she implored desperately. "Do not come, do not follow! Let me go for a little while. I know—I belong to you—but let me stay alone now. Go ashore; I could not escape from your yacht if I would. Come back to-morrow, next week—I will do what you bid, I will stay here. Only, go now, please go."

Randolph stood perfectly still; she heard the catch of his breath, the obscurity concealing his expression. The pause was moment-long before he laid his hand on the railing beside her.

"I cannot do that, Frances," he said, and set his firm, cool lips against her soft mouth.

There was no passion in the kiss; it was the serious, calming caress given to reassure an unreasonably frightened child. And the daring charm succeeded, the hush that fell upon Frances was magical. Before the shock that brought her to face a sane, gentle reality, fear shrivelled away as a night-bred fantasy. Like the child he rebuked, she laid her hand in the one he offered and submitted to his guidance.

The deck upon which she stepped was brightly lighted; there were men in uniform, an erect young officer advanced, surprised curiosity glinting in the alert eyes he fixed upon the girl clad in trailing satin and furs. Blushing, helplessly shy for the first time in her self-possessed life, she turned to Randolph.

He was already at her side. The alert-eyed officer was presented to her as Captain Hildreth, she was conveyed past saluting sailors and attendant servants, to the rooms destined for her.

"Your maid is waiting," Randolph indicated, stopping at the threshold. "I will leave you for a while, if there is nothing I can serve you in."

Frances held herself in control, passionately grateful to him. What if he had taken her at her hysterical word and had left her to enter this floating household alone, a bride without a husband, a stranger unsupported? Her cheeks burned at the picture.

"Thank you," she acknowledged humbly. "Please always overrule me when I am wrong. I—I am not very wise."

"Do you think I am?" he asked whimsically.

He had the art of flecking sentiment with the fine gold of a laughter not mocking. Her topaz eyes lifted to meet his gray ones, and they smiled together.

"At least, you know what you want," she declared.

"Oh, yes, I know what I want," admitted Estien Randolph.

Frances was still smiling when she turned to encounter her new attendant.

That attendant was neither a morsel of French stage-chicness nor a rigid British female, but a handsome, matronly woman of fifty dressed in black silk.

"If madam would wish to change her gown, after the journey, all is ready. I have laid ready a negligée, or if madam would prefer an evening gown——? I have set the wardrobe open."

Frances passed a glance over the replete wardrobe in question and the daintily luxurious room, and slipped out of her coat with alacrity.

"Yes, anything——"

"Jane Martin, madam."

"Anything, Jane, but get off this gown."

The joy of freeing herself from that sartorial marvel of inappropriateness and discomfort could be appreciated only by a woman. Eloquence cried aloud from every fold. Jane took charge of her capably and sympathetically.

During the progress of the toilet, Frances had the opportunity to observe her two new rings. The engagement ring held one large rose-hued pearl, a globe of ethereal pinkness. Slowly she turned her head and surveyed the white tea-gown her maid was presenting.

"Are there colored gowns, Jane?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Is there one—pink?"

There was.

The evening was well advanced when Jane brought her mistress the information that Mr. Randolph was waiting for her. In silence Frances rose from her dressing-table and passed into the next room, where he had left her an hour before.

Randolph had exchanged his motor costume for evening dress, the reverse of her change from the formal to the informal. He came across the floor to meet her, holding upon her the shining gravity and warmth of his regard.

"You bade me overrule you when I thought it wise, Frances," he recalled to her.

"Yes," she faintly assented, commencing to tremble.

He took her small cold hands and led her through a door opposite.

"Here is our library, music-room, living-room, where I hope we shall pass many cosy days and evenings; where I have often entertained the dream-princess and now welcome her reality. Shall we rest here for a while now, and will you give me my belated after-dinner coffee, which is waiting for us over there?"

"Yes, please."

"Why not 'Yes, Estien'?"

"Yes—Estien."

He passed his arm around the girl's slender figure, drawing her across the book-lined, crimson-tinted room with its open piano, overturned mandolin among a pile of bright cushions, and indescribable atmosphere of intimate, graceful life, across to an arm-chair placed for her behind the little coffee-table set for two.

VII.

ESTIEN RANDOLPH extinguished the match, contemplated the still-glowing stick, and glanced across the sunny breakfast-table.

"*'P'tit bonhomme vit encore,'*" he quoted.

Frances Randolph dimpled, resting her round elbow on the table.

"Now, why say that?" she wondered.

"Did n't you ever play, or read *Du Maurier*? One sits in a circle—the more the merrier—and lights a match which one blows out—thus, and passes along—thus. 'The good little chap is still alive' while he glows. When he turns black, '*P'tit bonhomme est mort.*' All over, dead—the one who holds him pays forfeit."

She surveyed the bit of charred stick. A week at sea had rouged her cheeks and burnished her golden-brown eyes; a week with Randolph had at least banished fear of him.

"I don't think I ever did such pretty things," she confessed, rather wistfully. "Or did anything very important. Jane says we are anchored off Bermuda this morning."

"Wise and comprehensive Jane! We selected a point in the said island, its coast-line being too ample for us; we are anchored before Hamilton."

"Must I go ashore?"

"Must? What a word! Indicate your good pleasure. We only called here for our mail."

"How can we have mail here?" she marvelled.

He put his hand into the pocket of his white-flannel coat, producing several letters and a diminutive package which he laid before her.

"We came more slowly than the regular steamers, not being in a hurry. Before we left New York, when I telegraphed to your people and made my own arrangements, I said that we could pick up mail here. We carry no wireless outfit. One was about to be installed, but we sailed too suddenly." His straight dark brows contracted. "I am sorry, too," he added musingly. "I will stop on the other side and have that fixed. We are too much cut off from outside news."

At the time she scarcely noticed the statement. The first letter was

in her mother's writing, addressed to Mrs. Estien Randolph, and the sight of it swept Frances back to the acute, undeserved shame and sense of being held up to public criticism that had scorched her on the night of her marriage. She knew perfectly well that she apparently had done an outrageous thing.

But it was not a severe letter, at all. It was barely flavored with rebuke for "the unnecessary remark excited."

... So needless, my dear, when your marriage to Mr. Randolph was one of which your father and I could *thoroughly* approve. Why, dear child, why not have informed us sooner? I should *never* have advised your accepting Mr. Granton, had I known Mr. Randolph was interested in you.

Evelyn finds your trousseau could readily be fitted for her use this season—do you wish it sent after you, or will you prefer to purchase abroad?

Frances dropped the letter, looking at her husband. He had been quite right in his prediction; an elopement *de luxe* was easily pardoned. She felt bewildered, vaguely shocked; the standards of her world were lowered.

"Estien, if any one belonging to you did wrong, you would punish them, whatever had come of it? You would not excuse them because they had gained money?" she demanded impulsively, almost pleadingly.

Randolph put down his own letters and turned his clear gray eyes upon her in attentive consideration of the meaning beneath the question.

"I am not fond of the judgment seat," he objected. "You see, I am not fitted for the place. When I punish, it is because I am angry. When one is not angry, one understands the other fellow; and when one quite understands, there rarely is anything to punish."

She hesitated, the breadth and human camaraderie of that dictum rather baffling her inexperience.

"But you punished the convict," she recalled.

"Oh, pardon; I did nothing so creditable. He exasperated me to the point of wanting to hit him, so I hit. You know my weakness as to what I want." He openly laughed at her. "May I ask, why this inquiry?"

Frances did not smile in response, but gave him the letter. While he read she idly opened the little package and drew out a folded paper bearing a few lines of finished, delicate script.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I could not send my wedding-ring to your marriage, because it has never left my finger and must remain with me always, as I trust yours will. But I can send you a betrothal ring, with my love to Estien's wife, and I do so.

DENISE DE CINQ-MARS RANDOLPH

The color rushed up to her temples; the contrast between the two letters was too sharp, too garish. Here, she instinctively felt, was a tribunal whose judgment could not be bribed, a judge who would be exacting and inexorable.

"Estien," she faltered, "your mother—I did not know of her."

Randolph dropped Mrs. Huyden's note and took from the package on the table a quaint silver ring, carved with the intricate fineness of lace and holding a single deeply-set opal.

"My mother," he said seriously, "is the daughter of a Quebec family so old, so full of stately French customs and traditions, that it scarcely belongs to this age and is perishing like all things which fail to adapt themselves. The last Cinq-Mars is Estien Cinq-Mars Randolph; who is not a Cinq-Mars, after all." He looked at the ring, then across at the girl. "This has little money value; do you care to wear it?"

Frances returned the look proudly and gravely.

"That is not kind to ask me; will you put the ring on, to stay?"

He put it on the slender finger, and kissed the hand.

"How well it fits!" she mused, after a moment's contemplation of more than the silver-and-opal band.

"My mother has beautiful hands," he returned.

She smiled at the implied compliment, suddenly distracted by a new-old idea.

"Estien, *how* did you buy all my things—I mean, all the gowns and things I found to wear in my room, so that they fitted me? How could you? Who helped you?"

"No one helped," Randolph explained serenely. "I went into the best shop I knew, had them march out their cloak models, and picked out one who looked about your size. 'A trousseau for a lady like that, only more delicately built and much fairer in complexion,' I told them."

"Estien, the girl must have hated you!"

"Oh, no. She only remarked, 'Gee, she must be a peach if she gets past me for shape.' 'She is,' said I. 'Help me get her the right outfit and I'll buy you any frock in the shop.' Did we do pretty well?"

"Miraculously. But did she accept the frock?"

"No, she accepted the price of it. She said she needed the money, and she would buy her own linjery."

Frances picked up the burnt match and proceeded to trace little black lines on the white breakfast-cloth, her bright head bent.

"Do you know, the night of our wedding, Estien, when you showed me the vanity compartment in your limousine all full of woman's knick-knacks, I thought—I wondered—*what* woman had ridden with you and put them there. I never imagined that you could have put them there for me. I was so angry—you cannot realize how angry; it was like a flame in me. And then you came back, and I asked you."

"That was what you meant, Frances? So if I had not answered, or had answered wrong, you would have refused to marry me?"

Her lashes lifted abruptly.

"No," she flashed; "I should have married you certainly then, Estien Randolph! I should not have hesitated one second. I was determined you should put no other woman there where I was. *I hated you.*"

Randolph's dark face lighted warmly, his eyes met and arrested hers, as he leaned forward.

"That," he pronounced, "is the greatest encouragement you have given me."

"Encouragement?"

"Yes, to believe that you may yet love me, since there was vitality of sentiment enough for hate."

There was no reproach in the simple statement, but the sensation that penetrated Frances was of shame at her own ingratitude, ingratitude for all he had given unasked and unvalued.

"I am glad to be with you," she hurriedly refuted the unspoken charge. "I would not be anywhere else now. I am glad you took me—there is no reason for you to say that."

"Do you think that you love me, Frances?"

"I—" She halted, distressed and uncertain. "I am fond of you, Estien, indeed. I never cared so much for any one else, even for my brother. Is not that enough?"

"It is nothing at all," said Estien Randolph flatly. "You know it is not. It is not what your eyes held nascent for me the first morning I saw you in the dawn with only the mist and the gulls around us. I should have taken you then! You are my wife, the one wife God meant for me; do you suppose I will consent to fill our golden marriage-cup with a pale, tepid affection instead of the rich Cyprian wine of life due us? I know; I stunned you, carried you off dazed, the fault is mine. But you will awake, you *must!*"

He had risen. Terrified, shaken to the centre of feeling, Frances clasped her hands before her suddenly wet eyes as he stood over her.

"I am sorry; I will try," she articulated. "You did stun me—you cannot know how much, Estien. You hurt my pride. It is so soon yet; such a little while. I will learn better, perhaps, if you will wait."

He seated himself on the broad arm of her chair, passing his arm around her, and she yielded, childlike, to the caress.

"I can wait," he gave assurance. "Do you know where I am taking you, Frances? It is to Madeira; the island where flowers grow tree-large in sheer excess of life, the island that was discovered by two lovers and which is like no other place in the world. Perhaps there, where once before I saw—"

He broke the sentence, but she scarcely noted it then.

"I will try," she repeated, almost humbly.
Randolph laughed, a little sadly.
"No, no; do not try or we shall surely fail! Just let us drift, toward
Madeira."

VIII.

THE yacht anchored before Funchal at sunset.

"This is Madeira, Captain Hildreth—this towering mountain of rocks and precipices, that looked so dark as we came to it and is all rose-colored now?"

"Yes, Mrs. Randolph."

Frances drew her light scarf about her and leaned on the rail, her eyes scanning the stretches of rippling water, the incredibly huge peaks split through by huge gorges and terraced by ledges massed with tropical verdure, the white houses of the town beside the little bay.

"There are trees which are fuchsias, and jasmine and rhododendron," she mused aloud. "And all the air is sweet. What is that noise?"

The officer regarded her with frank admiration. They had become very good friends during the voyage. Estien Randolph was too wise to keep his wife in an unrelieved tête-à-tête, and all the society the yacht afforded had been given her.

"A boat put out from the town to visit us," he explained. "Our men are getting the visitors aboard now, and making the sounds you hear. Natives with things to sell, probably; may I find out whether there is anything about them to amuse you, Mrs. Randolph?"

"Please do," she smiled assent, her gaze still on the island. "I want to see everything that belongs to Madeira. To-morrow—"

Captain Hildreth waited an instant for her conclusion, then bowed and walked crisply down the deck.

To-morrow Estien would take her ashore. That was the core of Frances's dreaming. She was quietly glad that he was below at this moment, and that she could view alone the fairy ground where she was to learn so much. To learn? Had she not learned already? Surely yes. Surely she loved him earnestly and entirely. To-morrow she would tell him so, and they would be even more calmly contented together.

The sound that aroused her was a gurgle of baby laughter. Frances turned swiftly, amazed, and looked straight into the wide-open gray eyes of a dusky-skinned, dusky-haired boy of three who stood on the deck opposite her.

"Baby!" she exclaimed, with all a woman's impulsive delight in the living plaything.

He laughed at her enchantingly, red lips apart, both chubby fists

filled with bonbons. Frances sank into a low wicker-chair and held out her hands. Captain Hildreth had indeed found something to amuse her, she thought mirthfully, among the visiting Madeirans.

"Come," she coaxed. "Come, baby. Oh, but you will only know Portuguese!"

It appeared the baby knew something more, for he came toward her confidently and promptly. Unclasping a coral chain she wore, she offered it in propitiation.

"What is your name?" she essayed again. "Tell me your name." He fixed on her the silver-gray eyes gleaming in his dark face.

"Estien," he lisped.

The coral beads slipped to the deck with a tinkling crash; dumb, Frances Randolph and the Saxon-eyed little Madeiran stared at each other.

He spoke English, he had gray eyes, his name was Estien. Estien, the quaint old French name of the Cinq-Mars house. And Randolph had been here before; he called this island a place for love.

Presently the baby emptied one hand by the pleasant expedient of stuffing its contents into his mouth, and grasped the shining necklace where it lay.

"Estien's?" he interrogated, sweetly expectant.

Frances stiffly bent her head, having no voice. One of the bonbons had fallen, and stamped in its chocolate covering she read the name of a famous New York candy manufacturer. The sweets had been brought here for this visitor, there could be no doubt. As the chuckling baby gathered up the chain, she averted her gaze in time to see a woman come with light, assured step into this quarter of the deck reserved for the lounging-place of the yacht's master and mistress.

The emotion that swept through Frances was an overwhelming anger, an anger that longed to kill, to wound and destroy. She rose, holding herself with all the imposing stateliness that had first charmed Estien Randolph, her face a cold, delicately carved mask of supercilious question. She said nothing, yet the other woman halted, stupefied and abashed, black eyes narrowing. She was young and handsome, this other, well and picturesquely dressed; the lace scarf over her head was looped with a red flower, and her plump brown arms bore several costly bracelets.

"*Senhora*," she stammered—" *Senhora*—"

"I am Mrs. Randolph," Frances clearly stated, with the consciousness of being deliberately, enjoyingly triumphant, and cruel in triumph. Whatever she might feel now or later, whatever her own searing humiliation, in this position she stood entrenched.

The woman's expression changed, she shrank still more, moving back. But before speech was possible, the Captain, returning, saw the group and hurried forward.

"Mrs. Randolph, pray accept my excuses," he exclaimed. "This is the lax discipline of southern ports! I had no idea——"

He broke off to utter a sharp sentence in Portuguese to the intruder. But there was no need of the command; the young woman had already caught the baby in her arms and, bending her face over its dark head, she retreated.

"We have permitted liberties before," the officer deprecated, more and more confused before the attitude and silence of Frances. "A bachelor's ship, if I may say so, grows careless in etiquette. I hope you will pardon an intrusion, Mrs. Randolph, that was unforeseen. Mr. Randolph would be displeased——"

She checked him with a gesture, unable to bear more.

"It is nothing, Captain Hildreth. Pray say no more of so slight a matter. There is no reason why I should mention it to Mr. Randolph."

And, carrying herself erect in composed dignity, she moved away, out of his sight.

She was flying to the refuge of her own cabin, seeking solitude before the contending storms of passion beat down control. She was afraid of herself, sick and giddy with incredulous rage and a sense of utter loss. Now she knew how high she had placed her husband, now when he had fallen and all her world crashed into chaos with his going. Across their crimson salon with its appealing memories, she sped blindly, across the miniature hall, and stopped.

In her pink-and-gold boudoir, in the pink sunset light, Randolph sat reading. He was dressed for dinner, in the white costume exacted by the climate, and he offered a study in cool serenity so flawless, so bewilderingly in contrast to her thoughts of him, that her heart seemed to stop with a physical shock that drained her of all force. She stood still.

He turned to her at once and rose.

"I have been waiting for you," he asserted. "I—well, I wanted you to see my island alone first. And now I want you to see it with me."

His smiling gray eyes sought hers as he moved toward her; the glamour of the place was upon him as it had been upon her half an hour before, the expectation of dreams made tangible and hopes materialized. Mute, Frances looked hardly back at him.

Between his strength and her trained reserve there could never be a wordy outbreak. Randolph halted, and the breach was opened in silence as they gazed at each other.

"I have offended you?" he at last demanded. "How?"

She made no answer, but took a hesitating step as if to pass him.

"You wish me to go, Frances? You were sorry to find me waiting for you in this room?"

"I did not think you would be here," she said, with difficult effort.
"Please let me pass."

A white change swept Randolph's face, wiping from it every trace of the warmth and gentleness she knew, his eyes glinted with the flash of steel. For the first time Frances saw her husband in anger.

"I will never be here again unless you send for me," he affirmed definitely, and walked out of the room.

There could be no doubt that he meant it. Frances, who was conscious of no fault, who had stood there to pronounce judgment, found herself thrust into the position of wrong and confronted with a tacit demand for an apology. Nor could she justify her attitude, since it was impossible to speak of the cause. She snapped shut the lock of the door and fell in a crumpled heap beside the chair Randolph had left, burying her face against the cushions in a vehement paroxysm of tears.

IX.

FOR the first time during the voyage, there was no gay little dinner served in the dining salon of the *Denise*. Frances remained in her room. Randolph, being a man and not prone to sentimental starvation, dined with the yacht's officers. Mrs. Randolph had a headache, he briefly observed, in explanation. The change of climate, probably, Captain Hildreth suggested, without a smile; it was not his affair if the honeymoon were passing through an eclipse.

The sunset radiance faded from sky and water. Gray succeeded rose-color, black in turn overwhelmed the gray. An hour later the victorious darkness gave place before the white splendor of tropic moonrise.

Near nine o'clock, Frances came slowly and wearily into the crimson room where she and Randolph had spent so many flawless days and evenings. No one was there, and the silence ached. Spent, she sat down, chin in hand, gazing at the pleasant litter of books and music, the chessmen on their table, her open piano and his overturned mandolin—all the signs of dual life. What had happened adequate to end this? Gray eyes set in a dark baby-face rose before her, answering.

What did she know of Estien Randolph, in fact? This charming, gracefully idle companion was the man who had been discussed at that last dinner in her home on the Hudson; the man of many occupations and incessant labor toward an end, the man behind whom lay years of crowded life before he met her. She had never before thought of that; she thought of it now. And, thinking, she gradually realized what it had meant for him to stop short in everything, to break the law so that he risked imprisonment with all it would entail of disaster, to leave his fields of warfare and victory, simply because he had seen her one October dawn and wanted her for his wife. Yes, that had been love, and she had not understood. Suffocating, she rose and went on deck.

The flood of dazzling moonlight startled her into recollection of place.

This was Madeira, that she was seeing alone. Well, the hope had been fulfilled; never again would she mistake affection for love, the island had snatched her out of apathy into fiercely violent emotion, too late.

"Pardon; let me place this chair for you," the Captain's voice spoke, beside her. "Here, facing the island? And may I not send to your maid for a wrap, Mrs. Randolph? You are shivering. You left this scarf this afternoon."

Frances turned to him, looking at the scarf. Quite suddenly she found herself saying the thing she had not meant to say:

"Yes, this afternoon, when that woman brought the baby called—"

She could not pronounce the name. But there was no need; the officer laughed understandingly, if with a touch of embarrassment.

"Oh, the eminent Senhor Estien Ferguson! I am afraid that intrusion displeased you; it should not have happened, of course. But the romance of the affair—I don't know whether Mr. Randolph has yet told you the story of how he helped through Tom Ferguson's elopement with the prettiest girl in Funchal; it is a fit tale for a book—the romance of it, and the baby's being his godson and a pet with every one, has given the run of the yacht to those visitors each time we've been here. So to-day the Senhora Maria came hunting for Ferguson, as usual, not knowing you were aboard. She was very sorry and apologetic."

"And she is—?"

"The wife of Ferguson, our third officer. You know Ferguson?"—surprised.

"Yes; I know," confirmed Frances.

She was obliged to grasp the chair-back, steadyng herself against self-betrayal. The world reeled in a blinding chaos of jet and silver, a world fragrant and sweet, crystal-pure, in which there was no evil except her own evil thoughts. She, so erect in righteousness, so proud of her superior goodness, was the only one to bring ugly wrong into this island of dreams. Apologize to Estien? Her heart was at the task already.

"Where," she asked of her companion—"where is Mr. Randolph?"

"He is having his speed-boat lowered. He intends taking a run, I understand."

"Alone."

"Yes, Mrs. Randolph."

She caught up her scarf and ran toward the companion.

The sailors stood back; the ruddy-faced, gray-eyed Ferguson saluted her, unsurprised. She had the right to follow Randolph; the pride of being his set her blood leaping.

"Will you take me?" she called down, half-shyly, half-pleadingly, her soft voice blending with the ripple of lapping water against the yacht's side.

From the slender craft swaying below, her husband looked up.

"Frances!" he exclaimed.

The accent sent a light blush to her forehead.

"If you want me, Estien——"

He sprang up the unsteady ladder, passed his arm about her slight figure, and literally carried her down to the boat in which she had first seen him. She felt his heart beating a full, strong stroke under her cheek as she leaned against him. He met her with no question, no coldness or resentment; it was enough that she had come to him and sought to resume their usual comradeship. His generosity brought a rush of tears across her happy eyes.

He set her in the stern-seat, piling cushions about her.

"But it may be wet," he warned. "You must wear this, Frances. Steady, my man!"

The racing-boat toppled with the disconcerting ease of a canoe; the man holding it to the ladder alone kept it firm for the girl's uncertain step. Laughing breathlessly, she clung to Randolph while he wrapped her in the long oilskin coat.

"What would happen if the sea grew rough," she wondered.

Randolph laughed in his turn.

"I have taken her through water that buried her in froth from prow to stern, when every wave filled the cockpit. She is safe enough, rightly handled. Only, then you need a man at the pump as well as at the motor and wheel. We are going alone."

The engine burst into clamor. Away from the yacht like the cast of a javelin darted the frail boat, described a wide, graceful curve, and fled out to sea, a dark streak between silver of sky and silver of water.

For a long time Frances watched her husband. She did not speak, nor did he. The warm, singing air rushed past them, one with the roaring drone of their flight, the swift movement chimed with the splendid excitement upon her. Now she understood what must have lain beneath his self-contained bearing and grave consideration for her all these weeks, now that she herself loved. And she had offered him as her utmost the mild statement that "she was fond of him." No wonder he had declined to accept that colorless draught from their marriage-cup. But how patient he had been, how gentle!

He did not yet know. That was the thought which finally aroused her to action; the realization of her selfishness in this hour. He did not know the marvel was accomplished, and that more than simple peace was made between them. She leaned nearer.

"Estien!" she said. "Estien!"

He turned to her, their two faces distinct and gleaming in the delicate light, against the pale gold of the oilskins they wore.

"I have made you very unhappy," she grieved.

He looked at her steadfastly.

"I am sorry. I—this is Madeira, Estien."

"You will come to the island with me, to where we have been drifting, Frances? You mean that?"

"We are there now. The drifting is over."

Randolph flung back his head; before the mute question, the white passion and fire of his kindling face, its concentrated power of earnestness, Frances felt the last restraint go down. Innocently she laid her small hands on his shoulders and lifted her lips to his in her first voluntary caress.

Estien Randolph, lover, she had never known. She found him now, in the answering movement that swept her to him. All the rest of life sank into pale unreality; dazzled, holding her husband as he held her, she rested in that embrace, while the unguided boat raced on its own course across the smooth water.

But the tension was too keen, the ecstasy too new; presently she drew back and half-rose. The launch toppled perilously. Randolph sprang up to catch his wife and put her in her seat, then turned to regain the neglected steering-wheel. He was laughing as he moved, perhaps at his own carelessness.

There is a giddiness of sudden joy; whether from that or from more practical cause, Randolph, sailor, aviator, motorist, miscalculated his poise. Before Frances brushed the curls from her eyes the place opposite her was empty and the speeding boat a hundred feet away from its master.

"Estien!" she cried. "Estien! Estien!"

Across the roar of the motor his voice came to her once more, steady, clear in command:

"Don't try to turn—stop her. Throw the black switch."

Sobbing, frantic, she flung herself across the narrow space and confronted the mass of mechanism; dragging desperately at the little handles, all dark alike in that light. Every second carried her farther away. The first handle sent the boat forward in a leap that drenched her with spray, the second changed the drone of the engine to a series of broken explosions. And all the time the craft rushed on, out of the swimmer's reach, out of his sight. Reckless, she disobeyed the command and grasped the wheel to turn back.

The attempt of a novice to turn the racing-boat at that speed would insure capsizing, as Randolph had well known. But at the moment of essaying, Frances saw the black switch, set apart.

The din fell into abrupt silence; the boat, carried only by its own momentum, slackened speed. Frances rose to her knees, searching the ocean with avid eyes. Silver above, silver below, the jet-and-silver mountain-island twenty miles away—a splendid, glittering blankness.

Far off, a dark line was moving across the quicksilver surface, a line of wind ruffling smoothness into crested waves that would beat down and hide.

When the yacht's tender slid up beside the tossing speed-boat, three hours later, Frances Randolph stood up to face the stupefied officer in command. Her thin silk gown was drenched with water and blackened with oil, her fragile hands were bruised and bleeding from her vain struggle to restart the motor for a journey of search, the face she lifted was a drawn white wraith of the one they knew.

"Hunt for him," she implored. "Back there, he fell. I could not stop the boat for so long—he told me not to turn. He was strong, he could swim far. Find him, find him!"

The situation told itself. The officer asked two questions:

"Where? When?"

"Back there—long ago, hours."

He lifted her into the larger boat.

"Full speed," he directed briefly. "Mrs. Randolph—"

"You will find him? Say you will find him!"

"We will try, Mrs. Randolph."

VIII.

IN the second night after Frances had been carried onto Estien Randolph's yacht, where Estien Randolph was no longer, she grasped Jane Martin's gown as that nurse bent over her.

"He is in the seat opposite me, resting his arm on his knee and watching me—he is there, only I cannot open my eyes? Say he is there!"

"Dearie, dearie," soothed the woman pityingly.

"He is not there?"

"God He knows, dearie."

"I could not stop the boat," she cried loudly, her voice ringing through the room. "And he told me not to turn. Estien, Estien, Estien!"

But when the doctor reached her, she was quite quiet.

"'P'tit bonhomme vit encore,'" she murmured drowsily, when he took her wrist. "See, how he holds up the spark and laughs."

"Mr. Randolph used to say it after dinner, sir, holding up the match from lighting his cigar," whispered Jane Martin, in tears. "Laughing, he'd be, and his big gray eyes dancing. Poor things, and they not six weeks married!"

Not six weeks married! In the days that followed, while Frances was brought back to reluctant health, she used to think wonderingly

of that brevity which seemed so long. If Estien had lived, had outlived her, he could not have possessed her life more absolutely. "What I want, I take," he had told her. In those six weeks he had taken her, body and spirit, for all time. She knew there could never be any change in that, and there was a strange contentment in the sense of his abiding influence.

The yacht stayed at Madeira for a month, cruising up and down the inscrutable fields of water that held the story of Estien Randolph, circling the island where he had planned to set his love-drama. If the time was not one of unbearable suspense to Frances, it was because she expected nothing.

"You will not find him," she said quietly, when the Captain came—with aching unwillingness—to tell her there was nothing more to do. "One knows some things, Captain Hildreth; I know you will not find him for me."

The officer gazed sorrowfully at her as she lay in her armchair, colorless and passive.

"You would be better with your people, Mrs. Randolph, if I may advise you. You are too alone here, far from your home."

"I am not alone," she corrected, almost with anger. "I am—Estien is still with me here." She pressed her handkerchief against her quivering lips. "But I suppose I must go back. Do they know?"

"It will have been in the newspapers by now." He hesitated. "Mr. Randolph once left general directions with me, in case of accident. I cabled his mother."

Estien's mother! The recollection came like a message to his wife's loneliness. Frances had shrunk fiercely from a return to her kin, who had never known Estien Randolph, to whom he had meant nothing, been nothing. But here was one whose loss was twin with her own, one who also confronted a blank world. Clear and plain her life opened a path: to be a daughter to Estien's mother.

"Let us go home," she exclaimed, rising in her chair. "Now, to-day, let us go home. You are right; take me there, to New York."

The yacht sailed that night.

The departure from Madeira did not lessen the sense of Randolph's presence with Frances. It abided, not as an idea of tragedy and pain, but as a warm, shadowlike companionship; the shadow cast by a reality out of sight. "My beloved is mine and I am his," echoed through her mind, while she used to sit opposite his favorite chair in their crimson-hued room. Did all that end with life? She closed her eyes, and Estien was leaning across the coffee-table with the tiny glowing stick in his fingers and his sweet, lucent gaze coaxing her smile. "*P'tit bonhomme vit encore!*"

The spark did live, would live! She understood, she would wait.

Up the seas down which she had loitered with honeymoon leisure, the yacht fled like a phantom ship questing its lost port, homeless, masterless, stopping nowhere.

Three months from the night when Estien Randolph had carried his wife, viking-like, from the city, his yacht reentered New York without him.

Frances took Jane Martin and escaped, ashore. She knew the tidings of the yacht's arrival would bring her own people to her; she loved them very much, but she could not bear them then. She wanted the one who also had loved Estien.

The house of Denise de Cinq-Mars Randolph was across the city. A snow-storm had closed over New York; a monotonous storm of heavy white flakes dropping from a dull sky, an inanimate storm, lacking even the rough energy of stirring winds. Through it the taxicab ploughed, fretting and slipping on the wet pavements, to its destination.

Leaving Jane to pay the chauffeur, Frances climbed alone the steps of her chosen home.

"Mrs. Randolph?" she asked of the servant who opened.

"Mrs. Randolph is not at home, madam."

Frances put her hand over her heart, feeling it stop and flutter. She had never contemplated this, an empty house. The man waited, respectful and sympathetic before this stately young visitor with her white sorrow upon her, until she recovered herself, then added:

"If I can receive any message, madam——"

She looked at him with quiet authority.

"I am Mrs. Estien Randolph. Please see that my maid is cared for. I will wait for your mistress."

The firelit drawing-room into which she was ushered had no more been forced into the gloom of mourning than the dainty interior of the yacht had been under her own rule. The room spoke the welcome she had missed; this other woman also reckoned wide and deep, not by externals. Frances took off her hat and heavy cloak, pushing back the clusters of her bright hair. Yes, she could live, here, where Estien had lived. She walked across the room, toward a curtained alcove.

She was facing an ebony and silver smoking-table, one of those toys women give to men and men tolerantly use because they love the giver. Toy once, now toy no longer, but shrine; on the miniature tray lay a dry, ash-tipped cigar, gray with dust, and a half-burned match. "*P'tit bonhomme vit encore!*" With a gasping sob she sank down on the little divan and hid her face.

The gray afternoon darkened toward early twilight, but she did not move, ignorant of time. After a while, the roar of a halted motor-car sounded outside, but she did not hear. The outer door opened, and closed. A step was on the threshold, in the room.

"Frances!" cried a man's eager tones. "Frances!"

Frances started up, and met Estien Randolph's gray eyes as he dropped on his knee beside the couch and gathered her into his close embrace.

"Here, you came here? Ah, Frances, Frances!"

Her cry was not articulate, her tenacious clasp locked around him, and so rested.

"My dear, my dear, there was no wireless on the yacht. Frances, look up; I tried to spare you this. I cabled to every port where you might stop, I followed you, too late, always just too late. Princess——"

"Hold me," she panted. "Touch me. Estien, make this real."

"Real? What else is real? Not these last weeks. I have been ill; that night I reached one of the rock-islands off Madeira, but the surf flung me against a cliff. I lay in a fisherman's hut for days, knowing nothing. When finally I got to Funchal, they told me you had sailed that morning. I tried to overtake you; my dear, I have thought of you day and night."

She lifted her face.

"I knew that—I felt that! I heard you, Estien. But I thought you had died."

After many moments, he spoke again, still holding her.

"I have come from the yacht, where I went to meet you as soon as the *Denise* was reported, Frances. And I found you already gone. I thought you had gone to your own people, and I passed a bad half-hour there in our empty rooms, alone. For I remembered that I had taken you by force, that you never chose to marry me, and I fancied perhaps you were glad to escape to your kin; perhaps, even, my living would be unwelcome. Oh, I was miserably jealous, and so, jealous, I came home."

He rose, drawing her erect with him in his arms.

"I came home, to find you in my house! Do you, *can* you, know what it has meant to us, Frances, that I found my wife had come to my mother?"

They looked at each other, in the ruddy light flickering on Randolph's hearth.

"Your people——" she whispered.

But because she had no voice to continue, he stooped and they kissed each other.



THE NECESSITY OF PASSPORTS FOR ALIEN WOMEN

By Alexander Otis

“**N**O, I shall never revisit the United States. I should rather take my chances in Russia;” and the young girl at my elbow laughed bitterly as our steamer glided past the cloud-capped, rainbow-tinted hills of Jamaica, her native island. She was a sedate young person, with ultra-English poise and mannerisms. Our voyage was almost ended—hence perhaps her sudden burst of confidence.

“My brother was to have met me at New York,” she explained, “but through a misunderstanding, he did not appear. I was questioned and cross-examined by the immigration inspector, besides having to pass quarantine and put up with a lot of fuss about my luggage. In spite of the protests of many friends I had made on the voyage, one of whom invited me to visit her, I was detained on the steamer, and finally taken to Ellis Island, where I was kept in a prison-like room all night. In the morning I was conducted before a sort of court, where I was again closely questioned, courteously enough, yet with the implication of the grossest insult. While they were debating whether I should be allowed to land or be sent back to Jamaica, my brother arrived. Of course he was indignant, as the misunderstanding was not his fault. We went to the British consulate about it, but we were told that everything had been done according to law, that it was quite regular and really for my protection. At all events, we had no redress—except to advertise ourselves in the newspapers.”

“Of course they have to handle thousands of immigrants daily, and it must require lots of red tape. Doubtless cases like yours are the results of some one’s blunder,” I mumbled, feeling that I must defend my country’s institutions.

“But I was not an immigrant!” she replied sharply. “I was treated according to law, and with all the consideration the law permitted, as our consul himself told me. But oh, it was horrible, and I shall never forget it”—and the girl shivered. Then the harbor of Kingston unfolded itself in the panorama of the brilliant shore that had been glowing to starboard all the afternoon, and my fair travelling acquaintance disappeared.

Confident that her statement must have been biased or exaggerated, I took pains to investigate the whole subject on my return, with the result that I found the experience of this Jamaica girl was not an isolated case, and not exaggerated in the least. Incidents of the sort are recurring continually at the gateway of the United States, under the very shadow of the Goddess of Liberty.

Perhaps boats touching at Jamaica, to and from Colon, are inspected a little more strictly because of a class of women who throng to and fro between New York and the Canal Zone; but the legal status of every alien woman coming to our shores is this: She must present some *prima facie* evidence of her "good moral character" or she will be detained, tried before a Court of Inquiry, and perhaps deported.

The evidence of her good character is in the first instance furnished by the captain of the steamer on which she is a passenger, who is required under section 13 of the Immigration Act (passed February 20, 1907) to make a certificate "to the effect that he has caused the surgeon of said vessel sailing therewith to make a physical and oral examination of each of said aliens, and that from the report of said surgeon and from his own investigation he believes that no one of said aliens is an idiot, or imbecile, or a feeble-minded person, or insane person, or a pauper, or is likely to become a public charge, or is afflicted with tuberculosis or with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, or is a person who has been convicted of, or who admits having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, or is a polygamist or one admitting belief in the practice of polygamy, or an anarchist, or under promise or agreement, express or implied, to perform labor in the United States, or a prostitute, or a woman or girl coming to the United States for the purpose of prostitution, or for any other immoral purpose, and that also, according to the best of his knowledge and belief, the information in said lists or manifests concerning each of said aliens named therein is correct and true in every respect."

With the first-cabin passenger, this certificate of the captain and the surgeon is usually taken at its face value by the immigration inspector.

The latter's task is invidious at best. Few first-cabin passengers are likely to become public charges, but how can he pass upon their morality? Uncle Sam has placed him there for the purpose of suppressing vice. Any one of the woman passengers to whose good character the ship's captain has obligingly certified may turn out to be a dreadful creature when she gets to shore. Of course if she is a citizen, or has just become the wife of a citizen, the inspector is relieved of all responsibility.

To aid him in his research, he has a book of secret information made up of "tips" from all quarters of the globe, often anonymous, usually

malicious, but always requiring him to search out the woman complained of and question her. The jealous wife, the deserted husband, the anxious parent, the disappointed lover, the acrimonious busybody, the social enemy, even the young husband who objects to a visit from his alien mother-in-law, have all helped to make up this record of secret information which serves as a guide for the immigration inspector.

The United States Government does not conduct a "Gretna Green," and has no tenderness for elopers. Its inspector must sift out all such victims of Cupid's shaft and see that they do not land upon our shores. In addition to this, the inspector is certain to fix an eye of suspicion upon any alien woman, whether of high or low degree, who ventures to travel to this country without masculine escort.

Almost every day some gallant young American volunteers to act as a "supposititious brother" on behalf of some fair immigrant in distress. Uncle Sam is keen to detect such artifice. The "brother" is questioned about the parents, the grandparents, the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts, perhaps about the early infantile diseases of the alleged "sister," and he soon finds that the task of being a brother to beauty in distress requires more wit and ingenuity than he had expected.

But what good has come of it all?

During the year 1910 three hundred and sixteen women were deported on the ground that they were coming to the United States for immoral purposes—three hundred and sixteen out of three hundred and five thousand woman immigrants and visitors examined and put to more or less inconvenience to establish their good moral character, which the immigration law puts in issue upon their arrival.

What possible deterrent effect has been produced cannot, of course, be expressed in figures.

In balancing the ledger, also, some specific cases should be given showing concrete results from the Government's moral censorship over the women who seek to become our guests.

A young French banker, connected with a prominent Wall Street firm, sent to Paris for his woman associate. She came in first-cabin, well dressed, attractive, and with plenty of money. Some person wrote about the situation to the immigration office, and the letter was filed in the book of secret information. Upon her arrival, the woman was taken to Ellis Island, and the young French banker came to see her at her place of imprisonment with vociferous protests.

"Will you marry the lady?" pointedly asked the immigration officer. With many a shrug and much waste of Gallic expletive, the banker declared that he would rather give up his career in America and return to Paris with his lovely Parisienne than enter the irksome bonds of wedlock. The woman on her part averred that she quite agreed with him, so the pair went back together on the next boat.

A young American man of means and leisure went abroad for a "good time," and while in Paris acquired a similar companion. When he returned to New York, the woman in question alleged she had been deceived, that promises had been broken and faith betrayed. She came to this country with letters to prove her claim, and managed to get ashore and put her case in the hands of an attorney. She was invited to a conference with the defendant, and on entering the room found herself confronted by a United States immigration officer with a warrant for her arrest and deportation as an undesirable citizen. Of course if the young man had been willing to marry her she might have remained in this country, but the young American, like the French banker, had prejudices against that solution of the problem.

An inspector passing upon the moral character of women in the second cabin of the *Lusitania* recently noticed two pretty English girls in whom a man with long hair and the general appearance of a patent-medicine vender seemed to take undue interest. The inspector questioned the girls closely, and they became confused and gave names that did not appear on the passenger-list, finally confessing that they were travelling under assumed names. Upon the strength of this, the inspector detained them and took them over to Ellis Island. Here the long-haired man made a vigorous protest. He said that the girls were chambermaids whom he had met in an English hotel, and he had told them how much better wages they could get in America and had offered to help them get positions. If the girls had told this story in the first place, without giving assumed names, and without any assistance from their masculine friend, they would have been admitted. But the story of their detention was exploited in the New York newspapers, and this fact alone rendered very slight the chance of their procuring respectable employment, if that was what they really wanted. They finally consented to return to England on the *Lusitania*, and they arrived home in less than two weeks from the day of their departure. Possibly they were saved from an unhappy fate by the assiduity of the immigration department.

One more instance: a girl was pointed out among the immigrants thronging the detention room at the Island by a chance visitor as one having been in this country before, who had been caught stealing from her employer, by whom she had generously been sent back to Germany on her promise of reform. On the strength of this information, she was about to be deported when an examination before the Court of Inquiry developed the fact that she was the wife of a bar-tender living in New York City. As he was an American citizen, this made her one also, and, though known to have been a thief, she had to be released.

Cases of this nature have led to the following recommendation to Congress from the immigration commissioner:

"Another year's experience does not make it possible to add much to what was said in last year's report on the general subject of the 'white-slave traffic.' Its operations and ramifications are extended and varied. It finds in the importation of aliens and the exploitation of those already here its greatest field of endeavor. These statements are believed to be incontrovertible. It is only natural that in so beastly and revolting a matter as this dealing in human flesh and human souls the dealers should select as their victims those who, by reason of ignorance and helplessness, are the least able to protect themselves. Frequently, therefore, the victims are the alien women who have no acquaintance here, or have before leaving Europe been reduced to a state of utter dependence upon their inhuman owners.

Section 1994 of the Revised Statutes reads as follows:

Any woman who is now or may hereafter be married to a citizen of the United States, and who might herself be lawfully naturalized, shall be deemed a citizen.

The Bureau repeats on this matter what it urged in its last report:

Said section should be so amended as to leave no doubt on the question whether an alien woman, not in her own person entitled to naturalization, who marries an American citizen, is thereby invested with citizenship. This matter is now much in doubt, and is of primary importance in the handling of cases of alien immoral women, as well as the cases of those who are mentally or physically defective. One of the favorite devices of those engaged in the importing of prostitutes is to have the imported woman marry an American citizen, thereby protecting the importer against a criminal prosecution and his business against the damage that would result from the deportation of the prostitute. There has recently been a decision by a circuit court to the effect that marriage in such a case cannot confer citizenship, at least unless followed by a residence in the country (165 Fed. Rep., 980); but in the light of a decision of the Supreme Court (7 Wall., 496) indirectly touching the point, the existing doubt cannot be effectually removed otherwise than by a decision of a higher court on the exact question, or by an amendment of the law, so that it would read as follows:

"Any woman who is now or may hereafter be married to a citizen of the United States, and who herself possesses the qualifications of race and character required by law of an alien applying for naturalization, shall be deemed a citizen upon commencing to reside permanently in the United States."

The above indicates the curious anomaly of our Immigration Law. It says to the alien woman upon her arrival: "You are coming here presumably for immoral purposes, and unless you can present satisfactory evidence to the contrary, you must be deported. If you can find

an American citizen willing to marry you, you are welcome to come and dwell among us."

As a matter of fact, many women are saved from deportation by being married at the dock; nor are all such cases those of undesirable citizens, procuring admission to the country through the loophole of wedlock.

The "other side of the picture" having been fairly presented, the problem of the respectable alien girl or woman travelling alone for business or pleasure, and her treatment upon her arrival, the danger that she will be questioned and even practically imprisoned, remains unmitigated and unsolved.

The more sensitive the woman, the more flagrant the case, the less likely it is that the public will hear of it.

The red tape of the custom-house, the unavoidable nuisance of quarantine regulations, are sufficiently burdensome; but in all conscience and good temper we must stop haling respectable women before Courts of Inquiry to pass upon their moral character.

A reasonable and sane solution would appear to be a simple matter. If we are to maintain close restriction upon immigration, some sort of a passport system must be adopted.

The commissioner of immigration himself suggests the desirability of the use of passports to assist in weeding out criminal immigrants. On page six of the Current Annual Report he says:

Mr. Ernesto G. Fabbri, president of the Italian Society for the Protection of Immigrants, recently offered a suggestion designed to assist in the detection at our ports of aliens who have a criminal record; and that is that all aliens coming from countries that furnish their citizens or subjects with penal certificates or *certificates of character* shall be rejected unless they exhibit such a certificate. This is a plan which seems well worth a trial, and it has been incorporated into the proposed law. (See pp. 161, 183.)

I asked a prominent official of the immigration bureau if a passport system for alien women would be desirable.

"Of course I speak unofficially," he replied, "but I must confess that it would relieve our inspectors of a heavy responsibility. On the one hand, they must enforce the law, and on the other, a stupid or officious inspector may at any time make a horrible blunder."

The vast discretion vested in the inspectors of the Immigration Bureau, the wide opportunity for an abuse of that discretion by the intolerable insult of examining respectable women as to their moral character, all point to the desirability of such an alteration of the law and procedure, in order that travel to the United States may be made less burdensome.

Immigration restrictions are not going to be relaxed; they are going to be made more and more stringent. A passport system is already in force with respect to the Japanese, and out of several thousand passports viséed during the past year only forty-nine were found defective.

The inspector of immigration, as the law stands, has a thankless, invidious, and often odious task. For his sake, for the sake of our own reputation as a nation for gallantry and courtesy, the law and its administration should undergo a radical change, and the over-zeal incited by a "muck-raking" agitation against the "white slave" traffic should be curbed within the limits of ordinary hospitality and propriety.



LOVE AND THE CHILD

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LOVE came into the world, and said:
 "With the tender infant on this bed
 Shall be my home; I will impart
 The winning graces to its heart
 That blessing in life's pathway spread."

So—for Love crooned its lullabies—
 His own smile dawned within its eyes,
 And into its small being stole
 The laughing radiance of his soul,
 And all its eager sympathies.

Unconscious as the flowers that bless—
 A tiny flame of lovingness—
 To any palm it gave at once
 A dimpled hand, in quick response,
 Nor what "a stranger" meant might guess.

That to distrust is often well,
 It heard with smile ineffable.
 Then, on a morn, Love came to say:
 "Thou child of mine, come, come away!
 In Paradise to dwell."

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT

By Charles Egbert Craddock

Author of "The Ordeal," "The Fair Mississippian," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," etc.

♦

AMERE moment seems an inconsiderable factor in life—only its multiplication attaining importance and signifying time. It could never have occurred to Walter Hoxer that all his years of labor, the aggregation of the material values of industry, experience, skill, integrity, could be nullified by this minimum unit of space—as sudden, as potent, as destructive, as a stroke of lightning. But after the fact it did not remind him of any agency of the angry skies; to him it was like one of the obstructions of the river engineers to divert the course of the great Mississippi, a mattress-spur, a thing insignificant in itself, a mere trifle of woven willow wands, set up at a crafty angle, against the tumultuous current. Yet he had seen the swirling waves, in their oncoming like innumerable herds of wild horses, hesitate at the impact, turn aside, and go racing by, scouring out a new channel, leaving the old bank bereft, thrown inland, no longer the margin of the stream.

The river was much in his mind that afternoon as he trudged along the county road at the base of the levee, on his way, all unprescient, to meet this signal, potential moment. Outside, he knew that the water was standing higher than his head, rippling against the thick turf of Bermuda grass with which the great earthwork was covered. For the river was bank-full and still rising—indeed, it was feared that an overflow impended. However, there was as yet no break; advices from up the river and down the river told only of extra precautions and constant work to keep the barriers intact against the increasing volume of the stream. The favorable chances were reinforced by the fact of a singularly dry winter, that had so far eliminated the danger from back-water, which, if aggregated from rainfall in low-lying swamps, would move up slowly to inundate the arable lands. These were already ploughed to bed up for cotton, and an overflow now would mean the loss of many thousands of dollars to the submerged communities. The February rains had begun in the upper country, with a persistency and volume that bade fair to compensate for the long-continued drought, and thus the river was already booming, the bayous that drew off a

vast surplusage of its waters were overcharged, and gradually would spread out in murky shallows, heavily laden with river detritus, over the low grounds bordering their course.

"This Jeffrey levee will hold," Hoxer said to himself, as once he paused, his hands in his pockets, his cap on the back of his red head, his freckled, commonplace, square face lifted into a sort of dignity by the light of expert capacity and intelligence in his bluff blue eyes. He had been muttering to himself the details of its construction: so many feet across the base in proportion to its height, the width of the summit, the angle of the incline of its interior slope—the exterior being invisible, having the Mississippi River standing against it. "A fairly good levee, though an old one," he muttered. "I'll bet, though, Major Jeffrey feels mightily like Noah when he looks at all that water out there, tearing through the country."

His face clouded at the mention of the name, and as he took the short pipe from his mouth and stuck it into the pocket of his loose sack-coat his tread lost a certain free elasticity that had characterized it hitherto, and he trudged on doggedly. He had passed many acres of ploughed lands, the road running between the fields and the levee. The scene was all solitary; the sun had set, and night would presently be coming on. As he turned in at the big white gate that opened on a long avenue of oaks leading to the mansion house, he began to fear that his visit might be ill-timed, and that a man of his station could not hope for an audience so near the major's dinner-hour.

It was with definite relief that he heard the gentle impact of ivory balls in the absolute quiet, and he remembered that a certain little octagonal structure with a conical red roof, in the grounds, was a billiard-room, for the sound betokened that he might find the owner of the place here.

He expected to see a group of the Major's "quality friends" in the building, but as he ascended the steps leading directly to the door, he perceived that the man he sought was alone. Major Jeffrey was engaged in idly knocking the balls about in some skilful fancy shots, his cigar in his mouth, and a black velvet smoking-jacket setting off to special advantage his dense, snowy hair, prematurely white, his long mustache, and his pointed imperial. His heavy white eyebrows drew frowningly together over arrogant dark eyes as he noted the man at the entrance.

Despite Hoxer's oft-reiterated sentiment that he was "as good as anybody and would take nothing off nobody, and cared for no old duck just because he was rich," he could not speak for a moment as he felt Major Jeffrey's inimical eyes upon him. He lost the advantage in losing the salutation.

"Did you get my check?" Major Jeffrey asked curtly.

"Yes," Hoxer admitted; "but——"

"The amount was according to contract."

Hoxer felt indignant with himself that he should have allowed this interpretation to be placed on his presence here; then he still more resented the conjecture.

"I have not come for extra money," he said. "That point of the transaction is closed."

"All the points of the transaction are closed," said Major Jeffrey ungraciously. There was more than the flush of the waning western sky on his face. He had already dined, and he was one of those wine-bibbers whom drink does not render genial. "I want to hear no more about it."

He turned to the table, and with a skilful cue sent one ball caroming against two others.

"But you must hear what I have got to say, Major Jeffrey," protested Hoxer. "I built that cross-levee for you to join your main levee, and done it well."

"And have been well paid."

"But you go and say at the store that I deviated from the line of survey and saved one furlong, seven poles, and five feet of levee."

"And so you did."

"But you know, Major, that Burbeck Lake had shrunk in the drought at the time of the survey, and if I'd followed the calls for the south of the lake, I'd had to build in four feet of water; so I drew back a mite—you bein' in Orleans, where I could n't consult you, an' no time to be lost nohow, the river bein' then on the rise, an'—"

"Look here, fellow," exclaimed Major Jeffrey, bringing the cue down on the table with a force that must have cut the cloth, "do you suppose that I have nothing better to do than to stand here to listen to your fool harangue?"

The anger and the drink and perhaps the consciousness of being in the wrong were all ablaze in the Major's eyes.

The two were alone; only the darkling shadows stood at tiptoe at the open windows, for still the flushed sky sent down a pervasive glow.

Hoxer swallowed hard, gulping down his own wrath and sense of injury. "Major," he said blandly, trying a new deal, "I don't think you quite understand me."

"Such a complicated proposition you are, to be sure!"

Hoxer disregarded the sarcasm, the contempt in the tone.

"I am not trying to rip up an old score, but you said at Winfield's store—at the *store*—that I did not build the cross-levee on the surveyor's line; that I shortened it—"

"So you did."

"But as if I had shortened the levee for my own profit, when, as you know, it was paid for by the pole—"

" You tax me with making a false impression ? "

An extreme revulsion of expectation harassed Hoxer. He had always known that Jeffrey was an exception to the genial rule of the few large land-owners in the community, who were wont to conserve and, in fact, to deserve the pose of kindly patron as well as wealthy magnate. But even Jeffrey, he thought, would not grudge a word to set a matter straight that could cost him nothing and would mean much to the levee-contractor. Though of large experience in levee-building, Hoxer was new to the position of contractor, having been graduated into it, so to speak, from the station of foreman of a construction-gang of Irishmen. He had hoped for further employ in this neighborhood, in building private levees that, in addition to the main levees along the banks of the Mississippi, would aid riparian protection by turning off overflow from surcharged bayous and encroaching lakes in the interior. But, unluckily, the employer of the first enterprise he had essayed on his own responsibility had declared that he had deviated from the line of survey, usually essential to the validity of the construction, thereby much shortening the work; and had made this statement at Winfield's store—at the store !

Whatever was said at the store was as if proclaimed through the resounding trump of fame. The store in a Mississippi neighborhood, patronized by the surrounding planters, great and small, was the focus of civilization, the dispenser of all the wares of the world, from a spool of thread to a two-horse wagon, the post-office, in a manner the club. Here, sooner or later, everybody came, and hence was the news of the Bend noised abroad. Hoxer's business could scarcely recover from this disparagement, and he had not doubted that Jeffrey would declare that he had said nothing to justify this impression, and that he would forthwith take occasion to clear it up. For were not Mr. Tompkins and Judge Claris both with a severe case of " high-water scare," ready to contract for a joint cross-levee for mutual protection from an unruly bayou.

Therefore, with a sedulous effort, Hoxer maintained his composure when the Major thundered again, " You tax me with making a false impression ? "

" Not intentionally, Major, but— "

" And who are you to judge of my motives ? Told a lie by accident, did I ? Begone, sir, or I 'll break your head with this billiard cue ! "

He had apparently reached the limit of his endurance as he brandished the cue. He was still agile, vigorous, and it was scarcely possible that Hoxer could escape the blow. He dreaded the indignity indeed more than the hurt.

" If you strike me," he declared in a single breath, between his set teeth, " before God I 'll shoot you with your own pistol ! "

It seemed a fatality that a pair in their open case should have been lying on the sill of the window, where their owner had just been cleaning and oiling them. Hoxer, of course, had no certainty that they were loaded, but the change in Jeffrey's expression proclaimed it. He was sober enough now—the shock was all-sufficient—as he sprang to the case. The younger man was the quicker. He had one of the pistols in his hand before Jeffrey could level the other that he had snatched. Quicker to fire, too, for the weapon in Jeffrey's hand was discharged in his latest impulse of action after he fell to the floor, the blood gushing from a wound that crimsoned all the delicate whiteness of his shirt-front and bedabbled his snowy hair and beard.

This was the moment, the signal, fatal, final moment, that the levee-contractor had come to meet, that placed the period of his own existence. He lived no longer, Hoxer felt. He did not recognize as his own a single action hereafter, a single mental impulse. It was something else, standing here in the red gloaming—some foreign entity, cogently reasoning, swiftly acting. Self-defense—was it? And who would be likely to believe that? Had he found justice so alert to redress his wrongs, even in a little matter, that he must needs risk his neck upon it? This Thing that was not himself—no, nevermore!—had the theory of alibi in his mind as he stripped off his low-cut shoes and socks, thrusting them into his pockets, leaping from the door, and flying among the dusky shadows down the gloomy grove and through the gate.

Dusk here, too, on the lonely county road, the vague open expanse of the ploughed fields glimmering to the instarred sky of a still, chill night of early February. He did not even wonder that there should be no hue and cry on his tracks—the Thing was logical! Jeffrey had doubtless had his pistols carried down from the mansion to him in his den in the billiard-room, for the avowed purpose of putting the weapons in order. If the shots were heard at all at the dwelling, the sound was reasonably ascribed to the supposed testing of the weapons. Hoxer was conscious that a sentiment of gratulation, of sly triumph, pervaded his mental processes as he sped along barefoot, like some tramp or outcast, or other creature of a low station. He had laid his plans well in this curious, involuntary cerebration. Those big, bare footprints were ample disguise for a well-clad, well-groomed, well-shod middle-class man of a skilful and lucrative employ. The next moment his heart sank like lead. He was followed! He heard the pursuit in the dark! Swift, unerring, leaping along the dusty road, leaving its own foot-prints as a testimony against him. For he had recognized its nature at last! It was his own dog—a little, worthless cur, that had a hide like a doormat and a heart as big as the United States—a waif, a stray, that had attached himself to the contractor at the shanties of the construction

gang, and slept by his bed, and followed at his heel, and lived on the glance of his eye.

He was off again, the dog fairly winging his way to match his master's speed. Hoxer could not kill him here, for the carcass would tell the story. But was it not told already in those tracks in the dusty road? What vengeance was there not written in the eccentric script of those queer little padded imprints of the creature's paws. Fie, fool! Was this the only cur-dog in the Bend? he asked himself, impatient of his fears. Was not the whole neighborhood swarming with canine dependents.

Despite his reasoning, this endowment that was once himself had been affrighted by the shock. The presence of the little cur-dog had destroyed the complacence of his boasted ratiocination. He had only the instincts of flight as he struck off through the woods when the great expanse of cultivated lands had given way to lower ground and the wide liberties of the "open swamp," as it was called. This dense wilderness stretched out on every side; the gigantic growth of gum trees was leafless at this season, and without a suggestion of underbrush. The ground was level as a floor. Generally during the winter the open swamp is covered with shallow water, but in this singularly droughty season it had remained "with dry feet," according to the phrase of that country. The southern moon, rising far along its levels, began to cast burnished golden shafts of light adown its unobstructed vistas. It might seem some magnificent park with its innumerable splendid trees, its great expanse, and ever and anon in the distance the silver sheen of the waters of a lake, shining responsive to the lunar lustre as with an inherent lustre of its own.

On and on he went, his noiseless tread falling as regularly as machinery, leaving miles behind him, the distance only to be conjectured by the lapse of time, and, after so long, his flagging strength. He began to notice that the open swamp was giving way in the vicinity of one of the lakes to the characteristics of the swamp proper, although the ground was still dry and the going good. He had traversed now and then a higher ridge on which switch-cane grew somewhat sparsely, but near the lake on a bluff bank a dense brake of the heavier cane filled the umbrageous shadows, so tall and rank and impenetrable a growth that once the fugitive paused to contemplate it, with the theory that a secret intrusted to its sombre seclusions might be held intact forever.

As he stood thus motionless in the absolute stillness, a sudden thought came to his mind—a sudden and terrible thought. He could not be sure whether he had heard aught, or whether the sight of the water suggested the idea. He knew that he could little longer sustain his flight, despite his vigor and strength. Quivering in every fibre from his

long exertions, he set his course straight for that glimmering sheen of water. Encircling it were heavy shadows. Tall trees pressed close to the verge, where lay here a fallen branch, and there a rotten log, half sunken in mud and ooze, and again a great tangle of vines that had grown smiling to the summer sun, but now, with the slow expansion of the lake, which was fed by a surcharged bayou, quite submerged in a fretwork of miry strands. The margin was fringed with saw-grass, thick and prickly, and his practised eye could discern where the original banks lay by the spears thrust up above the surface a score of feet away. Thus he was sure of his depth as he waded out staunchly, despite the cruel pricks to his sensitive naked feet. The little dog had scant philosophy; he squeaked and wheezed and wailed with the pain until the man, who had no time to kill him now—for had he heard aught or naught?—picked him up and carried him in his arms, the creature licking Hoxer's hands in an ecstasy of gratitude, and even standing on his hind-legs on his master's arm to snatch a lick upon his cheek.

In the darksome shadows, further and further from the spot where he had entered the lake, Hoxer toiled along the margin, sometimes pausing to listen—for had he heard aught or naught?—as long as his strength would suffice. Then amidst the miry débris of last summer's growths beneath the recent inundation he sank down in the darkness, the dog exhausted in his arms.

This was one of those frequent crescent-shaped lakes peculiar to the region; sometimes, miles in extent, the lacustrine contour is not discernible to the glance; here the broad expanse seemed as if the body of water were circular and perhaps three miles in diameter.

Suddenly Hoxer heard the sound that had baffled him hitherto—heard it again and—oh, horrible!—recognized it at last! The baying of bloodhounds it was, the triumphant cry that showed that the brutes had caught the trail and were keeping it. On and on came the iteration, ever louder, ever nearer, waking the echoes till wood and brake and midnight waters seemed to rock and sway with the sound, and the stars in the sky to quake in unison with the vibrations. Never at fault, never a moment's cessation, and presently the shouts of men and the tramp of horses blended with that deep, tumultuous note of blood crying to heaven for vengeance. Far, far, down the lake it was. Hoxer could see nothing of the frantic rout when the hounds paused baffled at the water-side. He was quick to note the changed tone of the brutes' pursuit, plaintive, anxious, consciously thwarted. They ran hither and thither, patrolling the banks, and with all their boasted instinct they could only protest that the fugitive took to water at this spot. But how? They could not say, and the men argued in vain. The lake was too broad to swim—there was no island, no point of

vantage. A boat might have taken him off, and, if so, the craft would now be lying on the opposite bank. A party set off to skirt the edge of the lake and explore the further shores by order of the sheriff, for this officer, summoned by telephone, had come swiftly from the county town in an automobile, to the verge of the swamp, there accommodated with a horse by a neighboring planter. And then, Hoxer, lying on the elastic submerged brush, with only a portion of his face above the surface of the water, watched in a speechless ecstasy of terror the hue and cry progress on the hither side, his dog, half dead from exhaustion, unconscious in his arms.

The moon, unmoved as ever, looked calmly down on the turmoil in the midst of the dense woods. The soft brilliance illumined the long, open vistas and gave to the sylvan intricacies an effect as of silver arabesques, a glittering tracery amidst the shadows. But the lunar light did not suffice. Great torches of pine knots, with a red and yellow flare and streaming pennants of smoke, darted hither and thither as the officer's posse searched the bosky recesses for their human prey without avail.

Presently a new sound—a crashing iteration—assailed the air. The frantic crowd was beating the bushes about the margin of the lake and the verges of the almost impenetrable cane-brake. Here, however, there could be no hope of discovery, and suddenly a cry arose, unanimously iterated the next instant, "Fire the cane-brake! Fire the cane-brake!"

For so late had come the rise of the river, so persistent had been the winter's drought, so delayed the usual inundation of the swamp, that the vegetation, dry as tinder, caught the sparks instantly, and the fierce expedient to force the fugitive to leave his supposed shelter in the brake, a vast woodland conflagration, was added to the terror of the scene. The flames flared frantically upward from the cane, itself twenty feet in height, and along its dense columns issued forth jets like the volleyings of musketry from serried ranks of troops, the illusion enhanced by continuous sharp rifle-like reports, the joints of the growth exploding as the air within was liberated by the heat of the fire. All around this blazing Gehenna were swiftly running figures of men applying with demoniac suggestion torches here and there, that a new area might be involved. Others were mounted, carrying flaming torches aloft, the restive horses plunging in frantic terror of the fiery furnace in the depths of the brake, the leaping sheets of flame, the tumultuous clouds of smoke. Oh, a terrible fate, had the forlorn fugitive sought refuge here! Let us hope that no poor denizen of the brake, bear or panther or fox, dazed by the tumult and the terror, forgot which way to flee!

But human energies must needs fail as time wears on. Nerves

of steel collapse at last. The relinquishment of the quest came gradually; the crowd thinned; now and again the sound of rapid hoof-beats told of homeward-bound horsemen; languid groups stood and talked dully here and there, dispersing to follow a new suggestion for a space, then ultimately disappearing; even the fires began to die out, and the site of the cane-brake had become a dense, charred mass, as far as eye could reach, with here and there a vague blue flicker where some bed of coals could yet send up a jet, when at length the pale day, slow and aghast, came peering along the levels to view the relics of the strange events that had betided in the watches of the night.

Hoxer had not waited for the light. Deriving a certain strength, a certain triumph, from the obvious fact that the end was not yet, he contrived in that darkest hour before the dawn to pull himself into a sitting posture, then to creep out to the shore. The little dog had seemed to be dying, but he too experienced a sort of resuscitation, and while he followed at first but feebly, it was not long before he was at heel again, although Hoxer was swift of foot, making all the speed he might toward his temporary home, the shacks that had been occupied by the construction gang. As he came within view of the poor little tenements, so recently vacated by the Irish ditchers, all awry and askew, stretching in a wavering row along the river-bank near the junction of the levee that he had built with the main line, his eyes filled. Oh, why had he not gone with the rest of the camp? he demanded of an untoward fate; why must he have stayed a day longer to bespeak the correction of an injurious error from that proud, hard man, who however, had wrought his last injury on earth? Hoxer was sorry, but chiefly for his own plight. He felt that his deed was in self-defense, and but that he had no proof he would not fear to offer the plea at the bar of justice. As it was, however, he was sanguine of escaping without this jeopardy. No one had cause to suspect him. No one had seen him enter the Jeffrey grounds that fatal evening. There had been noised abroad no intimation of his grievance against the man. He had all the calm assurance of invisibility as he came to his abode, for a fog lay thick on the surface of the river and hung over all the land. He did not issue forth again freshly dressed till the sun was out once more, dispelling the vapors and conjuring the world back to sight and life. Nevertheless, he made no secret of having been abroad when an acquaintance came up the road and paused for an exchange of the news of the day.

"But what makes ye look so durned peaked?" he broke off, gazing at Hoxer in surprise.

Hoxer was astonished at his own composure as he replied: "Out all night—I was in the swamp with the posse."

"See the fire? They tell me 't wuz more'n dangerous to fire the

brake when the woods is so uncommon dry. I dunno what we would do here in the bottom with a forest fire."

"Pretty big blaze, now, sure 's ye're born," Hoxer replied casually, and so the matter passed.

Later in the day another gossip, whose acquaintance he had made during his levee-building venture, loitered up to talk over the absorbing sensation, and, sitting down on the door-step of the shack, grew suddenly attentive to the little dog.

"What makes him limp?" he demanded abruptly.

But Hoxer had not observed that he did limp.

The acquaintance had taken the little animal up on his knee and was examining into his condition. "Gee! how did he get so foot-sore?"

"Following me around, I reckon," Hoxer hazarded. But he saw, or thought he saw, a change on the stolid face of the visitor, who was unpleasantly impressed with the fact that the officers investigating the case had made inquiries concerning a small dog that, to judge by the prints in the road, had evidently followed the big, barefooted man who had fled from the Jeffrey precincts after the shooting. A rumor too was going the rounds that a detective, reputed preternaturally sharp, who had accompanied the sheriff to the scene of action, had examined these tracks in the road, and declared that the footprint was neither that of a negro nor a tramp, but of a white man used to wearing shoes something too tightly fitting.

The visitor glanced down at the substantial foot-gear of the contractor, fitting somewhat snugly, and thereafter he became more out of countenance than before and manifested some haste to get away. Hoxer said to himself that his anxiety whetted his apprehension. He had given his visitor no cause for suspicion, and doubtless the man had evolved none. Hoxer was glad that he was due and overdue to be gone from the locality. He felt that he could scarcely breathe freely again till he had joined the gang of Irish ditchers now establishing themselves in a new camp in the adjoining county, where the high stage of the river gave him employment in fighting water. He made up his mind, however, that he would not take the train thither. He dreaded to be among men, to encounter question and speculation, till he had time to regain control of his nerves, his facial expression, the tones of his voice. He resolved that he would quietly drift down the river in a rowboat that had been at his disposal during his employment here, and join his force already settled at their destination, without running the gauntlet of inspection by the neighborhood in a more formal departure. He had already bidden farewell to those few denizens of the Bend with whom his associations had been most genial. "And I 'll clear out now, as I would have done if nothing had happened."

He said no more of his intention of departure, but when night had

come he fastened the door of the little shanty, in which were still some of the rude belongings of his camping outfit, with the grim determination that it should not soon be opened again. How long the padlock should beat the summons of the wind on the resounding battens he did not dream!

It was close on midnight when he climbed the steep interior slope of the levee and stood for a moment gazing cautiously about him. The rowboat lay close by, for one might embark from the summit of the levee. It was a cloudy night, without a star. A mist clung to the face of the waters on the Arkansas side, but on the hither shore the atmosphere was clear, for he could see at a considerable distance up the river the fire of a "levee-watch," the stage of the water being so menacing that a guard must needs be on duty throughout the night. The leaping flames of the fire cast long lines of red and yellow and a sort of luminous brown far into the river, where the reflection seemed to palpitate in the pulsations of the current. No other sign of life was in the night scene, save in the opposite direction, amidst the white vapors, the gem-like gleam of a steamer's chimney-lights, all ruby and emerald, as a packet was slowly rounding the neighboring point. Hoxer could hear the impact of her paddles on the water, the night being so still. He had seated himself in the middle of the rowboat and laid hold on the oars when his foot struck against something soft on the bottom of the craft, partly under the seat in the stern. It was his bundle, he thought, containing the spoiled clothing that he had worn in the swamp, and which he intended to sink in mid-stream. His nerve was shaken, however; he could not restrain a sudden exclamation—this must have seemed discovery rather than agitation. It was as a signal for premature action. He was suddenly seized from behind, his arms held down against his sides, his hands close together. The bundle in the stern rose all at once to the stature of a man. The touch of cold metal, a sharp quick click, and he was captured and handcuffed within the space of ten seconds.

A terrible struggle ensued, which his great strength but sufficed to prolong. His wild, hoarse cries of rage and desperation seemed to beat against the sky; back and forth the dark riparian forests repeated them with the effect of varying distance in the echoes, till all the sombre woods seemed full of mad, frantic creatures, crying out their helpless frenzy. More than once his superior muscle sufficed to throw off both the officers for a moment, but to what avail? Thus manacled, he could not escape.

Suddenly a wild new clamor resounded from the shore. In the dusky uncertainty, a group of men were running down the bank, shouting out to the barely descried boatmen imperative warnings that they would break the levee in their commotion, coupled with violent threats

if they did not desist. For the force with which the rowboat dashed against the summit of the levee, rebounding again and again, laden with the weight of three ponderous men, and informed with all the impetus of their struggle, so eroded the earth that the waves had gained an entrance, the initial step to a crevasse that would flood the country with a disastrous overflow. As there was no abatement of the blows of the boat against the embankment, no reply nor explanation, a shot from the gun of one of the levee-watch came skipping lightsomely over the water as Hoxer was borne exhausted to the bottom of the skiff. Then, indeed, the sheriff of the county bethought himself to shout out his name and official station to the astonished wights on shore, and thus, bullet-proof under the *ægis* of the law, the boat pulled out toward the steamer, lying in mid-stream, silently awaiting the coming of the officer and his prisoner, a great, towering, castellated object, half seen in the night, her broadside of cabin lights, and their reflection in the ripples, sparkling through the darkness like a chain of golden stars.

They left no stress of curiosity behind them; naught in the delta can compete in interest with the threatened collapse of a levee in times of high water. Before the rowboat had reached the steamer's side, its occupants could hear the great plantation-bell ringing like mad to summon forth into the midnight all available hands to save the levee, and, looking back presently, a hundred lanterns were seen flickering hither and thither, far down in the dusk—no illusion this, for all deltaic rivers are higher in the centre than their bank—where the busy laborers, with thousands of gunny-sacks filled with earth, were fighting the Mississippi, building a barricade to fence it from the rich spoils it coveted.

The packet, which, as it happened, was already overdue, had been telephoned by the officers at her last landing, and a number of men stood on the guards expectant. Hoxer had ceased to struggle. He looked up at the steamer, his pallid face and wide, distended eyes showing in the cabin lights, as the rowboat pulled alongside. Then as the sheriff directed him to rise, he stood up at his full height, stretched his manacled hands high above his head, and suddenly dived into deep water, leaving the boat rocking violently, and in danger of capsizing with the officers.

A desperate effort was made to recover the prisoner, alive or dead—all in vain. A roustabout on the deck declared that in the glare of the steamer's search-light, thrown over the murky waters, he was seen to come to the surface once, but if he rose a second time it must have been beneath the great bulk of the packet, to go down again to the death awaiting him in the deeps.

On the bank a little dog sat through sunshine and shadow in front of the door of the shack of the contractor of the levee-construction

gang, and awaited his return with the patient devotion of his kind. Sometimes, as the padlock wavered in the wind, he would cock his head briskly askew, forecasting from the sound a step within. Sometimes the grief of absence and hope deferred would wring his humble heart, and he would whimper in an access of misery and limp about a bit. But presently he would be seated again, alertly upright, his eyes on the door, for the earliest glimpse of the face that he loved. When the overflow came at last the shacks of the construction gang were swept away, and the little dog was seen no more.



SPRING SONG

BY ETHEL HALLETT PORTER

HUSH! Tread lightly! Hold thy breath!
Something stirred the underbrush.
Dryad? Oread? Gnome or fay?
Yet the woods-light shows 't is day.
Only evening knows the way
Elfin creatures travel.

Hush! The light o'erhead is green,
Gold, with glow mysterious.
Does some fairy, fleet and shy,
Think the moon is riding high,
Bold and glorious in the sky,
All the starlight dimming?

Hark! That rustling comes again!
How my heart is racing!
Was it Puck or Columbine?
Apple Blossom, frail and fine?
Is a goblin, thro' the vine,
O'er my shoulder peering?

For a thrill half glee, half fear,
Trembles through my senses.
Was it but the troubled trees,
Or a message on the breeze?
Only spirits, ill at ease—
Spring-time spirits, stirring?

HER OWN COUNTRY

By Elsie Singmaster

SITTING on the platform of the Klineville church on Easter morning, the choir and organist beside her, and all Klineville before her, the great soprano of St. Mark's said the same words over and over to herself:

"I am a little girl. I wear a red gingham dress and red mittens. When I go home, I shall sit on the little stool and pretend that the settle is a piano, and Grandmother will tell me it is time to do the dishes. There is Sally Miller, there are the Filberts. It is all the same, everything else is a dream."

But it was not the same. Her grandmother was not there, Sally Miller and the Filberts had grown old, there were dozens of children whom she did not know. And she herself wore no gingham dress, but a broadcloth suit and a great plumed hat, and her hands were covered, not by red mittens, but by gloves of finest suède. Nor had her heart ever throbbed in those old days as it throbbed now.

Beside her sat a young man who belonged to Klineville as little as did her fine clothes. He was tall and wonderfully clad, according to the decrees of New York's spring fashions; he looked superciliously at Klineville. Across his knee lay several sheets of music; he had the attitude of one who has been forced into a disagreeable situation, and who has not hesitated to protest.

"You will sing in Klineville on Easter, Miss Lohrman! Where is Klineville? What do you mean?"

"Klineville is where I was born. I know everybody. I have promised myself for years that this Easter I should go back and sing them my best song. If you can't go, I'll get some one else to play for me."

The young man ventured another objection; he had known Miss Lohrman a long time.

"You sail on Tuesday, and you're going to sing on Sunday to half a dozen people in a country village!" The young man stammered; he could hardly believe his own ears.

Miss Lohrman smiled. She was one who did not often explain.

"I am going to do exactly that," she said a little thickly.

"But—"

"But I am going."

And Miss Lohrman, being old enough and famous enough and rich enough to do as she chose, had gone. The young man, having great admiration for Miss Lohrman, had caught the early morning train which took her from New York to Klineville. And it is not an easy thing to take a six-thirty train in New York!

The protests of the young man had been no more urgent than the objections of the Klineville organist, who was also the Klineville soprano, and who had not a very kindly disposition. Miss Lohrman, seeing the organist's bright eyes and her set mouth, and the uncompromising greenness of her spring suit, was certain that she knew exactly what the organist had said and how the good old preacher had answered her.

"I have arranged other music for Easter."

"But Ellen Lohrman will come all the way from New York to sing. I guess we must let her sing."

"I don't believe she can sing."

"But let her try!"

"But I won't play for her!"

"She will bring her own player."

Gradually Miss Lohrman puzzled them all out. The organist's name was Effie Troxell—she remembered her as a cross little girl. The alto, she decided, was a Shiller—she remembered the Shiller ears and the Shiller curly hair. The tenor was a Behm—there was a Walter Behm who would have grown to manhood by this time—and the bass was a Hill.

On the music rack lay a copy of "Jerusalem," at sight of which Miss Lohrman was amused. Poor Klineville, to whom "Jerusalem" was new, or to whom it was still tolerable! She drew a deep breath, remembering suddenly that once she had liked "Jerusalem." But she had come a long way since then; she knew now the difference between good music and bad!

A stranger in the Klineville hotel had heard her sing when she was sixteen years old, as she swept her grandmother's pavement, and had urged her on and helped her to study after her grandmother's death. She had sung first in a little church in New York, then in a great one, she had had the best of lessons, had studied as hard as one could study. More than once she had overstepped the line which divides mere weariness from dangerous fatigue, more than once she had had to rest and wait. She had had, to begin with, a winning face, the possibility of a great voice, and a sense of the dramatic; she had gained the score of other elements which go to the making of a successful singer—power to endure, eternal patience, presence of mind before great audiences, a knowledge of books in her own tongue, a speaking acquaintance with French and German and Italian, a wide knowledge of music, of its

literature, its theory—it seemed to her that there were hundreds of things which one must learn. And now she had attained, or had begun to attain, thanks to Mrs. Allan, who had discovered her, thanks to the great, cross, beloved musician who had trained her, thanks to Klineville which had disciplined her orphaned youth. Her grandmother was an invalid, so Mrs. Filbert had taught her to cook and bake, and Sally Miller had taught her to sew, and at the same time to persevere infinitely and to be patient.

This morning she was going to give Klineville the best thanks she could. She could sing superbly, and she would sing her best for them. She was infinitely happy.

Then her face sobered. Sally Miller sat before her, that same patient Sally who had taught her mending without ever a thought of reward. Sally's hands were twisted with rheumatism, her bright eyes looked as though they filled often with tears. Mr. and Mrs. Filbert, who had been her grandmother's closest friends, gazed at her as at a stranger. She remembered that of their four children none was left them. But she would make them forget their pain and sorrow, she would sing them her most perfect song. She might have sung it in New York to thousands, she would sing it again to little Klineville. And she would come again, she would sing for them often, she would do things for them.

The old preacher rose with outstretched hands for the invocation, and with sudden panic she wondered whether she could sing. The great, grim, Bible verse painted on the wall above the preacher's head, the familiar creaking shoes of the late-comers, the curious, half-doubting faces, remembered from her childhood, made the present seem unreal and impossible. Could she sing? Had she ever sung?

Then her mind left Klineville and the little church and the starting, simple people. She saw her master's studio, where reproof had given gradual place to proud approval, she saw the blazing lights, the crowds of the great opera-house, she heard strains of great songs. The sudden rush of affection for her old home and her own people had warmed and opened her heart. A hundred rich suggestions filled her mind—glimpses down long, dim aisles in old cathedrals, odors of flowers and incense, the sound of sacring bells, recollections of great pictures, the remembrance of a mighty storm at sea—all the visions and emotions of a young woman with an intense interest in life and the opportunities of a great career.

She had no fears now! She knew that she held little Klineville in the hollow of her hand. In a moment they would be breathless, men and women would wipe their eyes, children would stare at her. They had no arched ceiling, no Easter procession, no mystic lights, but they should have for once a perfect song. Then she would gather to herself

the reward of which she had dreamed oftenest, the honor and admiration of her own people. She knew now how much she loved them.

In a moment she must begin. Her accompanist had asked whether there were a three-manual organ, and she had smiled. She wondered how he felt at sight of the little cabinet organ with its St. Cecilia in the green suit and the worn, popular music on its rack. She half wished that the young woman would sing "Jerusalem," she pictured to herself the astonishment with which he would listen to such a performance.

It was perfectly evident that Effie Troxell did not enjoy giving up her place. As she rose from the organ-stool, she pushed in all the stops, as if she did not wish either to dictate to or to assist the usurper. Effie Troxell did not believe that Ellen Lohrman could sing, she had never heard of the composition which lay on the young man's knee, she wished that they were back in New York.

Ellen rose slowly. She was absolutely sure of herself, yet strangely excited. The moment was a great one; it marked not only her homecoming, but the end of apprenticeship, the end of the hardest struggles of her life.

At the first mellow note, the accompanist felt the tears gather and his own throat swell and close. He knew suddenly that Miss Lohrman had been perfectly right to come back to her home, that she was going to sing as she had never sung before. Then, being a superb accompanist, he put himself and his own emotions aside, and thought only of his work. He played perfectly, so perfectly that even a trained listener would not have been conscious of him, even in the phrases which he played alone. The accompaniment was difficult; he played it so easily and so simply that Effie Troxell always claimed that she could have played it better.

It is easy to describe the young man's playing; it is impossible to tell how Ellen Lohrman sang. Her music lay beside her on the chair, she had forgotten it and did not need it. She sang with her whole heart, meanwhile modulating her voice carefully to the compass of the little room. She sang lightly, exquisitely, with crystal clearness of articulation. She sang away the loneliness of an orphaned childhood, the discouragements of her long apprenticeship, she sang the healing of all woes, the victory of all righteousness, the glory of a great hope. It was as great, as flawless, as the most exacting spirit could desire.

Having finished, she sat down, and the young man rose from the organ stool and sat down beside her. He said nothing at first, he could not have trusted himself to speak.

Ellen Lohrman did not know whether he spoke to her or not. The ecstasy on her face had faded, on her brow was a frown, in her heart a half-amused, half-angry amazement.

The congregation was hastening to open its hymn-books, and Ellen

Lohrman looked slowly from one to the other, from old David Filbert to the youngest of the children. Men and women glanced at each other furtively, there were no wet eyes. It did not take Ellen Lohrman long to realize the truth: *Klineville had not liked her singing.* Her song had not "got over," as a singer would have said. It had fallen flat. Not one person looked her in the eye. The song was new to Klineville, it was not, for some strange reason, the sort of song which Klineville liked. Klineville, dull, ignorant, self-satisfied Klineville, dared to be disappointed in Ellen Lohrman!

And suddenly, back of her, Ellen Lohrman heard a whisper. It was the girl in the green suit, her words were intended for the basso, and perhaps, alas, for any one else who might hear.

"I 'd hate to have the people think I thought I could sing, if I could n't do better than that," said Effie Troxell. "You can hardly hear her. And such a piece!"

Ellen settled herself to listen to the sermon. She wished that she were out of doors, where she could laugh. She had had her great moment, she would sing better for it all her life. She said to herself that Klineville's lack of appreciation did not disturb her for an instant, she cared nothing for Klineville.

Then, suddenly, Ellen Lohrman realized that once more her heart was throbbing. More than that, it ached. She *did* care what Klineville thought. She had wanted to please them, it had never occurred to her that she could not please them. It had never occurred to her to try to recall Klineville's taste, even though she had once shared it. Besides, people should hear the best, they ought to like the best, it was degrading one's art to give them trash. But she had not come to educate Klineville, she had come to please them, and she had failed, and the failure hurt her more than anything had ever hurt her in her life.

The preacher preached, as Klineville would have said, "with power." He was not a great preacher, but he was a forceful one, and the simple, true things he said were driven home with all the vigor of a strong voice and frequent gestures. To him the congregation gave the admiring, close attention which Ellen Lohrman had expected for herself. She acknowledged it with a smile.

Once the young man leaned forward and whispered incoherent praise, and she looked at him absently.

Then, suddenly, Ellen Lohrman flushed a rosy red, and spoke to the young man, who looked at her, blinking. What she asked, or what the young man refused to do, Klineville did not know, except that his answer took the form of a short, sharp shake of the head. Then Ellen Lohrman leaned forward and spoke to the young lady in the green suit, who responded with an amazed and supercilious "yes."

The sermon over, the preacher announced a hymn, and the young

lady in green took the organ stool once more. The choir, half rising, sat down, and Ellen Lohrman rose. They had not expected her to sing twice, the congregation looked at her with astonishment, the young man stared with parted lips and eyes which threatened to pop out of his head. Klineville, observing him, could not suppress a smile.

The smiles ceased, and Klineville held its breath. There was a familiar chord, another, and yet another, slow, long-drawn, sentimental. The young lady in green pulled out all the stops, even the tremolo, she pressed the knee swells with powerful country muscles, she worked the bellows-treadle mightily. Her motive in playing was not apparent. Perhaps she pitied Ellen Lohrman and wished to give her another chance, perhaps—and it is to be hoped that this is a mistake—she wished to make Ellen's failure more evident and to prove that she herself was a far better player than the young man. In any case, it would take a mighty human voice to sing above the vibrant roar which she produced.

But there was a mighty voice to sing. Ellen Lohrman had never before sung "Jerusalem," but she knew it as the child on the street knows it. At first she let the young lady set the pace, and a slow pace it was. Half notes became wholes, quarters lengthened to halves, *Andante Moderato* became the most lingering and solemn of *Graves*. Nor was there any difference in tempo between singer and player. The young lady in green may have held the notes because she liked to hear them, or because she wished to test the singer's capacity. In either case she achieved her object. When, with apparent unwillingness, her fingers slid from one key to the other, Ellen's voice followed, still strong and clear and true; when she pedalled till her face was scarlet, Ellen Lohrman was still there, soaring above her, able for anything.

Then, suddenly, the young lady in green led no longer, but followed. A strange feeling came over her, the same feeling which made Klineville sit rapt and wide-eyed, a thrill which stirred them as they had never been stirred before. New York had felt it, the accompanist had felt it many times, he felt it now. Even for him, critical, difficult to please, Ellen Lohrman's soul and Ellen Lohrman's voice glorified the song and for the moment made it great. She had begun it almost in mockery, she finished it with devout, triumphant rapture.

Ellen Lohrman sat down, trembling, and looked about her.

Already she knew what the papers would say the next day:

Ellen Lohrman, to please old friends, forsakes classic for popular.
Handel and Roy Jones at the same performance.

She knew what her teacher would say, and now she had a flash of regret.

"My child! Were you mad!"

But Ellen Lohrman did not care. She said to herself that she owed Klineville as much as she owed her accompanist or her teacher or the New York papers. And all Klineville, even Effie Troxell, Klineville, bursting with pride and admiration, looked as one man straight into her tender eyes.

HUNGARIAN LOVE-LAMENT

BY ETHEL SYFORD

THEY say the cranes last night did cry
Overhead.
I did not hear them,
For in a hut by Tisza's torrents
My love lies dead.
I heard the whinny of her milk-white steed
Calling to her,
That heard I.
They say the oak-tree's leaves are sere,—
What care I?
I have some faded violets;
Those I hold dear,—
She gave them me.
They say that Szolnok's field 's afire.
If so, I care not.
That could not keep me from my love,
Were she not cold.
Saw'st Szolnok's flames?
Oh—well, they could not warm me;
My blood is chilled.
They say three gypsies at the tavern
Sang their songs.
Let them sing!
I could not dance—
I am too lonely for their minstrelsy.
I wish my love might waken,
But she cannot.
Fresh violets she would bring me,
But she will not.
For cold in death she lies, by Tisza's torrents,
And she 'll not come again!
She cannot.
Let the wild cranes cry, far and high,
Overhead.

A BUSINESS INTERVIEW IN VIRGINIA

By Elizabeth Maury Coombs

HE closed the front gate carefully and stalked slowly up the walk: his clothes befitted a beggar, his air a king. Evidently, a Virginia mountaineer.

We were lunching *al fresco*, and the visitor walked around to the stone-columned dining-room, raised his hat leisurely, then said after a distinct and, for us, awkward pause:

“Nice place you’ve got to eat.”

“Yes, we like it outdoors.”

“Right smart hot lately.”

“Yes.”

“Right smart cool in the mornin’s, though.”

“Quite so, here in the mountains.”

“Them fish looks cool”—sauntering over to the garden pool. “Does you git water from the isaboy [reservoir] er from the mounting?”

“From both.”

“How deep mought she be?”

“The pool? About six feet.”

“Did n’t know fish would live so nice where there’s no dreen.”

He now came round, and, putting his feet on a fallen window-box, produced his knife and whittled in silence for a while.

“Right smart backward season in the gyardens,” he drawled.

We assented.

“Locusta bit you up quite some,” he commented, looking at the trees, however.

“Yes”—beginning to wonder if this were merely a society call.

“I drapped by thinkin’ as how you-all mought want to buy some saw-mill slabs to burn.”

“How much are they?”

“Wal, I dunno—I got a whole pile on ‘em.”

“And what’s the price?”

“I ‘lowed as how you-all mought git somebody to haul ‘em.”

“Oh, I have a team and could have them hauled.”

“I did n’t know you-all had a team—disremembered yo’ havin’ any horse but the big bay.”

"Yes, we can haul them; how much will the slabs be by the load?"

"They are nice and dry—Lawd knows 't ain't been 'nough rain in a coon's age to wet 'em up none."

"Well, you did n't tell me how much a load."

"'Pends on the load. You got a two-horse wagon?"

"No."

"Well, then! But maybe you could put a tongue on it and use it that a-way."

"Never mind, we can use the one-horse wagon; how much will the one-horse wagon-load be?"

"Can't get much on to that. They's mostly oak—jest a few scatterlopin' ches'nuts an' sich."

"And how much are they by the load?"

With a far-away look in his eyes, "Nice place you-all got here to raise hawgs. I raised three last year, hefted up close on to four hundred."

"That was nice—and the slabs?"

"Jest send your boy right up the road—can't miss it, this here side of Jal Biddum's gate. How much did you git fur that timber-land?"

"Twenty-five dollars per acre, but it's been cut over now and I think of buying it back," answered the head of my firm.

"So-o? What you want with it? It's ben burnt over, too."

"Yes, I know, but I could sell it again—how much do you suppose I could get for it an acre?"

"Wal"—he thoughtfully whittled some time—"ef you found somebody what wanted to buy it you might git right smart; ef you did n't find somebody what wanted to buy it—why, not so much."

"And the price of the slabs?" I put in plaintively.

"I 'low I would n't clean it up fer twenty-five an acre"—still referring to the timber-land. "I got three thousand acres like it over todes Rabbit Run."

"But the slabs?" I called as he was taking his departure leisurely.

"Oh, yas'm. They're right there by the road—a pile, I reckon, e'en a'most as high as this here house."

"And how much are they by the load?"

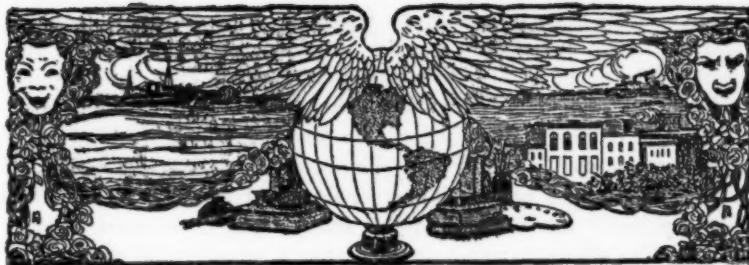
"Wal, I reckon as much as the big bay can pull—that's a fine horse of your'n—long coupled. My daddy useter say—"

"And how much did you say the slabs would be?"

"Wal, I reckon thirty cents a load would n't be too much, what do you think? They're nice ones. You send an' get what you want, an' when I come by some day I'll find out from you how many you got."

"And I'll send you the money—where?"

"Oh, 't ain't no use to hurry 'bout that—I'll drap by some time an' you can pay me what you think they're worth, if it's convenient to you that day—or some other day if it sin't."



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

THE PITY OF THE SEXES

IT is surprising that a writer so intimate with the psychology of modern women as is Mr. Robert Hichens, and so sensitive to delicate shades of thought and expression, should have permitted himself to make a statement like the following.

"Male patronage," says Mr. Hichens, "is for the woman's physical weakness, female patronage is for the man's mental weakness. We pity their bodies; they pity our minds."

This is an excellent example of the pitfalls dug for those who succumb to the literary tendency toward paradox, or to the scientific one toward categories. Only one-half of these rash assertions appears to me to be true, and that half only half true. It is true that men—stronger men—may still pity woman's physical weakness, as they do that of weaker men, but this feeling is no longer so strong as it once was. It is also true, though likewise no longer in the same degree, that men still pity women's minds. It is not true, generally speaking, that women pity men's minds, though here and there in our materialistic civilization, especially in America, this is quite possible and even frequent. One might, for example, easily imagine the cultured wife of a soulless stock-broker, or the advanced daughter of a money-grubbing father, or the aesthetic sister of a sporting brother, "pitying" the mind of her male relative, but her feeling would be of contempt rather than of pity. But Mr. Hichens was not confining himself to the sexes of any particular land or time. "Men" and "women" were his words.

The common or garden variety of modern domesticated man has little right or occasion to pity woman's physical weakness. With the exception of the manual laborer, the man of to-day, especially the flabby city-dweller, has little more use for his muscular strength than has woman. The duties of his store or his office demand even less muscular exertion than does her housework. In both "spheres" labor-saving devices have reduced physical effort to a mere handling of things. The real test for human strength and endurance in our day is a matter of passive and resistant nerve-force rather than of brawn and sinew. The famous phrase "the survival of the fittest" means no more than it implies. The strong human being of to-day is he who most successfully and swiftly adapts himself to the new environments our tremendous and onward racing "civilization" (the word fits the thing but badly) has created. Woman, the guardian of the life of the race, and anchored more closely to primitive necessity than man, has not been able to adapt herself so rapidly as he. Because of this she has suffered the burden of many new and mysterious ills.

Men still pity the physical weakness of women, but it is not so much because their bodies are normally weaker, but because they are abnormally more disposed to all manner of psychic illnesses bred by that distressing lack of harmony between the organism of civilization and their own equally complex nervous organism. The protective instinct of man is in its way as maternal towards woman as is woman's towards her offspring. It still extends itself over woman, even though it have little more opportunity to display itself than in giving her the wall in a street or a hand in alighting from a car. It is a matter of sentiment rather than of necessity, and a man need but think of his mother to realize that this sentiment is in part a feeling of gratitude.

Allowing for those impenetrable veils of misunderstanding which will always hang between the sexes, the fact remains that men, as a sex, do still, rightly or wrongly, pity women's minds. Paltry, vain, and spasmodic as the average masculine intelligence may be, it still has in it an inherent belief in the inferiority of the feminine intelligence. This belief, which has its roots in eons of tribal experience, has not been decreased by woman's age-long reverence for the male intellect. The intellectual progress of the woman of to-day, great as it has been, has nevertheless not yet given her the right to "pity men's minds." It would also be easy to dispute her claims to a greater insight, claims based upon that much-vaunted but unreliable faculty of her intuition, which is merely a lower and not a higher form of reason, is analogous to instinct in animals, and is possessed by man as well as by woman, though man has learned to censor it with his mind.

For the good or ill of the human race, woman is becoming more intellectual, and man is losing his physical prowess, for that is some-

thing which modern life, apart from the field of sport, no longer calls into play. The domain of the intellect is now an open ground for both sexes. It need not necessarily be a battle-ground, for a few more generations will clearly define the intellectual differences and limitations of both men and women. The real and eternal battle-ground between man and woman, fortunately for the race, will remain that of the emotions.

Woman, indeed, has pity for man. But it is not for his mind. I think that sometimes it must be for his soul and sometimes for his heart.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE CURSE OF CLIMATE

ALTHOUGH we have all about us the melancholy and striking examples of men and women who throughout a long life have complained of, and fought with, the climate and yet never have changed it one iota, many of us are just as climate-ridden as they. This is a curse.

One month it rains too much; another month it rains too little. One month is too sunny, another month is too cloudy. The winter is cold, the spring is raw, the summer is hot, the fall is wet. It is an abominable climate, and is not what it used to be.

But it goes right along.

Well, there is a perfect climate elsewhere. Of course there is. So we may pack up and pull out for California. But what regular down-right rains! And who said that it was n't wet and cold in California? Why, this is worse than *we* have; I never was so cold in my life. Oh, but the winter this year is very unusual. Now, if you had been here last winter—! And—

Oh, but the summer this year is very unusual! We never have had such heat before. Now, if you had been here last summer—!

Any way, what's the matter with Colorado, then? That is the perfect clime. But, gosh! do you always have it so dry and windy? Oh, no, indeed! This is very exceptional. We don't remember that it ever has been so dry as this year, or so windy. And—

Yes, the spring is later than usual. The winter has set in earlier than usual. We rarely have so much rain. We rarely have so much snow. Come last year, or come next.

Kansas is too hot and windy, and too cold and windy. Very exceptional; very unusual.

The South is too humid. Very unusual, for this time of year, suh.

The North is burning in summer; freezing in winter. Hottest, and coldest, ever known. That's right.

Florida—New York—Oregon! Kokomo, Keokuk, and Indianapolis! Climate, climate, climate! The *used* to be, and always *to be*, blest. And still people live and thrive, and the world wags on.

Perhaps Adam complained of the clime, the first day that he uncovered his roses and the late frost stole in and nipped them. There must have been frosts in Eden. I never knew an Eden without an occasional frost (after you get there), and I have fruit-land prospectuses by the bushel. The apple *requires* some frost. And from the days of the first Eden down to these days, mankind and womankind have been complaining of climate and trying to find a better, and never yet have they been satisfied. No, and the United States Weather Bureau has been powerless in the matter.

And, odd enough, as said, the world wags on and people live and thrive. The Eskimo and the Iowan, the New Yorker and the Londoner, the mountaineer and the swamp-paddler—they all would like to change their climate, if they could. But they don't. And meantime they keep pretty healthy, and keep pretty happy, and when they break away in search of the indefinable, they run into something worse, and as a rule are mighty glad to be back again in their own environments.

Climate is a staple. It comes mixed; it is not an unmixed blessing, and it is not an unmitigated curse. When I am born again I shall peacefully accept my climate as it arrives to me. But, alas, I am too far gone in habit now.

EDWIN L. SABIN

WHAT OF THE AFTERMATH?

UNDER Abd-ul-Hamid the Ottoman Empire was merely an arbitrary aggregation of heterogeneous units, with none of the cohesion that comes of patriotism and sympathy. In fact, there were the bases for the most pronounced antagonism among its members in differences of religion, language, race, and customs. It was ever the policy of the deposed Sultan to create and maintain discord among the variant elements of his subjects. Thus, in his opinion, were they most easily governed and held in check.

The "Young Turk" party entered upon the control of affairs with the hope of reconciling the inimical population of the provinces and solidifying them into a nation with equal rights for all, a universal interest in the general welfare, and a common official language. It was believed by the enthusiastic leaders, rendered immeasurably sanguine by the successful revolt against the tyrannous autocracy, that the placement of the Phrygian cap upon the upper horn of the Crescent would inspire patriotism in the Greeks, Albanians, Kurds, Syrians, Armenians,

and Jews, whose fusion in a common cause had never been dreamed of before.

A considerable degree of success might have been anticipated, had the reformers only the cities to reckon with, for in them the support of the constitution is practically universal. In Turkey, however, the villages count for more than the cities, and to mold the sentiment of the thousands of minor centres of Anatolia and Macedonia into harmonious accord would be an undertaking equal to weaving a Turkish rug from strands of sand.

Turkey is the powder magazine of Europe—the irremovable incubus, the unsolvable conundrum. For obvious reasons, the nations of the Continent looked with approval upon the pacific policy of the new government. The attainment of its object was not expected, but the intent and effort could not fail to make for better conditions than those which have prevailed in the past. Hardly, however, has the Young Turk framed the programme for putting his house in order when, like a shaft from ambush, a declaration of war is hurled at him, making "confusion worse confounded."

An extremely lucid exposition of the complex problems which confront the Young Turks is to be found in Mr. Aflalo's recently published "Regilding the Crescent." From the comprehensive statement of the internal politics and foreign relations of Turkey contained in the volume, one may gain an understanding of the present critical situation and form an intelligent judgment as to the probable outcome of Italy's political raid upon the *vilayet* of Tripoli.

The Powers, which realize that a stable régime in Turkey is a safeguard of peace in the Balkans, see in a Turkish war the possible beginnings of the most wide-spread disturbance. The seizure by Italy of Tripoli and Cyrenaica may well be the signal for a general grab. It requires no great effort of imagination to picture the Bulgars invading Macedonia, Greece seizing the nearest territory to her hand, Austria gratifying her long-cherished ambition to possess Salonica, and Russia following at her heels with eager hands outstretched.

Such a movement would be but as the impact of a stone with the surface of a pond. The rippling rings of disturbance would extend far from the centre of origin. The occupation of a Mohammedan country by a Christian power might be expected to arouse all Islam. More than two hundred millions of Moslems are affronted by Italy's action, and already their protests are coming from widely separated quarters of the earth. Cairo, the literary capital of Mohammedanism; Mecca, the religious capital; and Constantinople, its political capital, are throbbing with resentful excitement.

The danger from this possible religious upheaval is most threatening to Great Britain, with her one hundred millions of Moslem subjects, and

perhaps deservedly so, for Italy's invasion of Tripoli is prompted by the aggression of France in Morocco, and that in turn by England's faithless retention of Egypt.

FORBES LINDSAY

STYLE IN WRITING

THE process of writing consists in laying a track of words, along which the author conducts the reader with more or less success.

If the words are put together neatly and skilfully, the reader glides along without jolt or jar; and if the elevations and depressions are arranged with care, so that monotony may be avoided, the pleasure of the trip is still further increased.

Many writers revel in "apt alliteration's artful aid" and take an unfair advantage of the reader by ceaseless syllabication promiscuously and perniciously pandering, with reckless rodomontade, to surfeited senses.

Others adopt a rugged, uneven, jolting method, placing their words in hard, jagged, staccato rows, hurling their meaning at you in irritating crescendos, bumping you up and down, making hard edges which jar your ear and rasp your consciousness discordantly, rubbing you cross-wise. They clang at you.

And others still, with stately pomp, firmly wedded to well-balanced periods, march with rhythmic step along their formal path. No frivolity deters them, no joyous and inconsequential lightness disturbs them, no folly mars their posture, but with dignified carriage, their banners flying in the sun, they journey onward, the distant horizon reverberating to their triumphal progress.

Then we have the mincing, delicately constructive writer, who deals in mosaics. A feminine little air of precision is his pervading essence. Capering nimbly to the dulcet phrase, he never descends below his shrill treble, but scatters his nice little refinements about him like a lace-adorned bride.

In the meantime, the unhappy reader asks for nothing better than not to know that the writer has a style.

This does not mean that the style is unimportant; it means only that the reader is primarily interested in what the writer has to show him, and the writer's style may be considered perfect when it never obtrudes itself on the reader's attention.

It is on the same principle that the best dressed man is the man whose clothes you never notice.

THOMAS L. MASSON

KINGS AND MEN

By Owen Oliver

I T was eleven o'clock on the evening of the King's Birthday, and official England foregathered at the Prime Minister's reception.

Charles Anderell, C.B., newly-appointed Director of Documents in the Defense Department—the youngest director in the service—had come on to the Foreign Office, after the official dinner of his department, and in three-quarters of an hour had advanced barely twenty yards along the corridor. He saw no chance of ever reaching the top of the stairs to be "received," and he was thinking of giving up the attempt, when Reginald Delaton, one of the Foreign Minister's private secretaries, beckoned to him from a side passage.

Anderell promptly slipped out of the crowd and joined him.

"There's a back stair, I suppose," he suggested, mopping his forehead.

"Yee," said Delaton; "but you need n't bother about the reception. The Prime Minister is just leaving it, and he wants to see you."

"Me?" said Anderell doubtfully.

"You," Delaton assured him.

"Do you know what it's about?" Anderell asked.

"Not the least idea," the youth answered. "Sir George told me to bring you to his room. I've brought you."

He opened a door, closed it behind Anderell, and departed.

Anderell found the Prime Minister seated at a table with Sir George Lynstead, the permanent Secretary, with whom he had only the slightest acquaintance. He bowed twice, and received two nods.

"This," Sir George stated, "is Mr. Anderell."

"I know you by repute, Mr. Anderell," the Prime Minister said affably. "I hear that you have the smallest regard for red-tape of any man in the service."

Anderell bowed. He never wasted words.

"Mr. Anderell has a reputation for decision and initiative," Sir George asserted.

Anderell bowed again; and the Minister eyed him keenly. He liked his silence.

"We are in need of a man who can act for himself," he said slowly, as if he measured his words. "The service is a diplomatic one—outside

your particular line; but you won't trouble much about 'lines,' I think. We are compelled to look outside the Foreign Office in order to avoid suspicion. The matter demands several qualifications in addition to capacity and decision, which I assume. I fancy I may also assume courage?"

"I hope so," Anderell answered.

"Our agent must have some acquaintance with Coronia. I believe you have spent several holidays there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You speak the language well, I am told. Almost like a native?"

"Yes; I might possibly pass for a native."

"You know their ways?"

"Tolerably well."

"Good! I expect you know the Emperor by sight?"

"I have seen him several times. I have a good memory for faces."

"Well, we want you to convey a small package to him. It contains some documents of private importance to his Majesty; very great importance." The Prime Minister toyed with the braid on his uniform. "The documents are so important, from his personal point of view, that —there is no bargain, but I think his Majesty's gratitude would secure a certain treaty. Apart from any private service which we may be able to render him, he is friendly to us; but his Chancellor is an important person, and possibly you know his aversion to our country."

"I have been in Coronia," said Anderell briefly.

"Then you may realize that, if the Chancellor had those documents, he would make the fullest use of them. Possibly you may realize that the Chancellor would not be very scrupulous as to the means of getting hold of them."

"Possibly not," Anderell agreed. "Is there any reason why he should suspect me of having them?"

"None that I can see," said the Prime Minister frankly; "but he has sources of information that we can't make out; so many people are secretly in his service that the Emperor dare n't trust any of his own officials to fetch the documents; and we dare not send them by a Foreign Office man, who would certainly be shadowed."

"Then I must be prepared for shadowing," Anderell said.

The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders.

"If you are shadowed," he remarked, "you won't hand over the documents."

Anderell set his lips.

"I shall be shadowed," he prophesied, "but I shall hand them over. Leave it to me, sir."

"Well," the great man said, "if you hand them over, you shall not complain of your reward. If any harm comes to you, your family——"

"I have n't any," Anderell stated.

"Unmarried?"

"Unmarried. I don't mind the risk, but I'd like any information about the agents I must guard against, and so on."

"Sir George will give you all the information in our possession," the Prime Minister said. He shook hands, made a few complimentary remarks, and departed. Anderell sat in close conversation with Sir George for an hour. In that time he learned a good deal about the secret service of Coronia. In particular, he studied some photographs of Ressell, the Chancellor, and some of his agents. "None of them," said Sir George, "are so dangerous as his daughter. She has her father's passion for intrigue, and she is his best spy. She is a consummate actress, and an adept in disguises. This is her picture in Court dress"—he produced a photograph from a box. "I have half a dozen more in disguises which she wore when she was in England," he added, exhibiting them. "A fisher-girl; a nurse; an elderly woman; a suffragette lecturer—she was actually apprehended by the police over here, but we had to let her go!—a countess, and the reputed daughter of a reputed Jew banker! It is a curious employment for a princess, is n't it? She is said to be one of the most fascinating young ladies in Europe; so you had better steel your heart. She is believed to be still over here in disguise, looking for these very documents. Well, here they are, sealed with a secret seal of ours. The Emperor knows it. You will mention the word 'indirection.' He knows that, too."

"Could you lend me that seal, and some violet wax like this?" Anderell requested.

"I don't quite see—" Sir George remonstrated.

"Don't you?" said Anderell. "Then, if *you* don't, *they* won't, Sir George."

He left a few minutes later with the documents, the seal, and the wax sewed up inside the uniform in which he felt so out of place. Two men jostled against him in the street as he walked to his cab. He felt his pockets "fanned." The men apologized, like tipsy gentlemen. He accepted their apologies politely. They got into another cab behind his, and followed it, at a respectful distance. He alighted just round a corner, paid the driver, and stood in a doorway while they passed, pursuing his empty cab. He went to his brother's chambers instead of returning to his own. The next morning he dressed in a suit which he kept at his brother's, and set off for Coronia in the evening. He did not take the usual overland route, but went by steamer round to the Mediterranean, intending to come back from Marseilles by train. He chose this particular steamer, as the first officer was an old school friend. He informed Sir George of his route by letter. There he probably made a mistake. It was conjectured afterwards that letters were

"steamed" open by a messenger at the Office, and the contents divulged to emissaries of Ressell.

When he was aboard the ship he padlocked a little despatch-box to his bedstead, and arranged with the first officer that a steward should keep guard over the cabin. He visited it himself very frequently, in spite of the allurements of the company aboard. The "allurements" were principally Miss Emily Priest, a vivacious and beautiful young lady of two-and-twenty, who spoke English with just the slightest hesitation, though very correctly. She had lived much of her life, she said, abroad. He called her Eve, from her singularly feminine disposition. Curiosity was a prominent feature in it. He told her more about himself than it is likely that the Prime Minister or Sir George would have thought discreet, though he teased her about her Eveish curiosity.

"One is naturally curious about one's friends," she said artlessly.

"Naturally," Anderell agreed. "Of course you tell your friends things; when you are sure that they *are* friends."

He tested friendship by holding Miss Priest's small hand. As it was not withdrawn, he felt able to assume friendship, and to confide in her. He did not tell her of his mission, of course; but he told her more than was judicious, judging by the standard of secrecy observed in the Defense Department. She was very prettily interested in his confidences; so prettily interested that Anderell kissed her pretty hand. Miss Priest then remembered the flight of time somewhat suddenly, and retired to her cabin. She walked up and down for nearly two hours, before going to bed. She kept looking at her hand; and she shivered unaccountably, considering the heat of the weather.

The next evening was the last before their disembarkation at Marseilles; for, as it happened, Miss Priest was disembarking there, too. Anderell seemed drawn two ways: toward the cabin where the despatch-box was chained; and toward the quiet place in front of the wind-screene, where Miss Priest elected to sit. She seemed a little touchy at his restlessness. Apparently, she said, he could not stand her company for more than twenty minutes without a break. He vowed that twenty hours would not be too long for him. She reported that a single hour was long enough for a test. He hesitated and looked at her. She shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose," she said, "you have something in your baggage more precious than I? The 'something of importance' that you won't talk about."

"It is of very great importance," he assured her gravely.

"Then," she said, with her bright eyes sparkling, "I shall try to prove that I am of more, by keeping you here. If you don't stay for an unbroken hour, I shan't believe that you mean the nice things that you say. Now—it's a challenge."

He begged her to substitute another proof, and explained that it was just the time when the steward who looked after the cabins was at dinner; but Miss Priest was inflexible—remarkably inflexible, for so sweet a young lady. Mr. Anderell also was very obstinate for so facile a suitor.

"I ought n't to do it for *anything*," he said at last. "And I will only do it for a temptation that is beyond my power to resist. I give you *my* word of honor that I will do it on no other terms: At the end of the hour, will you give me a kiss?"

"No!" said Miss Priest. Anderell rose; and she held the arms of her chair very tightly. "Yes," she substituted. He sat down again.

At the end of the hour he claimed payment; and she paid him fairly and squarely. He tried to take interest, but she sprang to her feet and pushed him away.

"I have never done that before, for any man," she said, with a catch in her voice.

"Perhaps you have never liked any other man so well, Emily," he said. "If I thought it were possible—"

"Don't!" she cried in a fierce little whisper. "Don't! It is not possible. Good-night!" She held out her hand. He looked at her. "It is not possible," she repeated. Her tone was final.

He drew a deep breath.

"This is the end of it?" he asked.

"It is the end of it," she said.

"Then," he said, "kiss me again before you go."

She held up her face and kissed him. Then she went.

He took a few turns in the air, apparently oblivious of his despatch-box. He looked at it very closely, however, as soon as he reached his cabin. The lock was scratched, as if by tools. He opened it with the key on his chain. A glance showed him that the bundle was only an imitation, substituted for that which he had left in the box. He sat on his berth with his head on his hand till far into the morning.

He saw Miss Priest for only a few seconds at Marseilles; and, strange to say, he did not attempt to speak to her. She went ashore before the formalities with the Health Officer were completed, while the ordinary passengers were detained. She seemed to have influential friends. The time-table train was kept back on account of a special to Coronia. He felt no doubt that she had gone by that.

It was late in the evening when he arrived at the capital of Coronia, and he went straight to bed. Early the next morning he made his way to the palace, and, after some delay, obtained audience of the Emperor.

"I was to mention the word 'indirection' to your Majesty," he said, "and to hand you certain documents. Your Majesty will probably recognize the seal."

The Emperor looked at the cover of the documents, and then at Anderell.

"I recognize the seal, Mr. Anderell," he said gravely, "but I have reason to fear that the documents have been tampered with."

"I think not," Anderell asserted. "Will your Majesty examine them?"

The Emperor shook his head; but he opened the package. Then his manner changed.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "These—these are they."

"I have not seen the contents," Anderell said, "but I had reason to believe that they were intact."

There was a long silence.

"Presumably," the Emperor said at last, "you are aware that—certain persons believe that they have obtained them from you?"

"Yes," Anderell agreed. "They obtained a dummy packet from my despatch-box. This was locked up in the cabin of the first officer of the *Katherine*, an old and trusted friend of mine."

"Give me his name," said the Emperor. "He shall be suitably rewarded." Anderell wrote down the name and address. "And now—yourself. No, I will fix the reward for you. You have done me a great service; freed me from the hands of my enemies, and"—the Emperor smiled grimly—"put them in mine."

"I presume," said Anderell, "if your Majesty will forgive the question, that the dummy package is in the hands of Prince Ressell?"

"Prince Ressell," the Emperor agreed. "Who undertook to place it in mine this morning, unopened. He gave me his word for that. The price that I was to have paid was a treaty unfavorable to your country."

Anderell drew a deep breath.

"The price that I have paid for placing the package in your Majesty's hands," he said, "is—a heart! It was the Princess Ressell, I think, who—I pray your Majesty to spare the Princess; and, if possible, her father. I ask no other reward."

The Emperor frowned.

"I have said that I will name your reward, Mr. Anderell," he observed stiffly. "It is for me to deal with traitors in my own country."

"I merely appealed to your Majesty's generosity," Anderell apologized. "I thought that if you knew that suffering to the Princess is suffering to me—I could not take a reward for hurting the Princess."

"I understand," said the Emperor. "It was to avoid a hurt to a woman that I had to pay. My confidence is safe with you."

"Yes, your Majesty."

The Emperor sighed, and turned a paper-knife over and over.

"Wait here while I receive the Prince," he said; and then he talked

about indifferent things; the differences in character between the English and the Coronians, and their difficulty in appreciating one another; yachting and sport and art and other things—the fictitious interests of life. Finally Prince Ressell came; a large, dark, gray man. He raised his eyebrows at seeing Anderell.

"Your Majesty's promise was absolute," he remarked.

"Pardon me!" said the Emperor. "It was conditional upon your placing in my hands certain documents."

"Which I now do!" said Ressell.

The Emperor smilingly refused the proffered package.

"You may open it," he said. "You will find—shall we say blank paper, Mr. Anderell?"

"Blank paper," Anderell agreed.

Ressell looked from one to the other.

"Come," said the Emperor, "open it."

Ressell bowed composedly.

"Mr. Anderell's word is sufficient for me," he said. "It seems that we"—he stopped abruptly—"that I underrated him."

"We," the Emperor corrected. "Or shall we say 'she'?"

Ressell paled suddenly.

"Your Majesty is never ungenerous," he said. "The responsibility is mine. I pray you to visit it on me only. I have served my country according to my lights, and for myself I make no plea."

"It is not only *you* that I have to consider, Prince," the Emperor said sternly. "It is my country. Do you think I do not know your daughter's cleverness; and her revolutionary ideas? Do you suppose me ignorant of her popularity? There is no peace for this country while she can enter into its politics. There is only one way in which I can be sure that she will cease to have any influence in them."

"Sir!" Ressell cried. "You would not kill a woman; a young woman; little more than a child?"

"You must know," the Emperor said, "that I would not. I do not mean death. I mean marriage; marriage in a sphere which will remove her from her rank, and from the possibility of return to it; marriage to a man of a country hated in Coronia, which will alienate the confidence of the Coronians. I give you your choice: disgrace and imprisonment for yourself, and banishment and loss of rank and estate for your daughter—unless she marries this gentleman forthwith."

"But, your Majesty—" Anderell began.

"Tut!" said the king. "There is no compulsion. She chooses freely. I presume you will marry her, if she prefers that to losing her father's freedom and her own estate?"

"I see little likelihood that she would so choose," said Anderell; "but in all things, save honor, my life is at the service of the Princess. Prince

Ressell will understand that I pleaded my love for her in the hope that your Majesty might be inclined to pardon her, from your gratitude to me, and with no idea of this. I plead now that your Majesty will pardon her on promise of good behavior, without other condition."

"I have spoken," said the Emperor. "Prince Ressell will send for the Princess."

"Will your majesty permit me to bring her?" Ressell asked. "If I might acquaint her with your Majesty's decision, and save her the humiliation of discussion?"

"Very good," the Emperor agreed. "You can go and tell her. *You, Mr. Anderell, will stay. Be seated.*"

When Ressell had gone, the Emperor looked through the documents. He sighed several times. Then he heaped them in a tray and burnt them. He turned from the ashes to Anderell.

"A heart is a curious thing," he said.

"A heart is a curious thing, sir," said Anderell. "If I might speak to you, for one moment, as a man. The Princess has a heart, too. She is young. Spare her heart."

The Emperor nodded slowly.

"She has not spared yours," he said. "But—very well."

Anderell bent to kiss his hand, but he put it behind him.

"We have dealt as man and man," he said.

Ressell and his daughter came soon afterwards. She was very pale, but she faced the Emperor without flinching.

"Well, Princess?" he asked. "Your choice?"

"My choice," she said, "depends upon Mr. Anderell. I do not mean—I am sure that he has not proposed or advocated this condition—"

"That is so," said the Emperor.

"But I do not know if your Majesty's proposal is agreeable to him."

She looked at Anderell; but the Emperor answered.

"It is not agreeable to him, for one reason only," he said: "that it is forced upon him; and because he loves you, he wishes to forego you. That is so, is it not, Mr. Anderell?"

"It is so," Anderell said.

"I have listened to his pleading. I am prepared to forgive you without any other condition than that you promise unwavering loyalty to me in the future."

The Princess held herself proudly.

"If it please your Majesty," she said, "I find it easier to promise unwavering loyalty to Mr. Anderell!"

The Emperor took two or three steps up and down the room. Then he turned to her.

"Child," he said sorrowfully, "I will not force you into marriage. Be disloyal if you must. I pardon you."

The Princess's proud face quivered. She dropped suddenly on one knee and kissed her Emperor's hand.

"I pledge my loyalty of my own free will," she said, with a sob.

The Emperor patted her shoulder.

"Then I have gained a good subject," he said; "but you have lost a good husband."

The Princess looked up at Anderell; wiped her eyes; and smiled.

"But your Majesty said that you would not punish me," she protested.

"Emily!" cried Anderell.

The Emperor took her hand and placed it in Anderell's.

"Your reward," he said; and waved them from the room. Then he turned to the Chancellor. "And your punishment! Come! Have I not been a good diplomat, Prince? You cannot oppose the Anglo-Coronian Treaty after you have married your daughter to an Englishman!"

The old Chancellor smiled grimly.

"It is hard to feel my punishment heavy," he said. "My girl is so glad. She was beyond me, and bound to make her own choice some day; and she might have done worse. And your Majesty did not do it to punish me."

"No," said the Emperor. "No."

"Therefore," said the Chancellor, "like my daughter, I render thanks for your Majesty's consideration. I am not conquered by the Emperor, sir, but by the man."

The Emperor put his hand on the Chancellor's shoulder.

"Let us deal with each other so in future," he proposed. "Kings are men, Ressell. Kings are men! And Chancellors!"

"But there is always a woman!" said the old Chancellor.



THE UNWRITTEN WORD

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

THINK you the sovereign message of the skies
May not be written on the melting snow?
The law that Moses carried from the Mount
Was broken into fragments long ago!

Not on a page of gold or shaft of stone
The greatest poet laid His gentle hand—
The only words the Saviour ever wrote
He scribbled on a little drift of sand!

UNCLE REMUS

By La Salle Corbell Pickett

SEEING the name of Joel Chandler Harris, many people might have to stop and reflect a moment before recalling exactly what claim that gentleman had upon the attention of the reader. "Uncle Remus" brings before the mind at once a whole world of sunlight and fun, with not a few grains of wisdom planted here and there. The good old fun-loving Uncle has put many a rose and never a thorn into life's flower-garden.

Being in Atlanta some years ago, when Mr. Harris was on the editorial staff of the *Constitution*, I called up the office and asked if I might speak to him. The gentleman who answered my call replied that Mr. Harris was not in, adding the information that if he were he would not talk through the telephone. I asked what time I should be likely to find him in the office.

"He will be in this afternoon, but I fear that he would not see you if you were the angel Gabriel," was the discouraging reply.

"I am not the angel Gabriel," I said. "Tell him that I am a lady—Mrs. Pickett—and that I should like very much to see him."

"If you are a lady, and Mrs. Pickett, I fear that he will vanish and never be found again."

Notwithstanding the discouragements, I was permitted to call that afternoon in the hope that the obdurate Uncle Remus might graciously consent to see me. I found him in his office in the top story of the building, an appropriate place to avoid being run to cover by the public, but inconvenient because of the embarrassment which might result from dropping out of the window if he should have the misfortune to be cornered. To say that I was received might be throwing too much of a glamour over the situation. At least, I was not summarily ejected, nor treated to a dissolving view of Uncle Remus disappearing in the distance, so I considered myself fortunate. I told him that I had called up by telephone that morning to speak to him.

"I never talk through the telephone," he said. "I do not like to talk in a hole. I look into a man's eyes when I talk to him."

When Uncle Remus was fairly run to earth and could not escape, he was quite human in his attitude toward his caller; his only fault being that he was prone to talk of his visitor's work rather than his

own, and a question that would seem to lead up to any personal revelation on his part would result in so strong an indication of a desire for flight that the conversation would be directed long distances away from Br'er Rabbit and the Tar Baby. He was a born story-teller, and had not the made author's owl-like propensity to perch upon high places and hoot his wisdom to the passing crowd. The expression "literary" as applied to him filled him with surprise. He called himself an "accidental author"; said he had never had an opportunity of acquiring style, and probably should not have taken advantage of it if he had. He was always as much astonished by his success as other people are by their failures.



I met him once at a Confederate reunion in Atlanta, where I took my little grandchildren, who had been brought up on Uncle Remus, to see him. Having heard their beauty praised, he cautioned them not to think too much of their looks, telling them that appearance was of little consequence. He gave each of them a coin, saying, "I don't believe in giving money to boys; I believe in their working for it."

"Well," said little George, "have n't we earned it listening to Uncle Remus?"

"If that is so, I'm afraid I have n't money enough to pay you what I owe you."

He was unbending and natural and like other people with children. He invited them to come to his farm and see the flowers and trees, telling them how his home received the name of "The Wren's Nest." As he sat one morning on the veranda, he saw a wren building a nest on his letter-box by the gate. When the postman came he went out and asked him to deliver the mail at the door, to avoid disturbing Madam Wren's preparations for housekeeping. The postman was faithful, and the Wren family had a prosperous and happy home.

"You must never steal an egg from a nest," he told the boys. Curving one hand into an imitation nest holding an imaginary egg, he hovered over it with the other hand, rubbing it gently, explaining to the boys, who watched him with absorbing interest, how the egg would change to a beautiful fluff of feathers and music, and afterwhile would fly away among the trees and fill the woods with sweet sounds. "If you destroy the egg, you kill all that beauty and music, and there will be no little bird to sit on the tree and sing to you." The boys assured him that they had never taken an egg, nor even so much as looked into the nest, because some birds will leave their nests if you just look into them.

At the reception given to Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Stuart, Winnie Davis, and myself, Mr. Harris was invited to stand in line, but declined. It would be difficult to imagine him as standing with a receiving party,

shaking hands with the public. He was asked to speak, but that was even less to be expected. The nearest he ever came to making a speech was once when he sat upon the platform while his friend, Henry O. Grady, was addressing a large assemblage with all that eloquence for which he was noted. When he had finished, the call for "Harris" came with great volume and persistency. He arose and said, "I am coming," and walked down from the platform and was lost in the crowd.

Uncle Remus wrote his stories at "Snap Bean Farm," in West End, a suburb of Atlanta. They filled his evenings with pleasure after the office grind was over. If no one but himself had ever seen them, he would have been as happy in the work as he was when the public was delighting in the adventures of Br'er Wolf and Br'er B'ar. In that cosy home the early evening was given to the children, and the later hours to recording the tales which had amused them through the twilight.

A home it was, not only to him but to all who came in friendship to see him in his quiet retreat. There was no room in it for those whom curiosity brought there to see the man of letters or to do honor to a lion. The lionizing of Uncle Remus was the one ambition impossible of achievement in the literary world. For everything else that touched upon the human, the doors of the vine-embowered, tree-shaded house on Gordon Street opened hospitable doors.



Joel Chandler Harris was born in Eatonton, the county-seat of Putnam County, Georgia, and in his early days attended the Eatonton Academy, where he received all the academic training he ever had. His vitally helpful education was gained in the wider and deeper school of life, and few have been graduated therefrom with greater honors.

At six years of age he had the good fortune to encounter "The Vicar of Wakefield," than whom, it is safe to assert, no boy of such tender years had ever a better and more inspiring friend. This beloved clerical gentleman led young Joel into a charmed land of literature, in which he dwelt all his life.

In the post-office at Eatonton was an old green sofa, very much the worse for wear, which yet offered a comfortable lounging place for the boy Joel, adapted to his kittenish taste for curling up in quiet retreats. There he would spend hours in reading the newspapers that came to the office. In one of them he found an announcement of a new periodical to be published by Colonel Turner on his plantation nine miles from Eatonton. In connection with this announcement was an advertisement for an office boy. It occurred to the future "Uncle Remus," then twelve years old, that this might open a way for him. He wrote to Colonel Turner, and a few days later the Colonel drove up to town to

take the unknown boy to his plantation. So beside the editor Joel Chandler Harris rode to the office of the *Countryman* and to his happy destiny. It has been said that but for the Turner plantation there would have been no Uncle Remus, but what would have become of the possibilities of that good old darky if the little Joel had not enjoyed the acquaintance of a good-natured post-master who permitted him to occupy the old green sofa and browse among the second-class mail of the Eatonton community?

Surely there was never a better school for the development of a budding author than the office of the *Countryman*, and the well-selected library in the home of its editor, and the great wildwood that environed the plantation.

Best of all, there were the "quarters," where "Uncle Remus" conducted a whole university of history and zoölogy and philosophy and ethics and laughter and tears. Down in the cabins at night the printer's boy would sit and drink in such stores of wit and wisdom as could not lie unexpressed in his facile mind, and the world is the richer for every moment he spent in that primitive, child-mind community, with its ancient traditions that made it one with the beginning of time.

At times he joined a 'coon hunt, and with a gang of boys and a pack of hounds chased the elusive little animal through the night, returning home triumphant in the dawn. He hunted rabbits in the woods, and, maybe, became acquainted with the character of the original Br'er Rabbit from his descendants in the old plantation forest.

From the window near which his type-case stood, he saw the squirrels scampering over trees and roofs, heard the birds singing in the branches, caught dissolving views of Br'er Fox flitting across the garden path, and breathed in beauty and romance to be exhaled later for the enchantment of a world of readers.

In Colonel Hunter's library, selected with scholarly taste, he found the great old English masters who had the good fortune to be born into the language while it was yet "a well of English, undefiled." In that well he became saturated with a pure, direct, simple diction which later contact with the tendencies of his era and the ephemeral productions of the daily press was not able to change.



It was in the office of the *Countryman* that Joel Chandler Harris made his first venture into the world of print, shyly, as became one who would afterward be known as the most modest literary man in America. When Colonel Hunter found out the authorship of the bright paragraphs that slipped into his paper now and then with increasing frequency, he captured the elusive young genius and set it to work as a

regular contributor. In this periodical the young writer's first poem appeared: a mournful lay of love and death, as a first poem usually is, however cheerful a philosopher its author may ultimately become.

This idyllic life soon ceased. When the tide of war rolled over central Georgia, it swept many lives out of their accustomed paths and destroyed many a support around which budding aspirations had wound their tendrils. The "printer's boy" sat upon a fence on the old Turner plantation, watching Slocum's Corps march by, and amiably receiving the good-natured gibes and jests of the soldiers, who apparently found something irresistibly mirth-provoking in the quaint little figure by the wayside. Sherman was marching to the sea, and the Georgia boy was taking his first view of the progress of war.

Among the many enterprises trampled to earth by those ruthless feet was the *Countryman*, which survived the desolating raid but a short time. It was years before the young journalist knew another home. For some months he set type on the Macon *Daily Telegraph*, going from there to New Orleans as private secretary of the editor of the *Crescent Monthly*. When the *Crescent* waned and disappeared from the journalistic sky, he returned to Georgia and became editor, compositor, pressman, mailing clerk, and entire force on the *Forsyth Advertiser*.

A pungent editorial upon the abuses of the State government, which appeared in the *Advertiser*, attracted the attention of Colonel W. T. Thompson and led him to offer Mr. Harris a place on the staff of the Savannah *Daily News*. Happily, there lived in Savannah the charming young lady who was to be the loving centre of the pleasant home of "Uncle Remus." The marriage took place in 1873, and Mr. Harris remained with the *News* until '76, when, to escape yellow fever, he removed to Atlanta. He was soon after placed on the editorial staff of the *Constitution*, and in its columns Uncle Remus was first introduced to the world.



In his home in West End, "Snap Bean Farm," he lived in calm content with his harmonious family and his intimate friends, Shakespeare and his associates, and those yet older companions who have come down to us from ancient Biblical times. Some of his intimates were chosen from later writers. Among poets, he told me that Tom Moore was his most cherished companion, the one to whom he fled for consolation in moments of life's insufficiencies.

Mr. Harris had no objection to talking in sociable manner of other writers, but if his visitor did not wish to see him close up like a clam and vanish to the seclusion of an upper room it was better not to mention Uncle Remus. Neither had he any fancy for the kind of talk that prevails at "pink teas" and high functions of society in general. Any-

thing that would be appropriate to the topics introduced in such places would never occur to him, and the vapory nothingness was so filled with mysterious terrors for him that he fled before them in unspeakable alarm.

“Snap-Bean Farm” was all the world that he cared for, and here he lived and wove his enchantments, not in his well-appointed study, as a thoroughly balanced mind would have done, but all over the house, just where he happened to be, preferably beside the fire after the little ones had gone to bed, leaving memories of their youthful brightness to make yet more glowing the flames and waves of their warmth of soul to linger in enchantment about the hearth.



It was a sunny, happy day when I visited “Snap-Bean Farm.” A violet-bordered walk led me to the pretty frame cottage, built upon a terrace quite a distance from the street—a shady, woodsy, leafy, flowery, fragrant distance—a distance that suggested infinite beauty and melody, infinite fascination. When the home was established there, the rumbling and clang of the trolley never broke the stillness of the peaceful spot. A horse-car crept slowly and softly to a near-by terminus and stopped, as if, having reached Uncle Remus and his woodsy home, there could be nothing beyond worth the effort. There were wide reaches of pine-woods, holding illimitable possibilities of romance, of legend, of wildwood and wild-folk tradition. It was a country home in the beginning, and it remained a country home, regardless of the outstretching of the city’s influences. Joel Chandler Harris had a country soul, and if he had been set down in the heart of a metropolis his home would have stretched out into mystic distances of greenery and surrounded itself with a limitless reach of cool, vibrant, amber atmosphere, and looked out upon a colorful and fragrant wilderness of flowers, and he would have dwelt in the solitudes that God made.

As I walked a fragrance wrapped me around as with a veil of radiant mist. It came straight from the heart of his many-varied roses that claimed much of his time and care. The shadow of two great cedar trees reached protecting arms after me as I went up to the steps of the cottage hidden away in a green and purple and golden and pink tangle of bloom and sweet odors; ivy and wistaria and jasmine and honeysuckle. Beside the steps grew some of his special pet roses. Their glowing and fragrant presence sometimes afforded him a congenial topic of discourse when a guest chanced to approach too closely the subject of the literary work of the host, if one may use the term in connection with a writer who so constantly disclaimed any approach to literature, and so persistently declined to take himself seriously.

In the front yard was a swing that appealed to me reminiscently with the force of the olden days when I had a swing of my very own. As I "let the old cat die," we talked of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Waitin' fer the Cat to Die," and Mr. Harris told me of the visit Riley had made to him not long before. Two men with such cheerful views of life could not but be congenial, and it was apparent that the visit had brought joy to them both.

I did not see the three dogs and seven cats—mystic numbers!—but felt confident that my genial host could not have been satisfied with any less.

The charmed circle in which Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit shone as social stars is yet with us, and we shall not let it go out from our lives. The mystic childhood of a dim, mysterious race is brought to us through these beings that have come to us from the olden time "when animals talked like people."

"The Sign of the Wren's Nest" is peopled by these legendary forms with their never-dying souls. They lurk in every corner and peer out from every crevice. They hide behind the trees, and sometimes in the moonlight we see them looking out at us as we walk along the path. They crouch among interlacing vines and look at us through the lacy screen with eyes in which slumber the traditions of the ages.

We look for the Magician who, with a wave of the hand, made all these to live and move before us. We know he must be there. We "cannot make him dead"; but he can make himself and us alive in the life of the past. A little door, with one shutter of Memory and one of Faith, opens before us, and he comes to dwell again in the world which he created in "The Sign of the Wren's Nest."



PELLETS OF WISDOM

THE lucky number is two, according to Saint Hymen.

THE dyspeptics snarl, "The woman tempted me, and I did eat."

THE road to power is paved with good inventions.

AN indiscreet answer is hard to live down.

IN converse it is better to glow than to glitter.

PREJUDICES are nails hammered into the mind by environment.

GENIUS achieves in silence, Talent gaily admits the crowd.

THE courtesies are never so beautifully practised as at home.

SUGGESTED nakedness is more outrageous than frank exposure.

Minna Thomas Antrim

“LADY’S CHOICE—FREE FOR ALL”

By Carl H. Grabo

IT promised to be dull at Shohassie, until Marigold Bendelow descended upon us like the Assyrian, though it would scarcely be artistic to refer to our colony as the hosts of the Lord. That her visit would spread a pleasing desolation, I knew beforehand, for I had been acquainted with Marigold for the most of her short life. We were brought up together, and at the age of twelve she had promised to be mine. That was before her father had rewatered the family fortunes and begun to address Sunday-school classes on the popular theme “How I Became a Success.”

Afterwards, when Marigold had entered upon her career of conquest, I reminded her of her former promise.

“Don’t, Bobby,” she had said. “Please be different from the rest. Be a friend to me. It’s so much more restful.”

That was doubtless true, for possession of Marigold’s elusive heart appeared to be a doubtful and fleeting pleasure.

She smiled at me delightedly when we met before dinner on the club veranda.

“It’s good to find you here, Bobby,” she said. “I heard you were.”

“Don’t coquette with me, Marigold,” I pleaded, “even for practice. It’s cruel and, besides, there are plenty of others.”

“If you think it’s that, I won’t,” said she. “Who are the interesting people here?”

“Men, of course? Well, the usual run of Saturday-to-Monday brokers and golf champions. The rest are staid family men, who must not be molested.”

“How mean you can be, Bobby!” said she. “I’m not so bad as I’m painted.”

“Well,” I said, “I’m open to conviction.”

Things began as usual. Nice young men with prospects came down debonairly on Friday afternoon, danced that evening with Marigold, took her boating on Saturday, went to church unexpectedly on Sunday,

proposed that evening, and early on Monday morning departed with shattered hearts to do a man's work in a world of men. There was a certain monotony about the process to an onlooker, though doubtless the participants found it sufficiently exciting.

Sexton voiced our common sentiments one evening in the smoking-room. He had been one of the first of Marigold's refusals.

"What Miss Bendelow requires is something real classy," said he. "With all due respect to you fellows, you're a dull lot. My idea is to bring down some fellows of real class, two men of different types, and find out which she likes the better, the football hero or the man of brains."

The idea seemed a good sporting proposition, and we discussed various possibilities. We decided finally on Carver, the tennis and polo champion, and Josslyn, the novelist, artist, man of letters, and general virtuoso. Brawn and brains could find no abler protagonists.

It was something of a job to get both of them down, but we arranged a tennis tournament for Carver, and drew an alluring picture of the restful Shohassie atmosphere to entice Josslyn. They arrived on the same train one Friday evening, and a thrill of subdued excitement at once pervaded the country club.

"Why the excitement?" demanded Marigold of me as we sat on the veranda.

"The advent of such celebrities as Carver and Josslyn is something unusual in our quiet midst," I said. "They are men you should find interesting, Marigold."

"Yes?" she said, and looked meditatively at me for some seconds. I bore her scrutiny with, I fancy, well feigned pleasure.

Carver danced with her three times that evening, and Josslyn took her out to supper.

"It will be Josslyn of the two," I reflected, for he was an entertaining man when he chose to be, and obviously he was now extending himself.

By tacit consent, every one else withdrew from the field. In the mornings Carver played tennis and golf with Miss Bendelow. In the afternoon Miss Bendelow might be seen walking with Josslyn, or sitting beside him to watch the polo. It was an interesting sight for the innocent bystander to observe Carver when in the intervals of play his eye rested on the lady and his rival. When she laughed at something Josslyn said, Carver would plunge into the next scrimmage as though death were preferable to his present condition. Then Miss Bendelow would watch his play with seeming interest, but with no heed as to his probable Jemise.

Things went on with honors even until one evening on the veranda. Josslyn must have planned the whole thing beforehand. We were discussing the latest book, for we aim at culture in Shohassie.

"What do you think of it?" asked Josslyn of Carver—we all thought, a bit maliciously.

"Have n't read it," said Carver indifferently. "I don't go in for that kind of reading much. When I read a book," he added, feeling some defense necessary, "I want a book with something doing, full of outdoor life."

Josslyn's eyes gleamed.

"It's a good natural taste," he agreed. "I read a book of that sort myself the other day. Maybe you've seen it?—'Rough Diamond,' a good tale of its kind."

"I read it last winter," said Carver, with some show of interest.

"What interests me in the book," said Josslyn, "is the decision of the heroine in marrying the frontiersman, the man of primitive virtues, brave, strong, uncultured, but with a certain rough strain of poetry in him in his liking for outdoor life. It seems odd at first sight that such a woman as the heroine should choose such a man and relinquish all the things to which she had become accustomed in her life among cultured people. The other man stands for those things. Yet I fancy the psychology is true. A woman, given such a choice, would elect the rough diamond."

It was obviously a challenge addressed to Miss Bendelow. We waited for her to answer.

"How well you understand women, Mr. Josslyn!" said she.

"The man who wrote that knew what the primitive life is, all right," declared Carver, upon whom the challenge and its answer had been quite lost. "That night ride over the plains is bully. You can feel the wind in your face, and the warm, quivering animal beneath you."

"The curious thing about it," said Josslyn softly, "is that the man who wrote it drew the whole thing from his imagination. He had never been on any one of the 'last frontiers,' and had seldom even ridden a horse. He's a city man, and never leaves New York if he can help it. He frequents clubs, studios, and the theatre, and when he goes abroad he stays in London or Paris."

"You can't make me believe that he never felt what he wrote," declared Carver stubbornly. "It's too close to the facts."

"I know the man—know him well," said Josslyn. "Among friends, I don't mind telling a secret: I wrote the book myself under a *nom de plume*."

We all exclaimed at this, for the book was in a style utterly foreign to Josslyn's usual work, and, besides, the thing had been a great success financially.

"I wrote it on a theory," said Josslyn. "I believed that by using his imagination a man could do the primitive life convincingly, for every man has a primitive ancestry. In his blood and subconscious-

ness are the memories of all the experiences of his forefathers. These may be deeply overlaid with culture and the refinements of civilization, later and better acquisitions, but the primitive emotions are there if he chooses to bring them forth. I don't believe it's worth while usually, myself. However, I wrote the book believing it was what the average reader likes. So I had the heroine marry the frontiersman. Mercifully, I did n't have to picture their married life. And the book has been popular. I have proved my point, at least to my own satisfaction. However, I prefer to have the experiment die under a *nom de plume*."

Carver was silenced. We all looked again at Miss Bendelow. She was regarding Josslyn with interest.

"How very clever that was of you, Mr. Josslyn!" said she.

And we all felt that brains had scored the first decisive point in the contest.

A week later Carver evened things up by stopping Miss Bendelow's horse when it ran away. He made light of the matter, but we guessed she had been saved a probable fall.

So far it was a dead heat, and the excitement waxed intense. The betting in the smoking-room was at even money. Then we gave our picnic at the Eagle's Nest. Every mountain resort has its Eagle's Nest.

I drove the coach—my one accomplishment—and we all relaxed our vigilance. Things were about to happen, we felt, but for the moment a truce was declared. Carver tooted the horn and acted the general cut-up better than you would have believed possible. Josslyn told his best stories. Miss Bendelow smile on all impartially. We were a gay crowd.

We selected a grassy knoll, and I superintended the spreading of luncheon. Miss Bendelow and Josslyn went to get a pail of water from the brook, and Carver glowered upon them from behind a tree.

I was opening a bottle of olives, with my back turned to the two, when they returned with the water.

"I'll tell you the rest of the story after luncheon, if I may," said Josslyn.

There was a moment's silence, and I made but a pretense of working at the cork.

"I'll come to the brook at two o'clock," said Miss Bendelow clearly.

I did n't need to turn to know Josslyn's pleasure. I felt it in the back of my neck.

We had a jolly luncheon, and drank toasts to every one, and enjoyed ourselves generally. Then by common consent every one began to drift away in twos and threes. From the corner of my eye, I saw Carver speaking to Miss Bendelow. What he said I could not hear, but her answer came to me distinctly:

"Half past two beside the pool."

Josslyn strolled carelessly away through the trees. A few moments later Carver sauntered in the opposite direction. The rest of the company had already disappeared. I looked up. Miss Bendelow was seated on the grass. She smiled at me.

"What are you going to do, Bobby?" she asked.

"Find a shady spot and take a nap," I replied. "I have a nice tree in my eye, and since Miss Andrews deserted me so unkindly, there's nothing else for it."

"My dear Bobby," said Marigold, "if you desire the society of Miss Andrews, you should speak for it."

"Oh, well, I don't much care, as a matter of fact," I admitted.

"She is tiresome, is n't she?" assented Marigold.

I looked at my watch.

"What time is it?" asked Marigold carelessly.

"Half past one," I said.

"Oh, well, I'll stroll up the hill with you, then," said she, and unfurled her parasol.

Naturally, I could make no objection. We walked up the hill and seated ourselves in silence. From our tree, I could see Josslyn far below, a diminutive figure, tossing pebbles into the brook.

I looked again at my watch.

"Don't be rude, Bobby," said Marigold. "I want your advice. You're an eavesdropper, though."

"I could n't help hearing," I said.

She laughed, and again became silent. From time to time we stole a look at the patient Josslyn. He was becoming uneasy, and walking up and down beside the brook.

"It's two o'clock," I said at last.

Marigold appeared indifferent.

"Is it?" she asked. "I won't go yet, for all your hints."

I regarded her severely.

"You have become sadly unreliable," I said. "You used to be trustworthy. I suppose it's the influence of society. Have n't you any feeling for the poor fellow?"

"It won't hurt him a bit," said Marigold easily. "He will put it in his next book. See if he does n't."

"What do you want my advice about?" I demanded impatiently.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marigold, and peered into the valley. Carver was sauntering between the trees towards the trysting place.

"He means to be in good time," I said.

Marigold giggled.

"You are behaving like a school-girl," I said.

"It's such fun," she pleaded. "You're enjoying it yourself."

My enjoyment was of a qualified sort, however.

We watched the inevitable *rapprochement*. The figures of the two men halted abruptly. Then Carver resumed his strolling gait, and the two stood side by side.

"I wonder what they're saying," said Marigold pensively.

"Arranging for seconds, doubtless," I replied.

"You don't really think I'm cruel, do you?" she demanded.

"No more so than usual, I suppose," I answered.

"Oh, I forgot, I want your advice," said Marigold. "Which shall it be?"

"Why do you ask me?" I demanded stiffly.

"As an old friend, of course, Bobby. When my life's happiness is at stake, I must be very cautious, don't you think?"

For the life of me, I did n't know whether she was serious or not.

"You usually know your own mind," I said.

"But this is so difficult," she declared. "On the one hand is a man of primitive type, strong, brave, fit to be a pioneer or a pirate; on the other, a cultured product of the ages, including all this in his subconsciousness, but having as well all the esthetic refinements of a highly civilized society. You 'll admit it's a hard choice."

"You are a little devil, Marigold," I said, amused in spite of myself.

"But, seriously, which shall it be?" she demanded.

"I think I'd have Josslyn," I said. "He 'll make life interesting, at least, and take you among interesting people."

"Then he will study my personality and put me in his books," declared Marigold judicially, "and when he finds out I'm not really clever, he 'll get tired of me and run after somebody else."

There was no answering this. Doubtless he would do that same, unless she proved too clever for him, as I was confident she would.

"And Mr. Carver would prove so tiresome. I can't play tennis and ride all the time. Oh, look at them now!"

The two men were seated at opposite ends of the pool, each the figure of resolution.

"They 'll sit there all day just like that," declared Marigold, with conviction.

"As far as I can see, neither of them meets your requirements," I said, resuming the thread of the conversation.

"Exactly so," agreed Marigold, "and I think it was stupid of you men to suppose either of them would."

I stared at her, astounded. Her intuitions were positively uncanny at times.

"Don't you think I can put two and two together?" said she angrily. "You underrate my powers of observation. And you ought to be punished for having a hand in such a scheme. It's vulgar. Did n't you have a hand in it? Tell me honestly."

"I knew of it," I admitted, with a twinge of conscience. "But you have punished me enough."

"You don't show any marks of sorrow," remarked she. "What surprises me," she went on, prodding the grass with her parasol, "is man's surprising ignorance of woman. A woman knows the kind of a man suited to her. After she's passed through her first foolish love affairs, she finds out soon what she wants. She doesn't always get it, of course, and has to be content with something else."

"What do you want?" I asked. "A combination of Plato, Byron, and Lord Chesterfield? You seem to me to expect a good deal."

"That is just your mistake," said Marigold. "I want some one suited to me, that's all."

"Satan?" I suggested casually.

She quite disregarded my rudeness, and went on:

"No, what I want is a sensible, kind, gentlemanly man, a bit commonplace, like me. I don't care whether he has money or not."

We both looked at the two applicants waiting ever so patiently and, as we knew, so hopelessly, beside the brook.

"I didn't expect ever to hear myself say it," I remarked at length, "but I know of only one man who seems to have all the qualities you mention as desirable. He has, of course, the inevitable quality, too, of caring a great deal for you."

"Yes?" said Marigold.

"It's me, of course," I said.

"I had to work awfully hard to make you say it, Bobby," she whispered.

"You refused me once," I returned.

"No," she quibbled; "I left the matter open. I wanted to be perfectly sure."

She menaced me with the point of her parasol.

"Not now," she declared. "Do go and tell those poor men I have a bad headache. Yes, I'll wait here."

I descended to the brook. They were sulky, but resolute.

"Gentlemen," I said, standing equidistant between them and addressing both, "I'm sorry to inform you that Miss Bendelow is indisposed."

They stared suspiciously at each other and at me, but, on the whole, relief was written on their features. Probably they had feared something worse.

However, when an hour later Marigold and I sauntered down-hill to the coach, I read cold distrust in their faces. Marigold rode beside me on the way home, and I was conscious that behind me distrust had hardened into certainty.

But Marigold and I minded that not a bit.

TO THE FRANKLIN INN CLUB*

By S. Weir Mitchell

NOW here's a pleasant tavern home, an Inn of which to boast,
Where every man's a welcome guest, because each man's a host;
For he who entertains himself should be a happy guest,
Quite self-assured his company must be the very best.

All hail, ye merry Franklins! let this new life begin
With something like a character to start our pleasant Inn.
And here the fare shall wholesome be with tale and jest and fun,
With sauces never saucy and with nothing overdone;
While ghosts of jesters dead and gone around our board shall flit
And murmur old-time pleasantries and long-descended wit,
Till, when the smoke is getting thick, as in some olden Inn,
Right gallant songs of long ago from memory's choicest bin
Shall touch the heart and fill the eyes, as some recalling line
Shall prompt the kiss in silence left upon the passing wine.
Lo! here shall friendships, firmer grown, the latch-string leave outside,
Or set the door for newer friends most hospitably wide;
For friendship is the Wine of Life, as Bozzy used to say;
He bade men keep the cellar filled when vintages decay,
And ripened wines to memory dear have ceased to sparkle high,
Or death that loves the sweet young wines has passed the old wine by,
And left some crusted, cobwebbed flasks acidulous and dry.

Ah! not disloyal to the dead are they who fill their places
With those whose living charm recalls their unforgotten graces;
For he who has not learned from life the kindly art to give
An honest hand to later friends has never learned to live.

God bless you, merry gentlemen, who gather here to-night
To drink the memory of him whose genius helped to light
The flame that blazed across the sea and lit with new-born thought
The souls of nations far away, and with the blood-price bought
The right of man himself to rule, the right to choose his creed,
And, last and best, the mighty bond for which, in sorest need,

* Dr. Mitchell's poem was written for, and first read at, the founding of "The Franklin Inn Club," a Philadelphia coterie which numbers many distinguished literary men and artists in its limited membership. Ten years later, January 17th, 1912—this occasion, like the first, was a dinner held on Benjamin Franklin's birthday—Dr. Mitchell, president of the club, re-read the Franklin poem. It is now published for the first time.

We bade the cannon's thunder quell the wrangle of debates,
And in one iron marriage weld the Union of the States.

Here, as, within my study, I mused in hope to find
Some lighter jesting bubble from the well-spring of the mind,
I turned and saw an ancient man, an ancient man and gray,
With something merry in his eye and pleasant in his way.
Said he, "Excuse the liberty of this untimely call;
I could not find your knocker, so I entered through the wall.
Your streets are unfamiliar grown, or so they seemed to-day;
But, wandering, at last I found an alley, and, within,
A Lilliputian tavern which they call the Franklin Inn.
There, quite at home, I sat me down and ate a ghostly lunch,
And warmed myself with spirit rum and unmortal punch."

"Good gracious, sir! Sit down," I cried; "I did not hear you come."
"How could you hear? The dead draw near with footsteps soft and dumb."
"I see you are a doctor, sir; I need no consultation."
Full loud he laughed: "You think me cracked. You lack imagination.
A consultation? No, not I. My ills are more than chronic,
And death 's a surer medicine than any earthly tonic.
Permit me to present myself. My name is Benjamin;
The ghostly landlord, sir, am I of that new Franklin Inn.
To think you've got ahead of me, which very few have done,
You must be rather clever folk, high graduates in fun,
And fond of things I used to like ere yet my days had run:
Good books, good talk, and merry ways, and must I say? a lass!
For naughty things were said of me. The singular may pass.
Sir, when you gather cheerily to speed a social hour,
And wisdom wings the jest and joy is in its fullest flower,
Remember that your landlord grave is, too, a critic bold,
And knows full well if jokes be young and if the wine be old."
Thereon arose this antique man. His head was like a dome.
He said, "I 'm due at Fifth and Arch. I must be getting home.
Now, when, as time runs onward and you gather once a year
To remember good man Richard and the things he relished here,
Pray, keep a vacant chair, sir, where in spirit I shall sit
Till the little hours are growing and the latest guest shall flit.
But when the wine is passing you will not see me quaff,
And when the fun is maddest you will not hear me laugh;
But whatever be the tipple, and whatever punch you brew,
Be assured that I shall drink it, and, as ever, like it, too;
And the face that nourished wrinkles, those children of the jest,
Shall be gay with unseen laughter and be merry with the rest.
I assure you, sir, 't were pleasant to sit beside your hearth

And ask you eager questions of the things I left on earth;
 And it would be more delightful to scan each well-filled shelf,
 For I see some friendly titles and something of myself.
 But now, 'tis time I left you" (there was humour in his looks)
 "In better company than mine,—the ghosts which men call books.
 And, as they say in France, sir, *au revoir*, and, whether here
 I shall drink your toasts in spirit, as year succeeds to year,
 Or, as the days run onward in that very vague hereafter,
 I greet you in the Master's Inns with honest earthly laughter,
 Believe me, I shall still remain, as comrade, man, or ghost,
 A gay and wise philosopher, a fair and honest host."

And now, my friends, a word for him who rules your board to-day.
 For him the wearing years go by and dusks the twilight gray.
 And whether, in the years to come, his work of duty done,
 A word, a line, a thought of him live elsewhere 'neath the sun,
 You still will keep this Cup of Love, that when the toast goes round,
 And few who gather here to-night about your board are found;
 When thought of revels passed and gone some gray-haired Franklin
 mellows,
 He'll smiling murmur to himself, "Now, those were right good fellows."

Excuse, my friends, the autumn touch that age so surely brings
 To you, in whom the spring of youth gives all ambition wings.
 Perhaps for you attainment's crest a sunlit peak appears;
 Upon those heights the winds are keen. The gray mirage of years
 May show us larger than we are. Don't grudge its pleasant cheat;
 The richest gifts that life can give leave something incomplete;
 The race is sweeter than the goal. Believe me, I would give
 The honours won through many a year again, again to live
 To know once more the lust of war, the joy of doubtful gain,
 With youth's delight of battle, felt in body, heart, and brain.

My younger brothers, you for whom life's valley roses blow,
 The upward path is hard to hold, but there the laurels grow;
 Yet keep some roses for the years when those dark locks are gray,
 And spare no toil—his game is lost who loiters on the way.

Take last my toast, ye comrades good,—guests of the Franklin Inn:
 Good luck! good lives! good health! good wives!
 Long may you live and all things win!

A SCION OF ADAM

By Ella Middleton Tybout

Author of "Poketown People," "A Bride for Casey," etc.

DO you know Poketown? Have you ever driven through its one long, straggling street, guiding your horse carefully that you may avoid injuring the speckled hens and the pickaninnies that luxuriate promiscuously in the dust of the public highway?

If you are familiar with it, you of course remember Mr. Noah Hyatt, with his glass eye of bright blue apparently at odds with its companion of dull brown, and his well known aversion to the gentler sex. He was a bachelor of means, and his life of single blessedness was a source of wonder and regret to the community at large. So much so, indeed, that Brother Kinnard Brice, pastor of Little Bethel, had called a meeting of the Session to labor with Brother Hyatt and bring him to a realizing sense of his duty toward his neighbor.

"Am all de pillahs o' Li'l Bethel in deey 'customed places?" inquired Mr. Brice on the night appointed for the meeting.

The pillars acknowledged their presence with due solemnity.

"De subjec' befo' de Session," resumed the pastor, "am whut Evil Sperrit am wuckin' in de haht o' Brothah Hyatt tuh keep him f'om j'inin' hands wid some lady an' takin' tuh he buzzom a wife an' helpmeet, 'codin' tuh de Scriptuh. Whut yo' got tuh say, Brothah Hyatt, whut yo' got tuh say?"

"Woman," asserted Brother Hyatt, "am de 'casion of de fus' back-slidin' of man."

"Dat am a fac', Brothah, dat am a fac'," agreed the pastor.

"She 'ticed him an' she 'swaded," continued Brother Hyatt; "she done hel' de aipple todes him, mellah side out—dat's whut she done."

Mr. Hyatt paused, and Mr. Brice immediately resumed the thread of discourse.

"Yaas, Brothah Hyatt, she done hel' de mellah side todes him. But whut do Brothah Adam do, tell me dat. Do he shut he eyes an' clinch he teeth? No, suh! He up an' bite it mighty peah-like, Brothah Adam do."

"Yaas, dat's so," agreed the benedicts of the Session, and Mr. Brice continued:

"Brothah Adam, he knowed whut wuz whut. He done 'low he

did n' hone tuh stay by hisse'f in the Gyahdin nohow. He up an' say be 'zired de lady whut de Lawd done filch de rib outen him tuh make mo' en he 'zired tuh combusticate hisse'f *by hisse'f* 'mongst de fruits an' de flowahs. So he tuck an' bit de aipple."

"Mo' fool he."

Mr. Hyatt was plainly unconvinced, and the pastor turned for assistance to trusted members of his flock.

"Speak tuh him, Brothah Finney," he urged. "He'p me tuh let light intuh he sperrit."

Brother Finney spoke succinctly and to the point:

"Hit don' cost no mo' tuh keep a wife den tuh put out yo' woshin'."

Mr. Hyatt smiled the smile of the skeptic, and forbore to reply.

"Brothah Hyatt know he juty same ez we-all knows it," interposed Uncle William Stafford. "Whut fo' de Lawd done prospah him, tell me dat?"

"T ain' all juty, Brothah Hyatt," said a voice from the rear. "Don' yo' fool yo'se'f dat-away. Does yo' reckon ole Adam tuck an' lit out aftah he lady-frien' 'thout he knowed whut he wuz doin'?"

It was Mr. Samuel Johnson, the most erring sheep in Little Bethel, whose presence at the conference had not been desired. Brother Brice turned an anxious eye in his direction.

"Mistah Johnsing," he said, "yo' ain' been axed tuh 'pinionate—has yo', Mistah Johnsing?"

"I keeps mighty still when de Session ahgify 'bout mattahs outen my line," returned Mr. Johnson, "but when de subjec' befo' de Session am ouah sistahs in de Lawd, or de strayin' li'l ewe lambs o' Poketown, I feels dat I *kin* 'pinionate."

He spoke as one having authority, and there was no dissenting voice, for Mr. Johnson's experiences with the fair sex were recognized as many and varied. Mr. Brice returned to the subject under discussion.

"Brothah Noahy Hyatt, whut yo' got tuh say fo' yo'se'f? Yo' conduc' ain' pleasin' tuh me an' de Lawd, ez well ez mighty unfriendly tuh de ladies of Poketown. Whut right yo' got tuh set at yo' ease wid yo' fat hawgs in yo' pen an' yo' two hundred dollahs in de bank? Dey's some likely ladies in Poketown lookin' yo' way. Whut yo' got tuh say tuh Sistah 'Liza Finney?"

Mr. Hyatt had nothing to say, and the meeting adjourned, as the members of the Session felt themselves unable to cope further with the subject under consideration.

The front gate of the Finney household, having long hung dejectedly by one hinge, had collapsed and lay exhausted upon the ground. Its absence was deplored by the younger daughter of the house, although she was chiefly responsible for the catastrophe.

It was Rachel's custom to spend as many hours as possible each day leaning upon the gate and exchanging greeting with friends. Indeed, she might be said to be passing her adolescence in lethargic content in the sunshine, taking no thought for the morrow and concerning herself not at all with the problem of existence.

"A lazy, shif'less, no'-count niggah," was her sister Eliza's opinion.

"A mighty sassy young baggage," agreed her father, not without pride.

"De smalles' wais' an' de spryes' cake-walkah in Poketown," commented Mr. Samuel Johnson.

"A chile of ole Satan," pronounced Brother Noah Hyatt, "a wuthless, triflin' yallah gal, an' a shame tuh huh sect."

Quite undisturbed by these varying opinions, Rachel continued to lean upon the gate until it could no longer support her. It did not occur to her to pick up and restore her old friend. Such an act would involve a certain amount of personal exertion and was consequently distasteful. She could, and frequently did, dance tirelessly all night, but a peculiar delicacy of constitution forbade manual labor. Therefore she merely sought another vantage-ground.

Several days later, Mr. Hyatt stood beside his pig-pen. His best and happiest moments were usually spent in silent contemplation of its grunting occupants and anticipation of their metamorphosis into well-streaked sides of bacon and large, succulent hams. Sometimes in the fullness of his satisfaction he even reached down and scratched the back of the largest, as though in compensation for its inevitable doom.

Recently, however, his pleasure had been somewhat marred. Glancing up from the pen across his well kept garden, he invariably observed a slender, indolent figure leaning upon the partition fence. Moreover, in spite of his air of frigid disapproval, his presence was always acknowledged by a smile and wave of the hand, which he inwardly denounced as "downright sassy."

He was also dimly aware that he had waited expectantly for the greeting more than once, although he never returned it by even the slightest inclination of his head, and the fact was disconcerting. Therefore, he cut short his sojourn at the pig-pen, and his manner as he shouldered his hoe was the reverse of encouraging.

Rachel watched with languid interest the shower of dirt and pebbles that marked his progress down the row of bean-hills.

"Yo' sho' gwine tuh have a fine crap o' beans, Brothah Hyatt," she remarked with neighborly pride.

Mr. Hyatt's reply was somewhat irrelevant.

"Gal," he said, "git tuh wuck. Whuffo yo' was'e yo' time dis-away? Don' yo' know ole Satan am ready an' waitin' tuh grab sich ez yo' an' hus'e 'em off tuh hell an' damnation? Git tuh wuck."

And, shaking the soil from his hoe, he strode away.

It was potatoes that needed attention next morning, and he conscientiously removed the devastating insects and showered Paris Green upon the tender young plants, carefully keeping his glass eye next the partition fence as he neared the end of the row.

"Brothah Hyatt!"

The plant under treatment received a sudden deluge of the white poison.

"Yo' done lef' two bugs on one leaf, Brothah Hyatt. Lemme git 'em fo' yo."

It was an opportunity to remark that the lady's hand could reach where the gentleman's could not, but Mr. Hyatt ignored it. It must be confessed, however, that his brown eye uneasily followed the movements of the arm thrust through the paling, as a soft, liquid voice continued:

"I done been studyin' 'bout whut yo' said, Brothah Hyatt. I feel pow'ful anxious 'bout meh soul, dat's whut I does."

"Wotch an' pray, gal, wotch an' pray."

It was good advice but uttered in a mechanical manner, for Mr. Hyatt was gazing horror-struck at a supple young form rapidly following the arm through the fence, and his knees felt weak beneath him.

Rachel removed the old tomato-can containing Paris Green from his nerveless hand, and seated herself on the ground at his feet.

"I's gwine tuh pick de bugs offen de vines," she remarked, "while yo' 'zorts 'bout hell an' damnation. I's mighty oneeasy 'bout meh soul. Kin yo' holp me, Brothah?"

Again the Session of Little Bethel was assembled in solemn conclave, reinforced this time by certain sisters who indeed had laid a serious case before it and were determined to bring the culprit to judgment. They sat whispering together, casting occasional indignant glances at the mourner's bench, where sat Mr. Samuel Johnson, a sinner perhaps, but smiling and unconcerned nevertheless. It was not the first time he had found himself in an embarrassing position, and he expected to emerge unscathed and triumphant as usual.

"Hit am meh painful juty," announced Mr. Brice, at last, "tuh lay befo' de Session de case of Mistah Sam'l Johnsing. He conduc', ez p'inted out by Aun' Janty Gibbs, am sho' scan'lous."

Public attention thus drawn to Aunt Janty Gibbs caused her to simper consciously, even while heaving the sigh incumbent upon one who brings the offender before the bar.

"Mistah Johnsing," resumed the preacher, "am been on probation befo'. Whut do he do? He fall f'om grace—yaas, he fall f'om grace, le! dis many a time."

Here Aunt Martha Young and Aunt Janty Gibbs groaned heavily in distress of spirit, while the accusation continued.

"Agin have Mistah Johnsing done cas' he eye on forbidden fruit. Agin have he tuck an' shook hisse'f free f'om he wife an' fambly. Whut do he do—tell' me dat? He up an' wandah on de tow-path when de moon am full. Yaas, he wandah on de tow-path wid a lady by he side! In de wodes o' Brothah Noahy Hyatt, he done tread de path todes hell an' damnation."

"Wide am de gate an' broad am de road whut leads tuh destruction," remarked Uncle William Stafford, "an' many dey be whut walks it."

"Mistah Johnsing," resumed Brother Brice, "done leave he lady-wife tuh tote de clo'es home by huhse'f, 'caze he so busy pickin' de banjo fuh de timptress tuh dance. Ez Brothah Hyatt——"

"Easy, Brothah, easy!"

Mr. Johnson had risen and stood in the attitude of one prepared for protest.

"I axes de 'tention of de Session an' de ladies whut done cas' de light o' dey countenances on it."

"Precede, Mistah Johnsing, precede."

Mr. Brice sat down as though prepared to listen without prejudice, and Mr. Johnson resumed:

"Of de subjec' befo' de Session, I sez nawthin'; of de onjustice of Aun' Janty Gibbs' onkind 'spicions, I sez nawthin'; of de onfriendly way meh sistahs an' meh brothahs done cas' 'flections on a membah of de fambly of de Lawd, I sez nawthin'. 'T ain' de fus' time I done suffah sich things in Poketown. I fuhgives meh enemies, an' I prays de good Lawd tuh fuhgive 'em too. Brothah Brice, yo' done make men-shun of de wodes of Brothah Hyatt. He mighty chock full of zeal 'bout gittin' me safe intuh hell, Brothah Hyatt am; he done shove me frequent todes de Gate. 'T ain' right nohow fo' dis hyah meetin' tuh precede 'thout him. Now, I axes yo', *whuh am Brothah Noahy Hyatt?*"

He paused, and the Session stirred uneasily. The absence of so important a member had been observed with regret, for he was zealous and unyielding in prosecution and especially gifted in denouncing the erring. Mr. Johnson allowed sufficient time for a reply, then repeated his question with renewed emphasis.

"I axes yo' tuh tell me,—whuh am Brothah Noahy Hyatt?"

"Mistah Johnsing," returned the pastor, "I tells yo' de truf. I dunno whuh Brothah Hyatt am dis night, but I knows dat he am kep' away aginst he will. I has con'ience in Brothah Hyatt, I has. He sho' am de eo'nah stone of Li'l Bethel."

"A pious an' a godly man," affirmed Aunt Janty Gibbs.

"De favahed of de Lawd," supplemented Aunt Martha Young.

"T ain' fuh sich ez yo' tuh scarify him wid yo' mouf, Sam'l Johnsing," sternly concluded Uncle William Stafford.

"De las' time de Session done set," ventured Mr. Johnson, "yo'all up an' 'pinionate dat Brothah Hyatt's conduc' did n' please nobody nohow."

"Mistah Johnsing," said Brother Brice, "whut yo' say am sho' nuff true. But lemme tell yo' dey's a long way twixt yo' an' Brothah Hyatt. We done ahgify wid him 'cause he did n' take tuh he buzzom a wife 'codin' tuh de Scriptuhs, same ez Adam done,—same ez Abraham, Isaac, an' Jacob, not to menshun Mistah Soloman. But lemme tell yo', Mistah Johnsing, dat *he* way am mo' pleasin' tuh me an' de Lawd dan yo' way am. He done live lonely but pious; yo' up an' fluttah f'om lady tuh lady twell Poketown p'int de fingah of sco'n at yo'."

"Amen—dat's so," corroborated Aunt Janty Gibbs.

"En so, Mistah Johnsing, I 'zorts yo' tuh drap yo' evil ways an' walk in de footsteps of Brothah Hyatt. Yo' don' ketch dat holy man lally-gaggin' in de moonlight wid light-footed yallah gals; yo' don' ketch him pickin' de banjo an' wotchin' Rachel Finney dance; yo' don'—"

"I axes yo' pahding fo' breakin' in while yo' 'zorts, Brothah," humbly remarked the culprit, "but I has a few wodes tuh say."

"I grants yo' grace, Mistah Johnsing. Precede."

Mr. Johnson inserted his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and struck an attitude. He enjoyed the position of centre figure, no matter under what circumstances he occupied it.

"Brothah Brice," he said, "yo' 'zort pow'ful *convincin'*, an' I lis'ens wid respec', even when yo' done hole up Mistah Noahy Hyatt ez a 'zample tuh sich ez me. Whut I done, I done 'cause I knowed it wuh wuck de good Lawd sent me; he need somebody tuh look aftah he li'l ewe lambs, an' he know I gwine tuh do it cyahful. It sho' do grieve meh sperit dat Aun' Janty Gibbs an' de ladies of Poketown looks todes me wid sich onbelievin' eyes."

The last clause was parenthetical, and in response to a sound between a snort and a choke emitted by the ladies present.

"I lays tuh haht whut yo' say, Brothah Brice,—I lays it tuh haht. I's ready an' willin' tuh follah de 'zample of Brothah Hyatt ef yo' 'zires me tuh do so. Mebbe me an' him's wuckin' in de same cause anyhow,—I dunno. But I *does* know whuh Brothah Hyatt done keep hisse'f dis night. Yaas, I knows why he up an' lingah in he gyahdin wid he back todes Li'l Bethel. So I axes yo', Brothah Brice an' de Session, an' de ladies hyah present, tuh come wid me an' see whut keep dis holy man, dis favahed of de Lawd, away f'om he juty. Befo' yo' passes jedgmint on me, I 'zorts yo' tuh come an' see."

Mr. Johnson's manner was impressive; he paused expectantly, and the Session conferred privately in anxious consultation.

Meanwhile, Brother Hyatt strolled among his beans and potatoes. The garden at night was quite different than when viewed by garish day, for the moon shed its soft light impartially and the dew fell softly, until leaves and vines glistened as bravely as though they were rare products of the florist's art rather than humble vegetables for the refreshment of the inner man.

Mr. Hyatt had meant to attend the meeting of the Session. He was dressed in his Sunday suit of black, his shining boots creaked portentously, and across his waistcoat was draped a massive plated watch-chain,—a finishing touch impressive indeed and suggestive of extreme opulence.

Thus arrayed, he sauntered out into his garden, and as though impelled by an irresistible force he walked in the direction of the partition fence.

“Yo' sho' am a fine figgah of a man, Brothah Hyatt.”

Mr. Hyatt advanced one foot a trifle and folded his arms after the manner of Napoleon, although he had never heard of the latter gentleman.

There were three palings off the fence now, and Rachel found entrance easy. A different Rachel to-night, clothed in a white frock abstracted from some one's laundry, a blue ribbon about her slim waist, and a red rose drooping behind her ear. He took an involuntary step forward, but she laughed softly and glided away, graceful, elusive, and irresistibly alluring.

“Yo' gwine tuh stay wid me,” she asserted, rather than inquired.

“No, I ain', gal; no, I ain'. I's gwine tuh Li'l Bethel.”

“Yo' gwine tuh stay hyah wid me.”

“Dey 's a meetin' of de Session gwine on. I had n' ought to stay nohow.”

She recognized the indecision in his voice and smiled a slow smile. Then, lifting her skirt lightly between thumb and finger, she began to dance, swaying back and forth in the moonlight as though to slow music, now coming close to him, now retreating into the shadow, her lithe body bending backward and forward at will. And Brother Hyatt followed, step by step, across the little garden to where the sweet-apple tree drooped its branches laden with ripening fruit.

“I gwine tuh Li'l Bethel,” he protested weakly.

Rachel came slowly toward him, closer and still closer, until the fragrant rose brushed his nostril and her head touched his shoulder.

“Yo' gwine tuh stay wid *me*,” she murmured.

Slowly and with dignity the Session filed down the street, headed by Mr. Samuel Johnson and terminating in Aunt Martha Young, whose avoirdupois forbade swiftness of motion. Finally they turned aside

from the highway and skirted by divers unfrequented routes past back yards and through the meadows that bordered Poketown. At last they paused in obedience to a gesture from their leader, and ranged themselves in a row along a fence.

"Dis hyah," volunteered Mr. Johnson, "am Brothah Hyatt's gyahdin."

"Dat fac'," returned the preacher, "don' bring no evil cha'ges aginst ouah brothah in de Lawd. 'Splain yo'sef, Mistah Johnsing, 'splain you'sef."

Mr. Johnson, however, merely pointed toward the tree in the corner. In the full light of the moon a girl was dancing with graceful abandon, while a man watched her, quite absorbed and oblivious to anything else. Now and then he whistled a few bars, or clapped his hands together in rhythmic ecstasy; sometimes also his feet moved as though impelled by some resistless force as the dancer whirled faster and faster,—so near now that her white skirts touched him as she turned. Suddenly she raised her hand and picked a red apple from the laden tree beside her, touched it with her lips, and held it coquettishly toward the Pillar of Little Bethel.

"Mallah side out," suggested Mr. Johnson, as the Session watched with breathless interest.

And before the horrified eyes of Aunt Janty Gibbs, Mr. Hyatt darted forward and grasped the apple; he also clutched the dancer around the waist in an impetuous embrace, and together they disappeared around the corner of the house.

Mr. Johnson spoke first, and his voice betrayed the triumph he felt.

"Reckon Brothah Hyatt ain' so mighty diff'unt f'om Mistah Adam nohow," he remarked.

Much later that same evening, when Poketown slept the sleep of the just, a figure crept into the back yard of the Finney homestead and cast a pebble at an upper window. A head immediately appeared in the aperture, and a sleepy voice inquired what was wanted.

"Rachel," returned Mr. Johnson, "I done been wotchin' fo' yo'. Yo' did n' have no call tuh spend *all* de evenin' wid ole man Noahy Hyatt. Yo' done kep' him home like I axed yo', an' I sho' gwine tuh git yo' a present, honey."

There was a short pause, and then Mr. Johnson spoke again, tenderly reproachful.

"Rachel, I been waitin' fo' yo' dia long time. Whut kep' yo' home f'om de tow-path, honey? I done 'spec' yo' same ez ushal."

Rachel giggled consciously.

"G' way, niggah," she remarked. "I ain' got no time fuh sich ez yo'. I's keepin' comp'ny wid Mistah Hyatt, I ia."

SHORT-STORY MASTERPIECES

VIII. LA BRETONNE

By André Theuriet

DONE INTO ENGLISH, AND WITH INTRODUCTION,
BY THE EDITOR

THE WRITINGS OF THEURIET

ANDRÉ THEURIET was evidently in sympathy with the doctrine that those lands and their dwellers are most happy which have the least history. Singular as the statement may seem when made of a contemporary French man of letters who had defeated Zola in a contest for election to the Academy, it is nevertheless true that the tone of Theuriet's work is repose. "The short and simple annals of the poor" he penned with simplicity and charm, and rarely did the hurly-burly tempt him to fare among scenes either boisterous or sordid. Yet, he was never squeamish, but wrote of a real life in a real world. What Alphonse Daudet became when he occasionally left fevered Paris to lie on the turf at Montauban and feel in fancy the gentle fanning of the old windmill, that André Theuriet was by temperament. The bucolic, the gentle, the peaceful—all met response in his nature and were mirrored in the placid pool of his fiction.

Theuriet was born at Marly-le-Roi, September, 1833, and spent his childhood in that lovely province. He got his education at Bar-le-Duc, and at Paris, where he took up the study of law, receiving the degree of *Licencée en Droit* at the age of twenty-four. Instead of practising, however, he entered the Ministry of Finance the same year, and began the routine of public life—as the intensely private career of the bureaucrat is called.

At once he began to publish verse, winning a place, the very year of his appointment to the Ministry of Finance, in the pages of that distinguished exponent of letters, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "In Memoriam" was the title of his first success—a romance in verse, quickly appraised by critics at a value which it still maintains, and displaying the qualities for which the author's writings are appreciated to-day.

We never tire of debating as to whether distinguished men are more

the' product of their times, than their era is moulded by its men. Doubtless something of both views is the ultimate truth. Theuriet, however, left no profound influence upon his age. During the ten years which succeeded the publication of "In Memoriam"—1857 to 1867—his work continued, unaffected by the French revolt, if that is not too strong a term, against romanticism. This is shown in his first volume of poems, "The Forest Path" (*Le Chemin du Bois*), published in 1867, and awarded the Vitel prize by the Academy. Another ten years, and he received the coveted place among the Immortals, but the tone of his writings never changed—his was always a quiet romanticism clothed up with the beauty of idealism.

Theuriet's selection of themes is a happy index to his nature. The one and the other are clean, uncomplicated by intrigue, and in the main agreeable. Are there many to-day who will be attracted to this man when his fiction is called restful and gentle? I do not know, since we are all so busy and turbulent and—disillusioned. But we ought to be, if we are not, drawn by the thoughts of a melodious rhythm of words portraying honest emotions, of country life that exhales the "perfume of new hay and of ripe wheat," of woodsy ways and forest folk—in a word, thoughts of a world where, as in *La Bretonne*, the lowliest respond to human need, and even crime cannot stamp out the image of the beautiful, a world full of goodness rising out of the ooze of evil.

And so it was country-life—country-life in Lorraine, enriched and made beautiful by the Loire—that inspired not only his early poems, but also the numerous novels, plays, sketches, and short-stories which stand to his credit—and I use the word designedly.

After a notable if not brilliant career as author and journalist, Theuriet died in Paris, 1897.

Relatively little of Theuriet's work is known to readers who know not French, but of this little probably the long short-story, "The Abbé Daniel," is the most familiar. It is in the style of Ludovic Halévy's "Abbé Constantin," and of about the same length—a little classic of "polite rusticity," of pastoral love, sorrow, loss, and happiness, limpid in style and artistically balanced in structure.

The plot is simple: Young Daniel loves his beautiful cousin Denise, but she marries Beauvais, the rough, hearty, typical bourgeois landed proprietor. A daughter is born—a second Denise—but the mother does not long survive. Young Daniel has entered the church and become "The Abbé Daniel." His simple goodness leads him to adopt an orphaned lad, whom he cherishes as he would his own. One day the Abbé finds little Daniel, as he is called, feeding a threshing machine. In terror for the child's danger, the Abbé shows his friends what the lad was doing, and the loss of his own arm is the penalty. He now resigns his parish and goes to live with the widowed father of the little

Denise and assumes charge of her education, lavishing upon the child the affection he was forbidden to give to her mother. The children learn to love each other, but young Daniel goes away to the Crimean War and seems to forget. Meanwhile, Beauvais plans to marry his daughter Denise to a worthy young nobody of means, but the loving Abbé sends for his protégé, who promptly returns on leave, and the end is not difficult to surmise.

All this brief narration is but sketching the frame and omitting the picture, for who can feel the charm of the simple but never insipid story when it is bereft of the witchery of Theuriet's style! It is worth while knowing at first hand a real French home, with the farmer-father, the daughter, the young soldier, and the Abbé Daniel.

That there are not many "intense thrills for jaded readers" in Theuriet's straightforward work will be further illustrated by a reading of his novels—"Mademoiselle Guignon," "Aunt Aurelia," "Claudette," "The Maugars," "Angela's Fortune," and others—with which we have not here to deal; but it will also be quite evident in the simplicity of his shorter fiction.

"An Easter Story" tells of Juanito, an orphan boy of fifteen. Like a weed on the pavement of Triana, he had grown up. Gipsy blood flowed in his veins and, like the gipsies, he loved his independence, vagrancy, and bull-fights. He earned a poor enough living by selling programmes at the doors of the theatres, but during Holy Week the theatres were closed, and now Good Friday finds him unhappy—for he has no money to go to the bull-fight on Easter Sunday! However, he follows the crowd until, tired and hungry, he lies down in a corner and sleeps. Two lovers pass. They put into the hand of the pretty youth a piece of silver, and so when he awakes his problem is solved. But as he starts down the street he sees a girl crying. He goes to her. It is Chata, whom he has known since childhood. Her mother is sick, she says, and the apothecary will not give her medicine because she has no money. Juanito looks into the girl's eyes, hesitates a moment, then quickly puts into her hand the piece of silver. So Juanito did not see the bull-fight.

On Sunday Chata goes out to find her friend, and they go for a walk. Coming to a secluded corner, the girl looks into the young man's eyes to thank him. But suddenly, moved by the sweetness of his deed, she throws her arms about his neck and cries, "I love you!"

Human interest—tenderness rather than strength—marks all Theuriet's short fictions. "Little Gab" is quite without plot, which means that its delicacy defies condensed narration. It is a sympathetic sketch of a small hunchback whose parents are too hard-pressed in their struggle with poverty to look after the boy. The physician tells Little Gab's sister that only the sea air and the baths at Berck can save her

brother's life. Through the unceasing labors and savings of the sister, this is at last accomplished, and both are on the heights of joy. The change is magical, and the lad returns with some prospect of recovery; but the dense air of the city is too much for Little Gab, and he dies still thinking of the beautiful sea.

Less tragic, but quite as simple in scheme, is "The Peaches," which narrates how Herbelot is teased out of the service of the Ministry of France by being detected carrying home for his wife two peaches concealed in his hat.

Though its tone is not entirely typical of Theuriet, *La Bretonne*—which follows, in translation—is probably his most dramatic story, revealing, as it does, the good that lives in the worst of us.

LA BRETONNE

ONE evening in November, the Eve of Saint Catherine, the iron gate of the Central Prison of Auberive turned on its hinges and allowed a woman of about thirty years to pass out. She was clad in a faded woollen gown, and her head was surmounted by a bonnet of linen that in an odd fashion framed her face—pallid and puffed by that grayish fat which is born of prison fare.

She was a prisoner whom they had just liberated. Her fellow-convicts called her *la Bretonne*. Condemned for infanticide, it was just six years since the prison van had brought her to *la Centrale*. At length, after having donned again her street clothes, and drawing from the registry the stock of money which had been saved for her, she found herself once more free, with her road-pass viséed for Langres.

The post-cart for Langres had left; so, cowed and awkward, she directed her way stumblingly toward the principal inn of the place, and in scarcely a confident voice asked a lodging for the night. The inn was full, and the landlady, who did not care to harbor "one of those jail-birds," advised her to push on as far as the little public-house situated at the other end of the village.

La Bretonne, more awkward and frightened than ever, went on her way, and knocked at the door of the public-house, which, to speak precisely, was only a drinking place for laborers. This proprietress also cast over her a distrustful eye, doubtless scenting a woman from *la Centrale*, and finally turned her away on the pretense that she did not keep lodgers. *La Bretonne* dared not insist; she merely moved away with her head down, while from the depths of her soul arose a sullen hate against this world which so repulsed her.

She had no other resource than to travel to Langres on foot.

In late November night comes quickly. Soon she found herself enveloped in darkness, on the gray road which stretched between the

edges of the woods, and where the north wind whistled rudely as it drove the heaps of dead leaves hither and yon.

After six years of sedentary life as a recluse, she no longer knew how to walk; the joints of her knees were rickety; her feet, accustomed to sabots, were tortured in her new shoes. After about a league they were blistered, and she herself was exhausted. She sat down on a milestone, shivering and asking herself if she must die of cold and hunger in this black night, under that icy wind which so chilled her.

Suddenly, in the solitude of the road, over the squalls of wind she seemed to hear the trailing sounds of a voice in song. She strained her ears and distinguished the cadence of one of those caressing and monotonous chants with which one lulls children to sleep. Thereupon, rising again to her feet, she pressed on in the direction of the voice, and at the turn of a cross-road she saw a light which reddened through the branches.

Five minutes later she reached a mud hovel, whose roof, covered with clods of earth, leaned against the rock, and whose single window had sent forth that luminous ray. With anxious heart she decided to knock. The song ceased and a peasant opened the door—a woman of the same age as *la Bretonne*, but already faded and aged by work. Her bodice, torn in places, showed a rough and swarthy skin; her red hair escaped dishevelled from under a little cloth cap; her gray eyes regarded with amazement this stranger whose figure revealed something of loneliness.

"Well, good evening," said she, raising higher the lamp which she held in her hand. "What do you want?"

"I can go no further," murmured *la Bretonne* in a voice broken by a sob. "The town is far, and if you will lodge me for this night, you'll render me a service. I have some money, and will pay you for your trouble."

"Come in!" replied the other, after a moment of hesitation; then she continued in a tone more of curiosity than of suspicion, "Why did n't you sleep at Auberive?"

"They were not willing to lodge me"—and, lowering her blue eyes, *la Bretonne*, seized with a scruple, added—"because, you see, I come from the Central Prison, and that does not give folks confidence."

"Ah! Come in all the same. I, who never knew anything but poverty—I fear nothing! I have a conscience against turning a Christian from the door on a night like this. I'll go make you a bed by strewing some heather."

She proceeded to take from under a shed several bundles of dry sweet-heather and spread them in a corner before the chimney.

"You live here alone?" timidly asked *la Bretonne*.

"Yes, with my youngster, who is nearly seven years old. I earn our living by working in the woods."

"Your man is dead?"

"I never had one," said *la Fleuriotte* brusky. "The poor child has n't any father. As the saying is, 'to each his sorrow.' There, your bed is made, and here are two or three potatoes which are left over from supper—it 's all I have to offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice coming from a dark closet, separated from the main room by a board partition.

"Good night!" she repeated. "I must go look up the little one—she 's crying. Have a good night's sleep!"

She took the lamp and went to the adjacent closet, leaving *la Bretonne* in darkness.

Soon she was stretched upon her bed of heather. After having eaten, she tried to close her eyes, but sleep would not come. Through the partition she heard *la Fleuriotte* talking softly with her baby, whom the arrival of the stranger had awakened, and who did not wish to go to sleep again. *La Fleuriotte* petted her, she embraced her with caressing words—naïve expressions which strangely stirred *la Bretonne*.

The outburst of tenderness awakened a confused instinct of motherhood buried deep in the soul of that girl who had once been condemned for having stifled her new-born babe. *La Bretonne* reflected that "if things had not gone badly" with her, her own child would have been just as old as this little girl. At that thought, and at the sound of the childish voice, she shuddered in her inmost soul; something tender and loving was born in that embittered heart, and she felt an overwhelming need for tears.

"Come, my pet," said *la Fleuriotte*, "hurry off to sleep. If you are good, I 'll take you to-morrow to the fête of Saint Catherine."

"Saint Catherine's—that 's the fête for little girls, is n't it, Mamma?"

"Yes, my own."

"Is it true, then, that on this day Saint Catherine gives playthings to the children?"

"Yes—sometimes."

"Why does n't she ever bring anything to our house?"

"We live too far away; and, besides, we are too poor."

"Then, she brings them only to rich children! Why? I—I 'd love to have some playthings."

"Ah, well! Some day—if you are quite good—if you go to sleep nicely—perhaps she will bring you some."

"All right, I 'm going to sleep—so that she 'll bring me some to-morrow."

Silence. Then regular and gentle breathing. The child had fallen asleep, and the mother too. Only *la Bretonne* did not sleep. An emotion both poignant and tender wrung her heart, and she thought more fixedly than ever of that little one whom long ago she had stifled. This lasted until the first gleams of dawn.

At early daylight *la Fleuriotte* and her child still slept. *La Bretonne* furtively glided out of the house, and, walking hastily in the direction of Auberive, did not pause until she reached the first houses. Once there, she again passed slowly up the single street, scanning the signs of the shops. At last one of these seemed to fix her attention. She rapped upon the window-shutter, and by and by it was opened. It was a dry-goods shop, but they also had some children's playthings—poor shopworn toys—paper dolls, a Noah's ark, a sheep-fold. To the great amazement of the shopkeeper, *la Bretonne* bought them all, paid, and went out.

She was again on the road to *la Fleuriotte's* hovel when a hand was laid heavily on her shoulder. Tremblingly she turned and found herself facing a corporal of *gendarmes*. The unhappy woman had forgotten that convicts were not permitted after their release to remain in the neighborhood of the prison!

"Instead of loafing here, you should be already at Langres," said the corporal severely. "Go along—on your way!"

She sought to explain—her pains were lost! In the twinkling of an eye a cart was requisitioned, she was put in under the escort of a *gendarme*, and the driver whipped up his horse.

The cart rumbled joltingly over the frozen road. Poor *la Bretonne* heart-brokenly clutched the package of playthings in her chilled fingers.

At a turn of the highway she recognized the cross-path through the woods. Her heart leaped, and she pleaded with the *gendarme* to stop—she had an errand for *la Fleuriotte*, a woman who lived there, only a couple of steps away. She pleaded with so much earnestness that the *gendarme*, a good fellow at heart, allowed himself to be persuaded. They tied the horse to the tree and went up the path.

In front of her door *la Fleuriotte* was chopping up wood into faggots. Upon seeing her visitor back again, accompanied by a *gendarme*, she stood open-mouthed, her arms hanging.

"Chut!" said *la Bretonne*, "is the little one still asleep?"

"Yes, but—"

"Lay these playthings gently on her bed, and tell her that Saint Catherine sent them. I went back to Auberive to hunt for them, but it seems that I had n't the right to do so, and they are sending me to Langres."

"Holy Mother of God!" cried *la Fleuriotte*.

"Pshaw!"

She drew near the bed. Followed always by her guard, *la Bretonne* spread over the coverlet the dolls, the ark, and the flock of sheep. Then she kissed the bare arm of the sleeping child, and, turning toward the *gendarme*, who stood staring,

"Now," said she, "we can go on."

CHINA WILL REPAY

By Will Levington Comfort

Author of "She Buildeth Her House," "Routledge Rides Alone," etc.

NOW, in his own land, from seven to twenty-eight, the years of Wu Weng Lang were spent in the midst of a culture hardly in the conception of the western world. Something of all matters, he learned, from the deeps to the clouds; and struggled, as all thinking men have done in all times, to establish connection between his soul and the Beyond. The system of learning for the *literati* of China is not competitive. The classes are of three and four, and the best of the individual is brought out through long discussions. The old professors beamed over their shell-rimmed glasses at the questions of Wu Weng Lang, and at his increasing power of concentration.

"The young nobleman will be viceroy some day," they said to each other.

He left them finely-tempered in mind, and with a growing zeal to leave the mark of his life pure upon his country. Out of the studious quiet of the academy, and out of the flowery stillness of his hills in Yung-tung (Province of the Cloudy East), he set forth to study the world, the fruits of which he had learned from books. Giant thoughts were coiled in his brain, and his tall, slender body was hard and polished as lacquer. For a year he studied the precocious advancement of Japan; then crossed to San Francisco and journeyed east, restless and bewildered by the great animation of the New World, which left its frenzy-marks in piled granite, singing wires, and trans-continental stretches of steel.

The ascetic was dismayed and humiliated at first. His early days in America were filled with loneliness and rebellion, but no one could have discerned it through the calm interest, almost ennui, apparent in his slant eyes. In a little while he was adjusted, and found the lessons of the younger civilization laughably easy, after the towering abstractions which his mind had gripped and assimilated, back in the still, dead centuries—as the old life now seemed. His memories amounted to a passion—ravines which held the tinkle of water; hills that breathed a perfume of yellow lilies; the ages of study in the sweet quiet of the academy; the revered and aged father who had energized all.

To him, America was a metal—the people magnetized to attract metal, and to be maddened by it. The race-soul of the nation, to his eyes, was pent, sheathed, poisoned by copper and silver and gold. From the thousands who passed him on the streets of New York, he felt the looks of curiosity and contempt. They could not distinguish from his clothing, his hands, nor his brow, that he was not a laundryman—an extra tall one.

Still, his station gave him entrance to certain lofty social connections in New York. His English was admirable; his manner fascinatingly urbane; his oblique eyes weary unto mystery. Always there was a laugh in his heart during the progress of these functions; and always the needs of great China were hot in his brain, and ways to help her turned all the ardent currents of his life into one great stream—a dream of service to the Home-land. . . . He was called to Washington by Yuan Kang-su, his minister plenipotentiary, a friend and distant relative of his own family. The two rode and rowed together, fished, tennised, and talked—long night talks, after arduous social affairs. Yuan Kang-su was young comparatively—a man constantly in the American press, connected with the adjective “wily,” but he was merely wise. His heart was in China, as was Wu Wen Lang’s. America would have been scandalized, indeed, had she heard the observations softly intoned during certain small hours at the legation.

On one of the vernal nights of June, when Washington is at her finest, the young nobleman met Marzia Harden at a lawn-fête given by the Austrian ambassador. Miss Harden was born in China. Her father, now dead, was for many years consul at Hankow. Wu Weng Lang found in her something that American women had never shown the oriental eye before. She did not regard him as a curiosity. She was ready to ask and to listen, and revealed an appreciation for the elder world, and a love for it. He saw it was true—that her childish wonderment and childish impressions of the big up-river town had left her with a hunger to return. She did not stare at him, as one patronizing an ethnological exhibit.

He sought his rooms at the legation that night without his usual chat in the minister’s study. . . . His fingers seemed animate with a mind of their own; keys turned without a click; clearly he saw a spark as he touched the metal of his lamp, which he did not ignite. There was light in his brain, and it was focused upon a picture there—a woman with dark brown hair, tall as himself; big, sincere, gray eyes, lips of ardor and purity. He remembered the electric contact of her delicate hand. Her memories of the China of her girlhood, as she had spoken them, still whispered in his brain. Long and intensely, he thought, and always the light of his mind fell steadily upon her image. Frequently, in the next two months, they were together,—so

frequently that people talked. . . . Late one night, Yuan Kang-su said: "My boy, you have forgotten your country."

"Remember," said Wu Weng Lang, "I am thirty years old, and have never looked upon a woman before."

The two were in the library at the legation. The older man stirred upon his couch. "Thirty and never looked upon a woman," he repeated dreamily. "Lucky boy of thirty! Buddha did not look upon a woman; the Christ did not; Saint Paul of the Bible did not, and advised those who were strong enough, not to look upon a woman; Confucius, you know. Perhaps I have underestimated you."

"But—I take your rebuke—you are married. . . . Until two months ago, I have been as an anchorite. It is only now that I am *called*—awakened to the world—and she—"

"She is a woman. Do we listen to women in China?"

"I have not listened only. May I say good-night?"

China's envoy winced. "Listen," he said hastily. "If you were not of big calibre, I should not care. You came to me with many dreams of helping our country. You were pure, as no white man is pure at your age. You look into a woman's eyes and forget your dreams. Are you going to devote your life to a woman or your country—which?"

"Ah," came like a sigh from Wu Weng Lang.

"You said you were going home this month," pursued the other, after a pause. "When do you start?"

"I do not know."

The next afternoon, he met Marzia at Mrs. Milner's.

"Do you know, Mr. Lang," the girl whispered, "that you have awakened all my memories? I have decided to go back to China."

He did not miss the singular power in her eyes, as he released her hand. "When do you sail, Miss Harden?"

"There is a ship from San Francisco in six days; another from Vancouver in nine days. I have not decided which. You see, I have no relatives, and as I am not exactly poor, it has come to me that I may be able to do some good. More—I am hungry to see China again."

"As a missionary?" he asked quickly, and for the first time she saw his eyelids stretch fully apart. The Chinese are accustomed to have their women sit at their feet and listen. They are not to be led to God by women, who are incomplete souls, according to the oriental idea. Marzia Harden's answer enhanced her value to Wu Weng Lang.

"No, not as a missionary. I know better than that. But there are so many poor, and I have always been hungry to do something for little girls. I know what it means to be a little girl in China. . . . You will be at my bit of a party to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

Throughout the following evening, the hostess and the young Chinese were much together.

"I have heard that you mean to go back to China very soon," Miss Harden said. "Have you decided just when?"

To arrive in San Francisco in time for the next steamer, it would be necessary to leave early the next morning. Wu Weng Lang had not missed this fact.

"The truth is, Miss Harden, I had planned to sail eight days from now—on the next *Empress* from Vancouver."

Her cheek colored, and there was instant gladness in her eyes. In the breast of the oriental that moment was the glory of a victorious gladiator. . . . Even before he turned, he felt the eyes of Yuan Kang-su upon him.

"There would be much chance to talk about our—about my future work among the little girls, on a long Pacific voyage—if I should take that ship," she managed to say.

The minister paid his devoirs to Miss Harden, and departed. . . . Wu Weng Lang was last to leave, and he walked slowly to the legation, hoping that his friend would have retired, but it was not so. The elder man was waiting in the library. He offered wine and cigarettes, and they sat down together in silence. From somewhere near, the hour of one chimed.

"My son," said the minister long afterward, "what is the meaning of life on earth for a good man? Which is the greater incident in a real man's life—winning a woman or service to one's country? Through which does the big soul leave a perennial warmth of gratitude in the hearts of his people?"

Wu Weng Lang blew the ash from his cigarette. The rich color of old ivory had left his face. He stepped across the room and looked straight into the eyes of the ranking Chinese in America.

"For nearly thirty years, I dreamed of nothing but service to China. For two months and a day, I have dreamed of love. . . . If I could manipulate the weights and measures of my soul—perhaps I should know what to do. Am I lost if I gain this woman?"

"Yea."

"But I am going home on the *Empress* with her—"

"Leave to-morrow morning for San Francisco, and you will be in time to sail on a Pacific Mail steamer."

"But—"

"Quite true, you would not be able to see her again—unless the voyage and the first breath of China fail to cure you—unless you sought her in Shanghai."

"But she is the pure and the beautiful—"

"Granted."

"But *you* have won a woman and a career!"

"A woman of my own people. . . . My son, I need not tell you what China would think of you; what the *tongs* would think; what our own circle would think; what America would think! . . . As for my career, it is but polished brass. Yours may be fine gold. China needs the life-work of such men as you."

"But I could slay myself smiling—for her!"

"Slay yourself smiling for God's sorrowing multitudes at Home! . . . You may love, but you are not mated. . . . The fast train for the West leaves at six in the morning."

The young nobleman, ever impassive until now, dropped upon a couch and covered his face. Neither spoke, scarcely moved, for many minutes. The chimes sounded two.

Wu Weng Lang started up. "Must I tell you that even now I have all but won—all but the last word? . . . I did not say the last word to-night—or last night. I fought against that! But I have won—all but the word."

"I never doubted it," the envoy said quietly.

"But what shall she think of me—this American woman of sympathy and greatness?"

"The opposite from what I—from what all China—will think. . . . Still, you must remember that she has her point of view. It may be revealing itself to her to-night. . . . Shall I have your baggage made ready?"

"No—not yet!" The words were gasped.

"My son, look at Japan! It was the young men like you whose studies defeated China; who gave their crowded country space to breathe in Korea and Liaotung; young men like you who prepared the way for the victory over Russia, and lifted their country to the first flight among the Powers! Take back your message to Peking—alone! China needs you, and *China will repay!* . . . Remember Marquis Ito—the hero of all Japan at fifty—and rebuked at sixty by his Emperor for the extent of his harem! Still, Ito had done his work. You have not—you have only prepared; but I say to you—my son, you are one of the chosen!"

"You know, and I know, but I love! . . . Have the servants tie up my trunks. I will leave at six. May I write to her?"

"No."

Wu Weng Lang sat down in a Pullman smoking-compartment on the west-bound flier, a little before six that morning. All the big elements of the man were whipped and cowering. The vigorous human nature within him, repressed so long, had risen with all its accumu-

lated might to protect and treasure this woman. . . . Every mile that the swift train bore him away from Washington, the pangs tightened. He lit a cigarette, and it burned to his fingers, without touching his lips again. He had suffered many things, but none like this. In the rare instants in which he could forget the hands, the lips, the eyes, of Marzia Harden, flashes of hatred surged into his brain toward Yuan Kang-su, a man whom he had always loved. . . . He marvelled how he could have been so weak, so dishonorable, as to leave Washington without a message to the woman—simply because the envoy had so commanded. . . . A heavy stranger, smoking and drowsing in the cane-chair opposite, had no sign of the red devils of rebellion, and the foaming torrents of ardor, which battled within the breast of the moveless, almost rigid Oriental. Thus for an hour he sat, fields, rivers, and little sleepy towns forming a blurred composite in his brain. The first breakfast-call was announced.

Presently, he moved to the coach and dropped into the first unoccupied seat, awaiting the porter. Five or six sections forward, sat a lady with her back toward him. He gazed upon her breathlessly. The contour of her shoulders, the color of her hair, and the droop of her hat merged into an incarnation of his memory of Marzia Harden. The porter now came through, and the woman spoke to him. . . . The coach had become a celestial habitation. Speed, sounds, landscape, were lost to his eyes—only her voice lingered, alternately soothing and startling. Down the aisle he walked, his face immobile, his heart raging.

"Miss Harden."

She started, paled, and cried his name. "Why did you come on this train?" she gasped.

His answer could not have been less oriental. "To avoid you. And why did you come on this train?"

"I knew it vaguely all the time, but last night, after you left me, the truth came in such a way that I could not put it behind me. Long ago I heard your minister speak of the great work you are destined to do in China. I—I would spoil that work! . . . Won't you sit down? . . . It came to me that if we journeyed across the continent and across the Pacific together—we should forget China. You know you have been very dear to me, Mr. Lang."

He looked with strange intensity into her eyes, but did not answer.

The feminine temperament manifested for a moment. "Did you send any message to my house that you were taking this train?" she asked.

"No."

"Why not? You had no thought of doing so last night."

"I was in the hands of a giant for three hours."

"Your minister? . . . He has the welfare of China at heart, Mr. Lang. You made me forget it sometimes."

A trifle coldly, she spoke. A woman does not like to think that her romance can be disordered by another.

"He reminded me of all that you made me forget," Wu Weng Lang said suddenly. "Oh, it was not easy. We wrestled for three hours. I have prepared for thirty years to worship a woman like you. He said that I had prepared for thirty years to cast my strength for the lifting of sunken China. He said that I could not do both. . . . I knew all that he told me—but can it be true? Is there not some meaning in our being together again here—this morning? Tell me, Marzia Harden!"

She saw now the passion in his eyes which she had looked for long. Before, she had felt it only psychically. It unsteadied, frightened her. She turned her face to the window.

"It is a coincidence," she answered faintly.

There were hours for talk in Chicago, and together they rode westward. Daylight was all too short. They dined together on the evening before the train was scheduled to reach Granger, where the ways part—west to San Francisco and northwestward to Portland. That was a memorable hour in the diner.

"I have been thinking," said Wu Weng Lang, leaning toward her to whisper, "that I *can* do both! . . . You give me such a sweep of power. All my people will learn to love you. My house in Yuntung is vast and ancient and beautiful. There are gardens and fountains, and servants whose names have been the same in the household for many, many generations. Iris and rose and lily; silence and fragrance and courtesy; a grove of fruits to wander in, and my aged father to welcome us. I tell you, Marzia Harden, my minister is wrong!" he added with a new vehemence. "I can serve and love both—my country and you! May it not be so, pure heart, so dear to me?"

Crimson from the prairie sunset was reflected in her eyes. "I must think! I must think!" she said huskily, without turning toward him. . . . In the hour that followed before they parted, his illusion in regard to a double life-service was not unveiled. . . . Granger in the dawning, and a long stop at this prairie junction. Wu Weng Lang stirred in his berth, roused by the silence of the wheels, drew the curtain and stared sleepily out into the gray. A lone Indian sat in his blankets upon the platform. From far ahead came the sound of voices, and trunks bumping out of the baggage-car to the planking. Again he fell asleep. At breakfast-time he looked for Miss Schuyler. Her berth had been put up, but she was not in her section. Presently he asked the porter, who was taking the coach clear through.

"Why, she got off at Granger this morning. The lady arranged last night to go to Portland, sir, instead of 'Frisco."

"Thank you," said Wu Weng Lang, and he went out into the sealed vestibule, and waited until his heart and brain cleaved together once more. . . . Naturally, his first thought was to travel north from San Francisco, by the Shasta Route, and reach Portland in time for the sailing of the *Empress*, but the woman had said, "I must think! I must think!" . . . Her thinking last night had altered the course of two lives. . . . Wu Weng Lang recalled all that Yuan Kang-su had said; all that Marzia Harden had said; he thought of China and himself. . . . He loved her with the passion of the Orient, and something of the humble persistence of her own people; yet, though he could run from the woman, he could not follow.

None would have known from his face that he was suicidal. In his extremity, planning for the work before him was his single salvation. He embarked from San Francisco, and day after day paced the deck, his brain an arena in which were pitted the welfare of China and the sweetness of one lady. Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai—Shanghai! There the battle was won. The bleak continent in his eyes, and thoughts of the Home-land in his brain—her ill-divided riches; the younger Powers hovering above her like vultures, waiting for the death-throes to cease; China—her needs, her bounty, her poverty, her mishandled immensity. Over all, the love of the returning native! These caused him to forget, for moments at a time, the white woman whose civilization had made her a full-powered entity, as the male is supposed to be in China; this lovely, royal woman, capable of self-sacrifice,—so much more beautiful and worthy than the women of his own land, who consent to be hidden, and who know only the verbs "to listen" and "to obey." The *Empress* was due in Shanghai within forty hours. Wu Weng Lang summoned the courage—not to wait.

Just a week he allowed himself to wander in the gardens of his ancestral home in Yun-tung, and to pay homage to his ancient father; then Wu Weng Lang plunged into the work of the nation. He was called to Peking, and despatched to Ostraso, a valuable tea island, to head off the encroachments of the Germans. His six months' work there was brilliant. Yuan Kang-su was changed from Washington to Berlin, and the young man was made his secretary. At the end of two years, his friend wrote to Peking that Wu Weng Lang's service was so effective and untiring that he deserved a bigger field, even though it was a bitter sacrifice to allow him to leave Berlin. He was then sent as envoy extraordinary to The Hague, where his management was so signally just and eminent that China began really to

reckon with the young man, it being observed that he would be more valuable in the Orient than abroad.

"Other men can watch Japan and the occidental capitals," declared an aged statesman close to the Throne. "This young man is filled with European and American precepts and practices. He is an organizer. We are sorely menaced by the younger Powers. Wu Weng Lang may show us the way to compete and combat."

So the nobleman awoke one morning to find himself a Daniel in the Imperial court. While he loved old, meditative China, he foresaw her inevitable dismemberment if she did not arise and deal with the quicker-handed peoples according to their own methods. He deplored the necessity of naval and military evolution, but pointed below to India, drained; and above to Japan of rousing victories, declaring that China must choose her future. He besought the rulers to study the German infantry, the British navy, the American cavalry, and the Japanese spirit, toward the end of preserving the integrity of his country. So vivid and vital was his influence that the conservatives arose against him like a plague of hornets, and the relentless Dowager interfered. What she said to her court was never known, but old China lived in her corroded veins, and a new China bristled with menaces to her rheumy eyes. Wu Weng Lang represented the New, and was therefore a menace. It may be that she said, "Possibly he is wise as you say, but certainly he is dangerous above men. Send him the *silver cord!*"

There is no history of the expostulations of her Court. The inner circle of Chinese affairs is hedged in by a wall not built by hands. The sending of the silver cord was irrevocable. It means that the honored recipient must slay himself within three months, or be assassinated, a necessity for the latter course being considered dishonorable on his part.

For five years, Wu Weng Lang had given the best of his brain and hand, and the first fruits of his soul's meditation, to the Home-land. More, he had given all the passion which might have been the heritage of the woman he was destined to love until the end. His house in the Forbidden City was neither vast nor sumptuous. His friends had often asked him why he did not organize a fitting establishment and take wives.

"I am so fond of work," he would answer, "that women would not be happy in my household."

Wu Weng Lang opened the little box, after dismissing its bearer, and perceived the silver cord. He thrust it into his breast, and walked out to the fountain and drank a cup of cold water. At his gate he saw two Chinese, whom he recognized as secret agents.

"These are to be my guardians for three months," he muttered.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth they will follow me, and if I hesitate to kill myself within the allotted time, they will do it for me."

He asked them in, and gave them food and wine. He showed them where he slept, and told them where he meant to go. . . . Wu Weng Lang was very weary. His life-work was lost—and his life-romance. In the weakness of the body, he hungered for the only hands under the bright sun that could restore his soul and bring him gladness. . . . Five years—she might be in America, or hidden in China somewhere. Followed by his hounds, he went to Tientsin, embarked for Shanghai. She was not there. Then he went up the river to pay his last love to the ancient Chinese who called him son. . . . At Hankow, he heard of Marzia Harden. She had established a school for little girls there, and had left to start another at Canton. Down the Yangtse again to the sea; down the coast to Hong Kong; and up the crowded Pearl River to Canton—precious days. He found her little school sweetly operative, but she was not there. Weary and ill, she had taken a sea-trip away up to Hakodate, but was due to return within a fortnight, according to her promise. Wu Weng Lang reckoned swiftly. At the end of a fortnight, he would be well begun on his last week on earth; yet he decided to wait. The pair of assassins had become his servants. In those two weeks he had much time to think. Scarcely did he eat or drink, and all the memorable days of his thirty-five years came back to mind. He saw that old China must transform slowly; saw clearly now that the occident had made him too swift and furious in method. He had the philosophy of the ancient wisdom, which made death a desirable formality; but, also, he loved a woman, which made life dear. Between these two forces was pitiless war.

On the evening of his fourteenth day in Canton, he sent one of his followers to the European hotel to learn if Miss Harden had arrived. She had not, nor did she return in the three following days. It was on the night of his eighty-ninth day that word reached him of her coming.

"She'll be travel-tired to-night," he reflected. "I'll wait until the morning. . . . What time must I die to-morrow?" he inquired, turning to the ever-haunting pair.

"The last thing to-morrow night, if you wish," said one. "I would die twelve times—if it would save you."

The other signified that he gladly would cast his low life into oblivion if it would avail to save the nobleman.

"Good, my boys," said Wu Weng Lang, with a tired smile. "You will not have to take my life. I merely wanted to know my last hour. And now I sleep."

But he did not sleep, and the night was long. It was the time of year when southern China holds the heat fast to her bosom. In the early morning on the Victoria Road, he saw her hurrying in his direction, her eyes downward cast. He guessed that she was on the way to visit her school; and the thought came to him wonderingly if he should carry this picture with him into the dark that night—the tall, slender, hastening figure, gray-clad; the pale face, so lovely to his eyes; the unfinished romance. . . . He halted and the woman sped past unseeing.

“Miss Harden!”

She stopped short, but turned slowly, doubtfully; then her face became even whiter than before, and her eyes seemed wondrous large.

“Oh, I was thinking of you!” she faltered, taking his outstretched hand, and in her embarrassment an odd remark followed: “You—you look so royal in Chinese clothing!”

“I have followed your trail of good deeds, Miss Harden, all the way down the coast, and up some of the rivers, and here I have waited for you. The little girls of your school call you their angel-mother. You have done a great service for us!”

“And what have you not done?” she exclaimed. “I have heard everywhere that you are a lion in Peking. I am proud, indeed, of your work, and so thankful that I——” she hesitated.

“My country is sending me out on a long journey to-night,” he said quickly. His fighting strength waned in the presence of the woman. “I felt that it would be good to see you before I left.”

“Where do you go?” she asked dully.

“I do not know. In a sense, mine are sealed orders. Come,” he added briskly, “may not the little girls wait for one more day, and you and I walk and talk together?”

“Gladly. I would not have it any other way, but you frighten me—about the long journey and the sealed orders. Is it a difficult—a dangerous mission?”

“I do not know,” he answered, “but am I not honored if it is?”

They crossed the river to the island of Ho-nan, and wandered about the great pagoda, drinking tea and talking low. Relentlessly swift were the hours, but the woman never forgot their evanescent beauty. . . . They had been talking over the old days.

“Would you have been angry if I had followed you up to Vancouver in time for the *Empress*?” he asked.

“I knew you would not. An American might have done that—but never a man like you. I knew you would say, ‘It is now my destiny to remember my work and forget Marzia Harden,’ if I slipped off at Granger that dawn. It was not an easy thing for me to do.”

“No woman of my country could have done that—unless she hated

the man. . . . Forget Marzia Harden," he added musingly. "Forget Marzia Harden."

"Who are those two men who have followed us all day long?" she asked, when they were on the ferry again, and it was dusk.

"Those—those are my servants," he replied, "a burden of my calling. You see, when China wishes to use a man, she provides against him encountering accidents."

"Why, you are guarded like the royalty! And will they follow you on your journey?"

"Yes."

"I am glad; and yet it all seems weird and terrible to me. . . . I have always felt in China, when I was most lonely and miserable—that you were here! . . . You know nothing of when you may return?"

He shook his head and turned his face from her. Great shame swept over him for his weakness in seeing her at all. A wild dream to defeat the Empress, buy her assassins, provide a dummy suicide, and flee with the woman to the South Seas, gripped him for an instant like a garrote. Five years had sealed and proven their romance. It had the sanction of the Most High God. Each had done the work called, done well, and the barriers had fallen back. In this last night of his life, Marzia Harden was nobler, braver, dearer, to him than China, the world, or Heaven.

In the light of the shops, as they turned on Victoria Road, she saw his face, and it seemed suddenly lined and haggard with a soul's tumult. Fascinated, she studied the profile—unbreakable valor, the purity of a boy still upon his brow, and the imprint of mature power upon his eyes and lips. The night was starless and rain fell lightly. At the door of her hotel he stopped to say good-by.

"But are we not to have a last dinner together?" she cried, in a swift despairing way.

In the instant pause he shattered the rarest treasure of his life. He had meant to dine with her, but he had not the strength to live another hour in her presence and hold the lock upon his lips.

"There is no time left," he said steadily. "Marzia Harden, you will go back to your country now. You have done well and enough, and now you must rest. It is my prayer that China and Wu Weng Lang may live among your dearest memories. To me, you have always been the God-touched woman, and the only woman I have ever known. May the Gods of the East and West love you."

He bowed low before her, touched her fingers to his forehead, and would have turned away, but she seized his hand and kissed it. Her voice was a scream repressed:

"Oh, you do not mean to come back! You do not mean to come back!"

Then as if overwhelmed by the moment, or by the thing she had done, Marzia Harden turned from him and sped into the hotel.

In his room again with the watchers, Wu Weng Lang garbed himself in the coarsest of coolie garments.

"We take the deck-passage down the river to-night," he said. "The steamer leaves at nine—in less than an hour."

They begged him to have food and a stimulant—even advising a pipe of opium.

"No," he said; "I am not hungry, and I need no stimulant nor sedative." His face was the most astonishing that ever looked out from a coolie garb. . . . Two hours later, when the river-steamer was opposite Shi-lung, there was a splash overside from the lower-deck. The boat was stopped and held against the current for several minutes, but the body did not reappear. The British captain stepped down, asked a few questions, and returned to the upper deck, where the first-class passengers eagerly besought him for the story.

"Oh, the body will turn up on the Kowloon probably," he said lightly. "This river, Mother o' Pearl, has carried many a one like him down-stream. Just a Chino coolie gone crazy from the black smoke."

was said about nine
about a few minutes
a to going out into
the room
and the

LILACS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

HOW lovingly the lilacs lean,
How gracefully the lilacs nod,
Above the vernal gold and green
Of the soft garden sod!

And how adown the twilight tides
Their delicate perfume drifts and strays,
Recalling poignantly the ides
Of long evanished Mays!

O lilacs, droop! O lilacs, fling
Your attar as in other years!
From out the precious past you bring
The bitter-sweet of tears!

THE PROSPERITY OF AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS

By Robert Grau

AS recently as a decade ago, plays by native authors were regarded with suspicion and even ridicule by theatrical managers. Ten years further back, only the efforts of a Mark Twain or a Bret Harte ever reached the dignity of a production. It is recalled that about this period the late Bartley Campbell suffered the greatest privations, while his plays lay thick with dust on the shelves in managerial sanctums.

It was Campbell who first broke the hoodoo attached to the American playwright. This was accomplished with "The Galley Slave," a play that had been rejected by every New York manager but one. The play earned for this manager nearly a quarter of a million dollars, but Campbell himself was paid a paltry few hundred dollars outright. Still, his fame as its author resulted in the managers tumbling over one another to secure the very same plays the rights to which had been previously offered to them at any price. "The White Slave" was written long before "The Galley Slave," as were also "My Partner," "Fate," and "Siberia." Each of these brought Campbell a fortune, and to this day they are nearly all potent for stock companies.

Five years ago, in another generation and in a far more propitious era, Eugene Walter hawked his first play, "Paid in Full," from one manager's office to another, and it is said that while the manuscript was being neglected in the offices of a prominent theatrical firm, the author was forced to sleep in Bryant Park for want of shelter. When "Paid in Full" was produced at the Astor Theatre, where it ran nearly two years, this same management that had kept the manuscript for over a year tried to claim proprietary rights, and to this day litigation has been in order. The play so far has earned for Wagenhals and Kemper nearly a quarter of a million dollars, while Walter himself has not made much less.

But all this is changed now: the native playwright is no longer barred; he is sought and encouraged, and he now has precedence over the foreign author. This result was brought about gradually, but it was emphatically demonstrated last year, when our most prolific producer,

Charles Frohman, did not score a single success with a foreign play. One by one these were abandoned, the companies disbanded, and the paraphernalia sent to the storehouses, while such American plays as "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Country Boy," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Excuse Me," "The Fortune Hunter," and "Seven Days" packed the theatres to their capacity for long runs.

A glance at the programmes at the different theatres will reveal the names of a half-dozen American authors, not one of which is familiar. For the first time in American theatrical history, plays by foreign authors are in the great minority in the announcements of our play-houses, ninety per cent. of the plays offered for the first time being by native writers.

Foreign plays have never yielded to their owners the fortunes that have been recorded for American "hits"; nor do they possess the element of longevity peculiar to the latter. "The Old Homestead" ran for thirty-five years and earned in excess of three million dollars. But "Ben Hur" holds the record in this country for box-office receipts. Weekly gross earnings in excess of thirty thousand dollars have often resulted from this play, now completing its second decade, with no indication of any retrograde movement. In fact, "Ben Hur" is to be presented on three different continents this year. As evidence of its extraordinary hold on the public, it may be stated that in the city of Altoona, Pennsylvania, with a population of fifty thousand, the play was presented for a full week three times within five years, and at the last visit fifteen thousand dollars was taken in—a remarkable achievement for a city not far removed from what is considered a "one-night stand"!

"The Lion and the Mouse" has had a vogue never approached by any foreign play, and as many as four companies have presented it simultaneously. The same is true of "The Third Degree." Charles Klein, the author of "The Lion and the Mouse," has an income of more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and this is expected to be greatly added to this year, when four companies are to present his latest success, "The Gamblers."

An instance of the extraordinary success achieved by American authors is well illustrated in the case of James Forbes. It does not seem so very long ago when he was the press agent for Henry W. Savage, and until very recently he was serving H. B. Harris in a similar capacity. Mr. Forbes evolved a short story for a popular magazine, and he was induced to make a vaudeville sketch from the theme. "The Chorus Lady" was the result. Rose Stahl, then a fairly well known star in the provinces, was selected for the title rôle, and an effort was made to secure an opening in one of the vaudeville houses. This was by no means easy, but finally a "try-out" performance was given at Proctor's Twenty-

Third Street Theatre on a Sunday evening. A hit was made by star and sketch, and bookings were soon plentiful at a weekly salary of three hundred and fifty dollars! Recently three thousand dollars a week was offered for the same star and vehicle in the very same theatres.

Paul Armstrong is a product of the last decade. All of his successes have come forth in the last five years; yet it is a poor week when he does not collect fifteen hundred dollars in royalties, a sum that is expected to be doubled this year, because of the several companies which are to present "The Deep Purple."

If American playwrights have had a hard struggle for recognition, what may be said of the American author and composer of grand opera? Such a thing as an American grand opera was never regarded seriously by the impresarios until about two years ago, when, through agitation and public-spirited contests, conditions underwent a change. Three native grand operas by different collaborators were presented in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, within a single month, at least one of which, "Natoma," has enduring qualities. The present season will see still another American grand opera presented, this time at the Metropolitan Opera House, and if the outcome from the production of Messrs. Parker and Hooker's prize opera, "Mona," is favorable, then indeed is it likely that grand-opera problems of the future will be solved through native talent, so far as scores and librettos are concerned.



THE TEST

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

NOT by the spoken word, the moment's deed,
 The alms-like gift as if to one in need;
 Not by the easy smile, the idle tears,
 But by the little kindnesses of years,
 Are true hearts known
 And true love shown!

THE BEAUTIFYING OF MRS. BENNETT

By Harold Susman

MRS. BENNETT'S face needed "beautifying."
Mrs. Carter said so.
Mrs. Potter said so.
And Mrs. Bennett said so herself.
So she steamed her face.
And she massaged her face.
But to no avail.
So she painted her face.
And she powdered her face.
But still to no avail.
So Mrs. Bennett went to Mrs. Carter.
Mrs. Carter's face was not "beautiful."
But it was "beautified."
"What can I do for my face?" said Mrs. Bennett.
"Go to Madame Hebe," said Mrs. Carter.
"Do you go to her?" said Mrs. Bennett.
"I do," said Mrs. Carter.
So Mrs. Bennett went to Madame Hebe.
Madame Hebe did a hundred and one things to Mrs. Bennett's face.
And a hundred and one things to Mrs. Bennett's pocket-book.
Then Mrs. Bennett went to Mrs. Potter.
Mrs. Potter's face, like Mrs. Carter's, was not "beautiful."
But, like Mrs. Carter's, it was "beautified."
"What can I do for my face?" said Mrs. Bennett.
"Go to Madame Psyche," said Mrs. Potter.
"Do you go to her?" said Mrs. Bennett.
"I do," said Mrs. Potter.
So Mrs. Bennett went to Madame Psyche.
Madame Psyche did a hundred and one things more to Mrs. Bennett's face.
And a hundred and one things more to Mrs. Bennett's pocket-book.
Then Mrs. Bennett went to Mrs. Merritt.
Mrs. Merritt's face, unlike Mrs. Carter's and Mrs. Potter's, was not "beautified."

But, unlike Mrs. Carter's and Mrs. Potter's, it was "beautiful."

"What can I do for my face?" said Mrs. Bennett.

"Go to the hospitals for children," said Mrs. Merritt.

"The hospitals for children?" echoed Mrs. Bennett.

"And the asylums for the aged," said Mrs. Merritt.

"The asylums for the aged?" echoed Mrs. Bennett.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merritt; "take toys for the little children, and take flowers for the old people."

"But what has that got to do with my face?" said Mrs. Bennett.

"Everything," said Mrs. Merritt. "You have been trying to beautify the outside of your face. I am telling you how to beautify the inside. There are hard lines around your eyes and around your lips. That means that there are hard thoughts in your mind, and hard feelings in your heart. So I suggest toys instead of paints, and flowers instead of powders."

"Are you serious?" said Mrs. Bennett.

"Of course I am," said Mrs. Merritt. "If you go about thinking unpleasant thoughts, naturally your face will show unpleasant lines. But if you go about thinking pleasant thoughts, naturally your face will show pleasant expressions. Selfishness is the greatest 'uglifier.' And unselfishness is the greatest 'beautifier.'"

"Is that your 'treatment' for your face?" said Mrs. Bennett.

"That is my 'treatment' for—my fellow-creatures," said Mrs. Merritt.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bennett. "I'll think it over."

And Mrs. Bennett did think it over.

And the longer she thought, the angrier she got.

Hospitals! Asylums! Pooh!

Little children! Old people! Bah!

Toys! Flowers! Ugh!

Mrs. Bennett looked in the mirror.

She needed "beautifying" more than ever now!

So she steamed her face.

And she massaged her face.

And she painted her face.

And she powdered her face.

And she told herself that Mrs. Merritt was a fool.

And she told Mrs. Carter that Mrs. Merritt was a fool.

And she told Mrs. Potter that Mrs. Merritt was a fool.

And they all agreed upon the matter.

And, while they were agreeing and saying hard things and thinking hard thoughts, their faces took on hard lines.

But Mrs. Merritt was "mothering" a little orphan waif, and the child was clinging to her, and sobbing, and whispering, "Oh, how good you are! And how kind! And how—beautiful!"

HIGH-YIELD MUNICIPAL BONDS

By Edward Sherwood Meade, Ph.D.

In the March issue the strong position of municipal bonds from the investor's standpoint was explained. It is not going too far to say that the bonds of American cities rank among the safest investments in the world. We find, however, that outside of institutions, especially savings-banks and the more conservative class of investors, municipal bonds are not popular. The reason is that in the section of the country where most of the funds available for investment are concentrated, the Northeastern States, the bonds of municipalities sell at such high figures as to offer little inducement to the investor. In the State of New York, for example, we find the prevailing yield on municipal bonds to be from 4 to 4.20 per cent. In New Jersey the rate runs sometimes higher, although some of the bonds of Newark, for example, at the last quotation, yield no more than 3.95 per cent. to the investor. In the New England States the yield on municipal bonds is very small. The bonds of Boston, for example, yield only 3.90 per cent., and the bonds of Connecticut, whose quotations are available, show from 4.05 to 4.10 per cent. When we pass outside the Northeastern States, however, we find an immediate, although only a moderate, advance in the yield on bonds. Municipal bonds of Michigan range from a minimum of 4.5 per cent. to a maximum of 4.60 per cent.; the bonds of South Dakota run from 4.30 to 4.65 per cent. In Tennessee the range is about the same. In Texas some good municipal bonds can be purchased to yield 5 per cent.

The difference between the yields of the municipal bonds in the East and in the West and South is due to concurrence of several influences.

The investment funds are largely concentrated in the East. There is an actual prejudice in the minds of all investors in favor of the bonds of their own localities. This prejudice is also enacted into law, and the restrictions placed upon the investments of savings-banks, which are the principal buyers of municipal bonds, concentrate the immense demand of these institutions upon a limited number of issues. For example, the savings-bank law of Massachusetts limits the investment of savings funds to the bonds or notes of any city of the five New England States, or to any county, town, or water district which conforms to certain restrictions as to the relation between indebtedness and valuation. Outside of New England, Massachusetts savings-banks can buy

municipal bonds of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, and District of Columbia, when issued by a city of more than 30,000 inhabitants, and whose net debt does not exceed 5 per cent. of the assessed valuation.

Restrictions generally similar are to be found in all the States, and these restrictions have the effect of so concentrating the demand for municipal bonds as to make a marked difference in their price. An issue by a small town in Massachusetts, for example, may be no better than—may not even be as good as—the bonds of Oklahoma City, and yet the Oklahoma City bonds will sell on a 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ basis, while the bonds of Pittsfield will sell on a 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ basis. There is no question about the honesty of the people of Oklahoma City, or of the value of their property, or of the industrial future of their city; these bonds are perfectly good. They are not, however, available for a certain restricted class of investment, and there is a natural prejudice against them on the part of Eastern investors. This explains their low price and high yield.

There is another class of municipal bonds issued by tax districts which when issued under proper restrictions and purchased from reliable bond-houses, give the investor excellent security and high return. I have before me, for example, the 6 per cent. bonds of a certain levee district in one of the Southern States. The valuation of taxable property in this district is \$1,250,000, and the total debt is \$160,000. The present value of the land in the district is from \$15 to \$40 per acre. The issuing house states that land outside the district which is not subject to flooding sells from \$75 to \$100 per acre. The total acreage in the district is 59,596, and the debt per acre is only \$2.68, or less than 20 per cent. of the value of the cheapest land in the district.

Another illustration of tax-district bonds comes from Seattle in an issue of \$30,000 ten-year 6 per cent. bonds, issued for regrading certain streets adjacent to the main business centre of Seattle. A large number of offerings of this kind are available to the investor, and since the interest rate is high, ranging from 5 to 6 per cent., and in some cases going higher, it is important clearly to understand the security back of these bonds. All tax districts, such as school districts, levee districts, irrigation districts, sewerage districts, or bridge districts, are considered as agencies of the State which have been established to serve local public purposes. These districts are sometimes coterminous with municipalities, and sometimes include parts of several municipalities.

The issuing of the obligations for the financing of a local improvement of this character is usually authorized at a special election, held for the purpose. At this election the people living in a certain locality which is to be benefited by particular improvements, such, for instance, as the regrading in Seattle, or the construction of a levee, signify their willingness to pay special taxes which are to be levied on the property benefited. The theory of this action is that the improvement will increase

the value of the property, that the owners of the property are perfectly willing to pay the cost of the improvement, and that the fund to pay the cost will be created by the improvement, which, if wisely conceived, should increase the value of the property far more than the amount of the encumbrance upon it. These special tax district debts are considered apart from the municipal debts of the towns, a part or all of which may be included in the tax district. The burden is borne not by the general tax-payer, but by a particular group of tax-payers. The usual remedy provided in case of default on special assessment bonds is the same as that provided for the collection of municipal bonds proper. For example, in Kansas, the holder of improvement bonds for which the law provides special assessment against adjacent property, is entitled to mandamus, ordering a general levy to pay his judgment, and the city can then reimburse itself by levying assessments upon the property affected. Special assessment bonds are sometimes given special securities. In Illinois, bridge districts issue bonds which are a direct lien on the property of the district. On the bond, before it can be negotiated, the owner of each piece of property must place his endorsement and agreement that the property shall become liable for the interest and principal of the obligation, and that the bonds shall be a lien upon the property until it is passed off and discharged. There is need of unusual precautions in the purchase of such obligations, but they can be purchased from reliable houses with perfect safety.

Referring again to the levee district bonds, it is stated that the Supreme Court of the State of Arkansas has fully sustained the legality of this issue of bonds, and has ordered the bonds issued. Opinion of competent counsel is also invariably obtained.

There is no doubt that the issue of tax-district bonds is a method of evading the law which limits the borrowing power of municipalities. It is equally certain, however, that with the present conservatism of American legislative bodies on the subject of municipal debts, the special dispensation given to particular districts to borrow money for public improvement, is not likely to be abused. When it is also considered that in nearly all cases these special assessment bonds are sold to obtain money for public improvements which, as shown above, will greatly increase the value of the property affected, and in view of the further fact that this property is specifically liable for the repayment of the debt, we may conclude that, in the bonds of tax districts, there is offered to the investor an obligation which combines the advantages of high yield and good security, a security which is on the whole better than can be furnished him by most private corporations. With the continued development of the newer sections of the United States, it is reasonable to expect that these tax-district bonds will come upon the market in ever increasing volume. A study of the advantages which they offer will repay the investor who wishes to combine security and high return.

WALNUTS AND WINE



A DETECTIVE STORY

By Walt Mason

Chapter One

Old Muff 's discovered lying dead. Some one 's deprived him of his head. A cross-cut saw is lying there, all stained with blood and clogged with hair. Who killed old Muff? No one can guess; the murderer left no address.

Chapter Two

The village constable is called, a man obtuse and fat and bald. He searches all the mansion through, and says at last he has a clue. He nabs the hero of our tale, and puts the moral youth in jail, because (observes the man of law) he once possessed a cross-cut saw. Viola Glenn, our heroine, burns up a lot of gasoline, to get Old Hunks, the famous sleuth, to rescue that imprisoned youth.

Chapter Three

The great detective takes the trail—the man who ne'er was known to fail! He seeks the house where Muff lies dead, and sizes up the severed head, inspects the bedrooms and the dens, and views the servants through a lens, and crawls around upon the floor until his hands and knees are sore, and measures this and measures that, and cuts some whiskers from the cat. And then, disguised as Charlie Ross, he rides upon a swaybacked hoss, and interviews the countryside, to find out why the victim died.

Chapter Twenty-Three

"At last," remarks the famous sleuth, "I can disclose the shocking truth. I 've found out why and how Muff died—he simply was

Walnuts and Wine

a suicide. He had a letter telling him his Aunt Salome and Uncle Jim were coming, with their children ten, to spend three months with him again, and so, to foil that fiendish plan, he sawed his head off, like a man."

Epilogue.

Our hero, beautiful though pale, came proudly from the county jail. He and Viola, fair to see, were married soon. R. S. V. P. And when he heard the joy bells stop, he hunted up the village cop, and smote him roundly on the nose, who was the author of his woes.

AN EPITAPH AD.

There is a Philadelphia man who is an authority on epitaphs, serious and otherwise—"otherwise," for, as every one knows, many are unconsciously funny. "But," says the Philadelphian, "it is not often that one encounters an epitaph that is meant to carry a business advertisement. Such a one, however, exists in an Ohio cemetery. It was the happy idea of the widow of a man named McConnell, a partner in an industrial concern known as McConnell & McCumber.

"It appears that, not long after the decease of her husband, Mrs. McConnell married Mr. McCumber, her late husband's business associate.

"The epitaph is as follows: 'Sacred to the memory of Michael McConnell, for twenty years the senior partner of the firm of McConnell & McCumber, now McCumber & Company.'"

Edwin Tarrisse

THE SOUBRETTE

By J. J. O'Connell.

She's keeping Lent, and, more than that,
She finds it quite enchanting:
She feels that she is growing fat,
And sees a chance for banting.

A RAID ON EASTER FASHIONS

Edith came running in one day in grave distress. "Oh, Mother," she cried, "Mary has taken the nest egg out of the old hen's nest, and now how can she ever make another without any pattern to go by?"

N. L.

Walnuts and Wine

The Latest Style of Beauty

The latest style of beauty is the *natural complexion* style, and it is acquired by the use of PEARS' SOAP.

It is a revival of the very charming fashion of a former time, when the dainty pink and white bloom of youthful loveliness remained with a woman from girlhood to old age.

It was in the service of natural complexional beauty that

Pears

was invented more than a hundred and twenty years ago.

How efficiently it has fulfilled its beautifying mission is known all over the world, wherever real beauty of complexion is appreciated. Avoid common soaps and artificialities, and use Pears if you want skin beauty.

Pears is all-potent for refining and beautifying the skin, and securing the charm of a lovely complexion.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

UP AGAINST IT

Ted: "At any rate, Lent has put a stop to the hash you were continually kicking about."

Ned: "I thought it would, but it has n't. Somebody showed our landlady how to make hash out of warmed-over fish-cakes."

J. J. O'Connell

38

THE WINTER SUIT

By Charles Irvin Junkin

It weighs a ton, this suit of mine,
And yet I thought that it was fine!
I wonder now how I could miss
To buy a suit as thick as this!
My breath comes hard, I sneeze and cough,
And yet I dare not take it off!
It's hot, it's cold! The weather's cru'l!
And I perspire like any mule!
O gentle spring, withhold thy toot
Till I can get a summer suit!

39

TAKING TO THE TALL TIMBER

"Sisteren and bretheren," exhorted Uncle Abraham, a recent promotion from the plow to the pulpit, "on de one side er dis here meetin'-house is a road leading to destruction, on de udder is a road gwine to hell-and damnation. Which you gwine pursoo? Dar is de internal question: Which is you gwine pursoo?"

"Law, Brer Aberham," spoke Sister Eliza from the back pew, "I speck I'm er gwine home thoo de woods!"

A. H.

40

A MARINE'S RETORT

A chaplain in our navy enjoys telling of his endeavors to induce a marine to give up the use of tobacco.

During a talk that ensued between the two, the chaplain had said:

"After all, Bill, you must reflect that in all creation there is not to be found any animal except man that smokes."

The marine sniffed. "Yes," he agreed, "and you won't find, either, any other animal in all creation that cooks its food!"

Howard Morse



B-W DEFIANCE BOND, the latest product of Byron Weston Co., is recognized everywhere as a bond of the same high



The New Byron Weston Patented Flexible Hinge (put in the paper during the process of manufacture and not an after-treatment) has made

DEFIANCE BOND

standard as the Linen Record and Ledger Paper which has made the Byron Weston name famous for quality. No one appreciates this quality more than the office man who knows that Byron Weston Linen Record paper has, for half a century, been the highest grade "Ledger" obtainable.

B-W DEFIANCE BOND for checks, drafts, correspondence, etc., is made by bond experts in the same mills as the famous Ledger Paper. It is a superior product in every way, testing higher than many bond papers selling for twice as much, and is by far the best bond value on the market.

possible for Loose Leaf Work the extensive use of the Standard Byron Weston Ledger, with its great advantages of perfect, uniform finish, and unequalled ruling, writing and wearing qualities.

The complete Byron Weston Line is backed by unquestioned business integrity and a quality guarantee of half a hundred years. You will be sure of perfect satisfaction by specifying for **Bound Books**, Byron Weston Linen Record Paper; for **Loose Leaf Books**, Byron Weston Hinged Linen Record Paper; for **Correspondence, Checks, Drafts, etc.**, B-W Defiance Bond.

Write for Catalog L of all Byron Weston Products

BYRON WESTON COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1864

"The Paper Valley of the Berkshires"

Dalton

Mass.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

HIS SPEAKING EYES

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found con-nubial bliaa a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court, and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters.

“What did he say to you, Caroline?” he asked.

“Why, jedge, I jes’ cain’t tell yo’ all dat man do say to me.”

“Does he ever use hard language?”

“Does yo’ mean cussin’? Yassuh, not wif his mouf, but he’s always givin’ me dem cussory glances.”

B. M. Connor

HINTS TO YOUNG REPORTERS

A charming young widow is any woman whose husband is dead.

Oysters are always playfully referred to as succulent bivalves. The victims of a railroad accident are invariably hurled into eternity.

At a fashionable dinner the wine always flows like water.

Always refer to the sun familiarly as Old Sol.

When an outdoor event is postponed by rain, never miss the opportunity of blaming it on Jupiter Pluvius.

Remember that the man who falls from a high building always strikes terra firma with a dull, sickening thud.

Just before the execution a condemned murderer always eats a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs.

In writing up the dog show, don’t fail to mention that society is going to the bowwows.

No description of the horse show is complete without several allusions to beauty and the beast.

Never fail to record the fact that the social outcast who commits suicide showed traces of former beauty and refinement.

In describing a fire, use the words “holocaust” and “conflagration” as often as possible. This enables the copy-reader to earn his salary.

Never lose sight of the fact that all men from the South and West are prominent citizens, especially when engaged in the pleasant pastimes of lynching and tarring and feathering.

S. S. Stinson

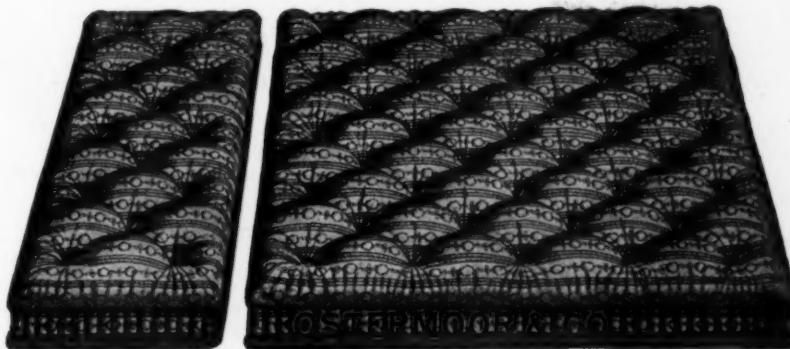
Walnuts and Wine

AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN

Three Hundred Special Ostermoor Mattresses

SPECIAL CLEARANCE SALE OF SURPLUS STOCK

A SURPLUS lot of especially fine French Edge Ostermoor Mattresses of *extra thickness, extra weight*, and exceptional softness, in the highest grade coverings, regular price being \$30.00, will be closed out regardless of cost, to make room for regular stock, at the extremely low price of \$18.50 each. These Mattresses are the very softest we can make, and are in every way fully as desirable and as great, if not greater bargains than the 600 lot of Special Hotel Mattresses we sold last year at the same price. If you were fortunate enough to secure one of the same, you will fully appreciate the present sale.



The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in two parts, with round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are far softer and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

The coverings are of extra fine quality, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills—pink, blue or yellow, both plain and figured, or high-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect; also the good old fashioned, blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Mattresses are built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists. They represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of Excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

Price, \$18.50 Each

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States.
Only while they last; first come, first served. The opportunity to secure same is limited.

Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

NOTE:—Ostermoor Mattresses, regular stock, same size, two parts, cost \$15.50 each. They have four-inch border, weigh 45 lbs., and are covered with A. C. A. Ticking. These French Mattresses cost \$30.00 each, finish fully two inches thicker, weigh 55 lbs. more, have round corners—soft Rolled Edges—close diamond tufts—and beautiful high-grade fine quality coverings, and are much softer and far more resilient. Even if you do not wish a mattress now you should know all about the "Ostermoor" and its superiority to hair in health, comfort and economy. Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 136 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated; it's well worth while.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY

102 ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK

Canadian Agency: The Ideal Bedding Company, Ltd., Montreal



TRADE
MARK

When ordering, please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.

In writing to advertisers kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

NOT ACCORDING TO COOK

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

One time I walked to Waukesha, then ran to old Rangoon;
And then I hurried off to mount the Mountains of the Moon.
I went to see Seattle, and to see all famous seas,
And even peered amid the Pyramids and Pyrenees.
I rode upon Rhodesian roads when I had time to spare;
I scanned all Scandinavia, took stock of Stockholm fair.
I did not bar the Barbadoes from my itinerary,
Nor did I fail in Maryland to make myself right merry.
O'er Firth of Forth I once set forth, and landed at Land's End,
And then my keel I turned toward Kiel, a little time to spend;
I poled through Polar regions, then set sail for Salem town,
And glossed o'er Gloucester while I tried to spring from Springfield
down.
I did not miss Missouri, no, nor Mississippi either,
And then I went to lope through Lopez, just as a sort of breather.
I had to pass through Pasadena; then I changed my plan,
And said, "I see by cutting this, I 'll manage Isle of Man.
I 'll look out Lookout Mountain, peek at Peak of Teneriffe,
Peruse Peru's odd signs, which I can do within a jiff;
And then I 'll rush to Russia, haste to Hastings next, then home;
And not to lose Toulouse, I 'll visit that, then roam through Rome."
I looked my fill at Philadelphia and the Philippines,
And have Havana's ways by heart, and all her well-known scenes.
I 've stepped up Russian Steppes, and leaned from out the Leaning
Tower,
And now have seen all earthly sights that lie within my power.
I 've peeped at people of all lands, conned all the continents,
And so upon another sort of tour I shall commence.
I plan to visit planets now with my aeroplane,
And when I 've sat on Saturn you may hear from me again.

•

A STARTLING STATEMENT

A gentleman once told a lady acquaintance that he was descended from John Alden and Priscilla. The lady's daughter, who had been recently studying "The Courtship of Miles Standish," overheard, and, turning to him an astonished face, queried, "What! From both?"

Agnes Van Alen

Walnuts and Wine



When
all is
said
and
done-

SAPOLIO

is the cleaner that never disappoints. It Cleans, Scours, Polishes paint, woodwork, floors, pans and kettles—and what is very important—it

Works Without Waste

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

A CHEERFUL VIEW

A Massachusetts family had a family horse of which they were very fond. When it got too old for service, they sent it to spend its declining years in the pastures of a farmer friend.

Inasmuch as the distance would be too much for old Frank, he was shipped by rail to his new home.

Among those who watched his departure with regret was the owner's eight-year-old daughter. For a long time she sat gloomily looking out of a window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a cheerful expression to her father and said:

"I was just thinking how funny old Frank must look sitting on the plush cushions."

Edwin Tarrisse



HOST-TALK

Aunt Caroline came running into the dining-room, her kinky hair on end.

"Missus," she gasped, "I done met a ghost out dar by de well."

"You must have been mistaken, Caroline," said the lady of the house. "There are n't any such things as ghosts."

Aunt Caroline drew herself up haughtily.

"Dey ain't, ain't dey? Well, what would you say if I tol' you this 'un done spoke to me? Yassum, I heered him."

"Why, what did he say?"

"Say," sniffed the dusky mistress of the meals, "how you specs I know? I neber learned dese here daid langwiches."

B. M. Connor



SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY

"I am sorry, Mrs. Tinkle," said the cashier, to the pretty little woman at the window, "but you have overdrawn the account placed here by your husband to the amount of twenty dollars."

Mrs. Tinkle looked perplexed for a moment, then her face cleared and she smiled brightly. "Oh, I'll make that all right," she replied, and, stepping to a table, she wrote out a check for the amount and gave it to the cashier.

William Sanford

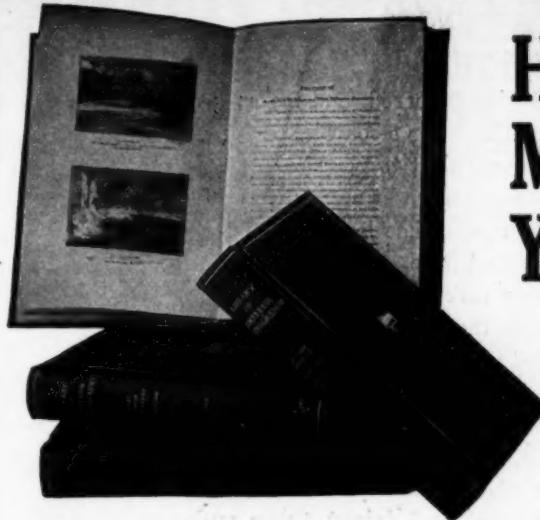


FOR A PURPOSE

"But your stock is watered."

"I know it is," admitted the promoter of the new distillery corporation. "We had to water it to propitiate the temperance people."

G. T. Evans



How to Make Money With Your Camera!

Here are books you'll surely want to read! For they show how **YOU** can make your camera pay its way and give you a good income. There is no limit to what you can earn. What others have done you can do. Right here in these

four books is the training, the ideas and the suggestions that will enable you to make photographs for book, magazine and newspaper publishers.

The Library of Amateur Photography contains the boiled-down experience of years. Hundreds of illustrations that give you excellent examples to study. They suggest subjects for postcard, calendar and magazine illustrations that you would never think of. "Collier's," "Leslie's," and dozens of weekly, as well as monthly, publications are always glad to consider any interesting photographs. They pay from three to five dollars apiece, according to the news value of the photograph. **WOULD YOU KNOW HOW TO GET THE PICTURES TO THE RIGHT EDITOR AND HAVE THEM COMMAND ATTENTION?**

The Library of Amateur Photography dwells exhaustively upon At-Home Portraiture. 245 pages are devoted to explicit explanations and practical instruction on this business that anyone can enter. No studio or elaborate equipment is required. Just a good camera, lens, and the ordinary dark-room essentials are all you need to put this training into practice. **HUNDREDS ARE COINING MONEY MAKING PORTRAITS IN THE HOME**, while the studio man is waiting for business to come to him.

The Library of Amateur Photography tells about Press, Architectural and General Commercial Photography, as well as dozens of ways you can make money with your camera. You never saw so much practical instruction, written for instant use, before in your life. It's just what you have been longing for.

Now is the time to write for full information. The books are just from the press, and to get them quickly distributed we are giving a special rate to persons writing at once. **USE A POSTAL**. Do it now. **LEARN HOW TO MAKE YOUR CAMERA PAY.**

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC TEXT BOOK CO.

Dept. A, 605 Adams Avenue, Scranton, Pa., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

SPRING

By Richard M. Hunt

Five thousand times hath Spring recurred, and more;
Five thousand times, on tinselled wing a-soar,
Five thousand bards have sprung aloft to pour
In wild, ecstatic volume, o'er and o'er,
Their primal bursts of melic Springtime lore;—
Till vernal verse is now a perfect bore
To editors (who get extremely sore
At Springtime poets, and kick them out the door;
And eke a few I call to mind who swore.)
So what's the use of rhyming any more
On Spring? I'm sure *I* don't know, unless it be that it gets to be
a regular habit with one, and that we all like Spring in spite of
the Spring poets, and that, no matter if it *is* five thousand years
old, Spring is the youngest and fairest thing under the sun
to-day.

* * *

GRAFT EXPECTATIONS

A German-American politician who was being initiated into the mysteries of a well-known fraternity was asked if he had received all that was coming to him.

"No," he said; "but I haf chust had dee Fellow Graft Degree. I eggspect to get somedings more later." *Karl von Kraft*

* * *

HUMAN NATURE

"Why is it that you are bald," they asked the hair-tonic man, "if your preparation is any good?"

"My friends," he said sadly, "if I grew hair on my head, I'd be tormented to death by skeptics snatching at it in the attempt to prove that it was a wig."

William A. McGarry

* * *

A BRIGHT IDEA

The head of the family had been reading an account of a rear-end collision on a railroad. As he laid the paper aside, he remarked, "I think that the last car on a train is always the most dangerous to ride in." Little Ethel, seated close by, passed several moments in deep thought. Then she looked up brightly. "Why don't they take it off, Papa?" she asked.

William Sanford

Walnuts and Wine

\$665 BUYS THE MATERIAL NEEDED TO BUILD THIS HOME!

Price includes Blue Prints; Architect's
Specifications; Full Details; Working
Plans and Typewritten Material List

OUR HOUSE DESIGN NO. 84

A cozy, attractive cottage that cannot but win the admiration of all those who appreciate a comfortable home. Including the lawn, the size is 24 ft. wide x 27 ft. deep. Contains six rooms and bath. Parlor, Dining Room, Kitchen, Reception Hall, and Pantry downstairs, three Chambers and Bath upstairs.

The general proportion and design of this house represent the greatest possible economy combined with convenience of arrangement, dependability, and harmony and beauty of appearance.

The material we furnish for construction has been selected with extreme care and is of most excellent quality throughout. Our Guaranteed Building Proposition insures you of ample quantity of the quality specified, prompt shipment, safe arrival and absolute satisfaction on the entire deal. Every house builder should take advantage of this extraordinary money-saving opportunity. Write today for more complete information and description.



WE SAVE YOU BIG MONEY ON LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL!

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber, Plumbing, Heating Apparatus and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry material. Write for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, which are so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.

HOW WE OPERATE

We purchase at Sheriff's Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. Usually when you purchase your building material for the complete home shown above, elsewhere, it will cost you from \$50 to 60 per cent more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

WHAT OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Pipes, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Rugs, Groceries, etc., Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our inspection. We will prove our ability to save you money. **WRITE US TODAY**, giving a complete list of everything you need.

FREE BOOK OF PLANS

We publish a handsome, illustrated book, containing designs of Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our **FREE BOOK OF PLANS**. It's a valuable book.

OUR GUARANTEE

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Write to the publisher of this publication. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

\$2.00 Buys a Complete Set of Blue Prints

We send you a set of plans for the house described above, including the necessary specifications and complete list of material, transportation charges prepaid, for the low cost of \$2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of material, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications, and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

High Grade Bathroom Outfits!



The price of this Bathroom Outfit \$37.50.

Plumbing material direct to you at Bargain prices. We have everything needed in Plumbing Material. Our prices are saving to you of 20 to 50 per cent.

Here is an illustration of a bathroom outfit we are selling at \$37.50. Your plumber would ask you about \$60.00 for this same outfit. It is only one of many other complete outfits that we are offering at prices ranging from \$25.00 to \$30.00.

Write for Our Free Plumbing Material Catalog No. 1060

Hot Air Furnaces!

Don't let the contractor for your hot air furnace until you get our figures. You will be surprised at our price in half. We can furnish you a complete equipment, including pipes, registers, furnace; everything required at a price not much more than what an ordinary heating stove would cost you. Complete hot air furnace, price \$49.00. Get our heating catalog at once. Tell us all about it. Write us today. We guarantee to save you money. We loan you tools. We make you plans. Every heating plant we sell is backed by our guarantee bond.



Hot Water Heating Plants!

We guarantee to save you 50 to 75 per cent on a modern hot water heating plant for your home. You will receive complete plans and instructions and help you out every way we possibly can. We loan you tools. Every plant backed by our guarantee bond. We furnish the material; you get the plant installed. Cut out the local dealer's profit and cut the cost in half. Thousands of our plants installed and working perfectly all over the country. Write today for our Special Heating Catalog. Tells all about our heating proposition. We can furnish Heating Apparatus for any building, no matter how large. Tell us your needs. Write for Free Special Heating Catalog No. 1060



Water Supply Outfits!

Modern Air Pressure Water Supply Systems at prices ranging from \$40.00 to \$200.00. They are strictly new, first-class and complete in every detail. Even though you live in the country, you can enjoy every city comfort at little expense. Why not investigate this. We are ready to furnish you with all facts free of charge. All material fully guaranteed. We also have a complete stock of Pipe, Valves and Fittings at 40 to 50 per cent saving.

1 1/2 Horse Power Gasoline Engines at \$24.75

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., Thirty-Fifth and Iron Sta. CHICAGO.

SEND US THIS COUPON.

Chicago House Wrecking Co. 1060

I saw this ad in Lippincott's Magazine
I am interested in.....

NAME.....

TOWN.....

CO. STATE.....

Walnuts and Wine

THE DISCOVERY

Snobby: "Aw, what did you find out regahding—aw—my family tree?"

Genealogist: "That the crop was a failure."

George Frederick Wilson

•

A CANNY SCHOLAR

Teacher: "How old would a person be this year who was born in 1884?"

Overly Sophisticated Scholar: "Was it a man or a woman?"

J. T.

•

DEPENDS ON HOW YOU SAY IT

Bill (cheerfully): "Hello, Jack! Married yet?"

Jack (sadly): "Yes, married yet."

M. L. H.

•

THE CHASE

Optim: "Well, I see a good deal of hope in the present situation. The people are rapidly getting on to the old forms of graft."

Pessim: "Yes, and the grafters are rapidly devising new forms."

Ellis O. Jones

•

THE RETORT POLITE

By Nixon Waterman

"Pa, what is repartee?" "It's when,"

Said the older and wiser one,

"The insult that we offer men

Has its dress-suit on, my son."

•

EDITORIAL

"Here is a poem from a man in Sing-Sing."

"Print it to serve as a warning to other poets."

Isabel Normand

•

IN THE BOXES

"Shall we go into the East Side and take a look at the 'Great Unwashed'?"

"No; let us go to the opera and see the Great Undressed."

E. W. Teitzel

•

A DALLYDIFF

If a Kitchen Mechanic believed in Pantheism, would she be a Dish-Pantheist?

Clifton B. Dowd

Old Hampshire Bond

[13]



Stationery
That
Fits
Your
Business

THERE is a certain color, a certain size and a certain style of printing for your letterheads that harmonizes with the character of your business. Whether you sell art objects or manufacture brooms, there is one right kind of stationery and many wrong kinds.

Old
Hampshire
Bond

[14]

OLD Hampshire Bond is the first step towards the right kind because it is a bond paper—and bond paper is preferable for all business correspondence because it is the cleanest, toughest and most pleasant to handle of all paper.



[15]

BEFORE buying any more stationery you should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Write for it under your present letterhead.

*Hampshire Paper
Company*

*South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts*

*The only paper makers in the world
making bond paper exclusively*

Walnuts and Wine

Too MUCH NOISE

Two politicians of New York, both of them of Celtic extraction, were hunting birds in Westchester County. Casey had a fine chance at two. He fired and missed.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Cassidy, "ye 've shot nayther of them!"

"How the devil could I," demanded Casey, "whin the report of the gun frightened 'em both away?"

Howard Morse

HER MOTIVE

By Herbert Adams

"I pulled a burro's little foal," said Jones, "from out a creek. Its mother proved her gratitude, although she could not speak, For, when I pulled the youngster out, she first licked him to see If he was safe and sound, and then she started licking me."

"That was n't gratitude," said Jones, his face alight with grins, "It 's evident, of course, the donkey thought that she had twins."

PROPHETIC

Hypo: "Out of a job again?"

Type: "Yep, by a mere error of the types, too. I intended to set it up 'Gottfried,' but in the proof it showed up as 'Gotfried,' and the result justified the spelling."

A. H.

To each woman, Destiny allows one clairvoyant flash regarding the man she is about to marry.

Minna Thomas Antrim

THE FUN

"Here 's a fellow that sends me a check just for fun."

"Hully Gee!"

"Yep. I sold him a batch of jokes."

George Frederick Wilson

A CATASTROPHE

Teacher: "Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct."

Little Bessie: "Dick."

Teacher: "Dick? What sort of a bird is that?"

Bessie: "Our canary. The cat extinguished him."

M. L. H.

Walnuts and Wine

BUY DIRECT

**Read How YOU Can Have
the Furniture Dealer's 25% to
75% Profit on Superb Quar-
tered Oak Furniture**

Notice the prices and descriptions on this page—then write for the Brooks Furniture Book, the Brooks Plan, Brooks Prices.

Buy from the furniture factory direct. Leave the dealer out. You can have his profits—25% to 75% and higher. You'll pay $\frac{1}{2}$ and less than $\frac{1}{2}$ dealers' prices and secure the very finest Arts and Craft furniture human skill can produce.

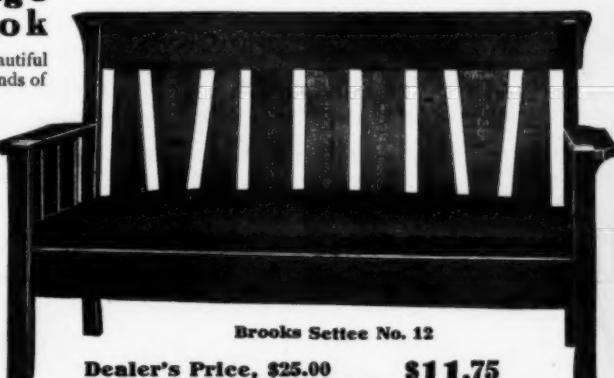
The Brooks Direct Sale Plan from furniture factory to consumer has fitted thousands of homes, lodges, fraternity and club houses, barracks and state institutions. It has proved its worth under the careless handling and abuse of college students and soldiers. With ordinary household use Brooks Furniture will last a lifetime.

Built by skilled cabinet workers of choicest quarter-sawed oak. Fitted and finished with the utmost care, and shipped in sections. Anybody can set up a chair, davenport, or table in just a few minutes.

Write for 64-page Furniture Book

Filled from cover to cover with beautiful photographic reproductions of all kinds of furniture showing the very grain of the wood, and giving you a true idea of the beauty of these Brooks masterpieces. Write today for this book—mailed Free—Also full particulars of Brooks sales method that cuts dealer's price in half.

Brooks Settee No. 12—This roomy settee is one piece of the set to which the No. 11 chair, shown on this page, belongs. However its admirable design is one that seems to fit into the surroundings no matter what their style. Height, 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length, 67 in.; depth, 21 in. Material, quarter-sawed oak. Price includes cushion covered with marokene leather.



Brooks Settee No. 12

Dealer's Price, \$25.00
BROOKS FACTORY PRICE \$11.75

BROOKS MFG. CO., 9104 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.



Brooks Chair
No. 11

Dealer's Price . . . \$14.00
BROOKS FACTORY PRICE \$6.75



Brooks
Breakfast
Table
No. 312

Dealer's Price, \$20.00
BROOKS FACTORY PRICE \$9.00

Brooks Chair No. 11—Handsome and comfortable quarter-sawed oak chair for living room or den. Possesses all the dignity of the Arts and Crafts style relieved by curved and diagonal lines under the top rail in the back. Height, 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; width, 21 in.; depth, 21 in. Price includes cushion covered with marokene leather.



Brooks
Breakfast
Table
No. 312

Dealer's Price, \$20.00
BROOKS FACTORY PRICE \$9.00

Walnuts and Wine

ECONOMY IN EPITAPHS

In a certain town of Nebraska lives a man who has been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who were buried side by side. For a long time the economical Nebraskan deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him. Finally a happy solution of the difficulty presented itself.

He had the Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Maltida"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and under each hand the words:

"For epitaph see large stone."

Fenimore Martin

FELL

Mrs. Murphy: "So your son Dinnis fell from his airyoplane? Sure, Oi thought he was learnin' to fly in a corrispondence school."

Mrs. Casey: "He was, but he sthopped short in the middle of a lesson."

Lauren S. Hamilton

THAT PARAPLUIE

"It was raining last night, and I went to two receptions. I had the bad luck to lose my umbrella at the second."

"Well, it was lucky you did n't lose it at the first."

"Oh, I got it there."

L. T. H.

HEAPED INSULTS

The conductor and brakeman of a certain Montana train were from different parts of the country, but the passengers could n't always know that, and it was a bit disconcerting when Eurelia was reached to have the conductor open the car-door and shout, "You're-a-liar, you're-a-liar," while the brakeman at the other end of the car shortly followed with an equally emphatic "You really are," you really are."

Dorothy Porter

ON THE SITE OF HIS WAIST

He was a remarkably stout gentleman, excessively fond of dancing, so his friends asked him why he had stopped, and was it final?

"Oh, no, I hope not," sighed the old fellow. "I still love it, and I've merely stopped until I can find a concave lady for a partner."

A. H.

BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

DUTCH COCOAS ARE THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

BENSDORP'S IS THE BEST OF DUTCH COCOAS



Buy the cocoa in Yellow Wrapper
and save $\frac{1}{2}$ your cocoa
because of its
DOUBLE STRENGTH.

Stephen L. Bartlett Co.,
IMPORTERS, BOSTON



"A Machine a Minute"

That was the Remington announcement several weeks ago. This remarkable sale, breaking all records in typewriter history, is the direct result of the constantly growing fame and tremendous popularity of the Remington Visible Models. In selling these latest Remingtons, previous models were accepted in part payment. We saw our opportunity for a "Home Run," and put in a bid with the Remington people for the turned in machines. We got them at an unheard of low figure, and are thus enabled to offer a limited number of the finest selected.



No. 6 REMINGTONS for \$27.00 !!

Think of it! Remington No. 6 model at a price never heard of before! The world's standard! The typewriter you always wanted! The machine that always sold for \$100.00! The best built machine of its day and now the best rebuilt! Little used when we got them. Now thoroughly reconstructed, realigned, readjusted, **they perform like new**. Refinished and renickled, **they look like new**.

Absolutely and Fully Guaranteed

Like the brand-new machine as to quality, efficiency, workmanship. They bear our trademark! The white hand under "Factory Rebuilt." That trademark and the company back of it say that **our guarantee is good and absolutely protects you**.



How to Get One of Them !!

Sign attached coupon and mail at once. No obligation—no expense to you. We will mail you full particulars concerning our **FREE TRIAL** proposition. First come first served, of course. **Offer holds good only while limited supply lasts.**

American Writing Machine Company,

345 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Please send me full particulars concerning Free Trial Offer of Remington Typewriter for \$27.00, without any obligation or expense on my part, as advertised in Lippincott's Magazine.

Name.....

Address.....

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY !!!

American Writing Machine Company
345 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE FINAL WORD

Dr. Wiley, the government pure-food expert, in his address before the National Conservation Congress at Kansas City, told this story of the Pennsylvania-Germans, among whom he used to live:

"It was a custom at funerals that after the casket was lowered no clod of earth should be thrown in until some one of those gathered around should step up to the side of the grave and with uncovered head pay a tribute to the departed.

"It was a cold, rainy day when we buried old man Hansen. The casket was lowered, and we all stood shivering in the chilly sleet and rain waiting for some one to volunteer a good word for the departed.

"An hour passed, and no one stirred. Two hours passed, and still we stood.

"Finally, when the situation had grown desperate, one of the neighbors approached the grave and took off his hat.

"'Friends,' he said, 'I can say of him that he was n't as bad all the time as he was most of the time.'" *William H. Hamby*

*•

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

By C. R. S.

Oh, the fascinating lass
Who adorns the cooking class,
She 'll always be a winner, no mistake!
She bids the world defiance,
For she knows Domestic Science,
And cooks the things that Mother used to make.

*•

IN RESERVE

The Honorable Martin W. Littleton tells of a case tried in a New York court, wherein the proceedings were enlivened by an Irish attorney.

After a lengthy presentation of his arguments, the attorney in question found that the court was against him.

"If it please the court," he finally said, "if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive." *Taylor Edwards*

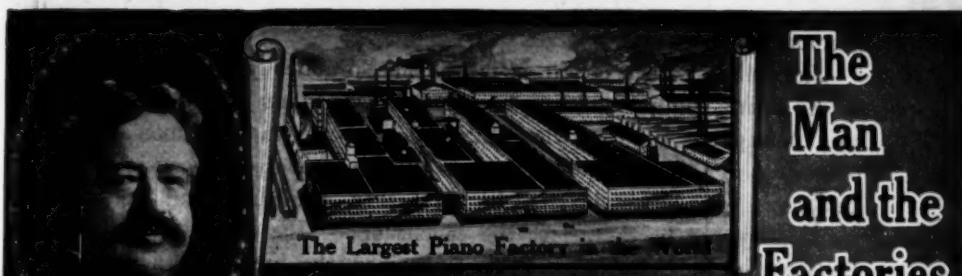
*•

BRIGHT LITTLE WILLIE

Teacher: "Who can make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it?"

Little Willie: "I can! The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers!" *H. S.*

Walnuts and Wine



The Man and the Factories

Behind the Steger Piano



19 Story
Steger Building

When you see the name **Steger & Sons** on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first **Steger** piano supervises the manufacture of every **Steger & Sons** piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the **Steger** factories the largest in the world. These famous instruments are sold at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the **Steger** policies, of basing piano-values not upon mere name association, but upon actual attainment in tone-quality, action, durability, design and finish - and by allowing only a small margin of profit.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Player Pianos

The True Representatives of Supreme Piano Satisfaction

FREE

We want every music lover to have our handsomely illustrated Free Catalog, a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano.

The **Steger & Sons** Piano is in a class by itself—each instrument is the supreme effort of an enormous corps of expert piano builders—under the personal supervision of Mr. John V. Steger, the greatest master piano builder the world has ever known—in the largest piano factory in the world at Steger, Ill.—the town founded by Mr. Steger.

The **Steger & Sons** Pianos and Player Pianos are delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. The greatest piano value offered, within the easy reach of all.

Our Easy Payment Plans

Make Buying Easy

Liberal allowance made for old pianos.

Write us today for new Catalog—it is yours for the asking—and will give you some wonderful information.

Steger & Sons

Steger Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

WEDDINGS—EARLY AND OFTEN

In Tennessee they believe in matrimony, practically none of the better known politicians being bachelors. Two lights of the political atmosphere are enjoying their third ventures matrimonial. When one of them, Senator Robert L. Taylor, espoused his cousin a few years ago, he was married by her father, a minister, and best-manned by her brother. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Senator, in some embarrassment, summoned the brother-best-man and asked, "What do you think I ought to pay the parson?" In equal embarrassment, the best man stammered, "Just give him what you are accustomed to paying, Senator."

When the other oft-wedded benedict, a former Governor, was about to have the nuptial knot knotted for the third time, the Nashville *Banner* scooped the State on the engagement announcement. All the other Tennessee papers were sad, especially the Nashville *American*. The *Banner* force was exulting when in walked the managing editor of the *American*.

"Never mind," he said, "the next time the Governor gets married, he's going to give it to us."

Robert Armstrong.



THE LAST LAUGH

By L. T. H.

Lovely was Mona Lisa's smile,
But lovelier far, we should say,
Was the smile on the face of the gentleman
Who stole Mona Lisa away!



AFARID TO RISK IT

Insurance Agent: "Why don't you take out a policy, payable to your wife in case you die?"

Hawkins: "I'm afraid to."

"Why?"

"Oh, my wife always has such good luck."

C. A. Lee



WHAT DID IT

Maude: "Did the minister prevail upon her to keep Lent?"

Marjorie: "No; one of the girls told her she was getting a double chin."

J. J. O'Connell

Walnuts and Wine

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Peres Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätzner & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.



Cook by Electricity!

Only a few minutes current from any electric light socket—then the imprisoned heat cooks the food. You can roast, bake, boil or stew perfectly in this

Detroit Fireless Electric Stove

We also make
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with unbreakable
metal alloy
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SIX SIZES
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Our famous Water Seal keeps in the heat and steam—retains the flavor. Try one at our risk. Write for catalog mailed free, and our TRIAL OFFER.

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DEALERS: We have a splendid offer for YOU. WRITE us

Sold
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Trial



Scientific Management applies to the typewriter equally as well as to railroads. That which eliminates extra work and motions is scientific saving.

You press one key once to write any one of the characters on the complete straight-line keyboard of the

SmithPremier (MODEL 10—VISIBLE)

This is true of no other typewriter. Write for information to

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
Syracuse, N. Y., U.S.A. Branches everywhere



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE WRONG DOSE

A young man suffering from a slight fever was found one night knocking against a door and screaming, "I want to get out! I want to get out!"

"What's the matter?" demanded his brother. "Where do you think you are?"

"I'm Jonah, inside the whale," was the reply. "I told the doctor to give it ipecac so I could get out, but instead the big fool gave the whale a seidlitz powder to settle its stomach, and here I am!"

Agnes Van Alen



GOOD FOR PERCY

"My son is not what you would call musically inclined," said the fond mother, indicating the languid, poetic young creature who lolled beside her, "and yet I am anxious to have him take piano lessons."

The Dean of the Conservatory rubbed his chin thoughtfully as he surveyed the sad young man.

"You see," she continued, "Percy's so delicate, I think the exercise will be good for him."

Beulah Rector



FOUND OUT

"I have very strong suspicions," said Sherlock Holmes to his friend Dr. Watson, as they strolled down the street, "that yon well-dressed man is a rustic."

"Ah!" murmured the Doctor. "And what caused you to draw such a conclusion?"

"'Sh! Not so loud!" cautioned the great detective. "I just saw him trying to mail a letter in a fire-alarm box."

Hapsburg Liebe



THE MARTYR

By N. Parker Jones

The politician now appears
Armed for the coming fray;
He's overcome his modest fears
But says he's in to stay.
He hates campaign publicity;
Its very thought offends
But with a heart like his, you see,
He can't refuse his friends!



Rent 10 Months Then It's Yours!

THIS IS THE OFFER THAT HAS ASTOUNDED THE TYPEWRITER WORLD! A stupendous and far reaching inducement to encourage the use of typewriters.

The Famous Model No. 3 Oliver

The machine with the type bars that strike downward—that has made the "write-in-sight" principle mechanically practical. It is so simple children learn to operate it in ten minutes—faster than the fastest expert—possesses phenomenal strength and durability.

Fully equipped, just as perfect as though you paid cash—you get every perfection, every device, which ever went out with this model—you get all the extras, metal case, base-board, tools, instruction book, etc. Guaranteed flawless.

NO CASH UNTIL YOU SEE IT—until you try it in your home or office, then you make your decision—no salesman to influence or hurry you—if you keep it, you pay only one month's rent down; it will earn its own way thereafter.

STOP PAYING IN TEN MONTHS—no interest—no chattel mortgage—no collectors—no publicity—no delay. Positively the best typewriter value ever given—the best selling plan ever devised.

IF YOU OWN A TYPEWRITER NOW—trade it in as part payment—we will be liberal with you. If you are renting an old typewriter, you will want to send it back when you see this one.

Send your name and address on coupon and we will tell you more about this unusual offer—more about this splendid typewriter—it won't cost you anything and you will be under no obligation—we won't send a salesman. Tear out the coupon now.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
159 M D N. State St., Chicago

COUPON

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE.
159 M D N. State St., Chicago.

You may send, without placing me under any obligation, further information of your typewriter offer.

Name.....

Address.....

My old machine is a..... No.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

FOR BABY'S TENDER SKIN



Use Only

CUTICURA SOAP

It has been the favourite for more than a generation. Assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, its use means skin health in infancy and childhood, and freedom, in the majority of cases, from skin and scalp affections in after life.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 183, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.



Walnuts and Wine

AN OBSERVATION

By Harold Susman

We do not sing Recessionals
At churches now; without a doubt
The ministers must realize
Recessionals are going out!

EATING TO GET THIN

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the well-known physician and writer, was once called upon by a young matron with more than her share of flesh and fat.

She told the doctor that she had read his article on "Fat and Its Follies" in a popular magazine, and she wanted him to help her get rid of some of her fat. After a few preliminary questions, he handed the lady a diet list, telling her to come back in two weeks.

The good doctor's consternation can scarcely be imagined when he saw his patient again. She looked fifty per cent. fatter and weighed twenty pounds more. He was more than puzzled. His list contained no sweets of any kind, nor any fat producers; yet it was putting flesh on at an enormous rate.

"You are sure that you ate the things on this list?" the doctor questioned severely.

"Yes, Doctor," was the firm answer.

"What else did you eat?"—as a sudden inspiration seized him.

"Why, nothing but my regular meals," was the indignant answer.

Julius Reich

THE PROCESS

Finding one of her pupils in peculiar distress over his lesson, a teacher in a primary school inquired as to the trouble. The boy stated this arduous problem:

"If Richard has three red apples and John has four, how many have they both together?"

"Is that so very hard?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"But surely," the teacher continued, "you know already that three and four make seven. There can be no trouble about that."

"I know that, ma'am," was the pathetic response. "But the process! It's the process that wears me out!"

T.

Just as Much Fun to Build a Boat as

Run It

Build a Brooks boat this winter. Get all the enjoyment of seeing your motor boat, sailboat or canoe grow to completion under your hands. Have the satisfaction of *knowing* your boat—*knowing* what's under you—that every part is staunch and true. You can build a boat easily evenings, and in other spare time. We send you every piece—keel, stern, ribs, planking, already fitted here at the factory so that every joint is perfect.

You don't have to be a mechanic. The only tools you need are hammer, saw and screw-driver. Simple instructions make every move clear. It's healthful recreation every minute of it. Thousands of men and boys



**ONLY
\$25.00**

For this Model 234, 23 feet long, Knock Down Frame with full-sized pattern to to finish by. Our beautiful book shows 100 other designs at proportionately low prices.

are now making boats for next summer. Why don't you? Have your canoe, catboat or racing motor boat all ready for a spin the first warm day of spring.

ONLY 1/3 THE BUILDER'S PRICE--AND A BETTER BOAT

The labor is the expensive part of boat building. The Brooks' System enables you to do the work as well as the expert boat-builder. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. You can have just the boat you want—dozens of models and sizes to choose from. All kinds of

motor boats—speed launches—power dories—power canoes—sea-going cabin cruisers. Sailboats—catboats—knockabouts—sloops—larks—skip jacks—padding and sailing canoes. Prices so moderate that there's no excuse for you not having a boat if you really want one

MAIL POSTAL FOR RICHLY ILLUSTRATED BOAT BOOK

Better get started on your new boat right away. At least send for our book and learn just what the Brooks' System is and how you can build the finest kind of boat at home at far below usual prices.

WRITE TO-DAY.



**BROOKS
MANUFACTURING
CO.**

3903 Rust Avenue
SAGINAW - MICHIGAN

**You Can Build
Any Style Boat**

you want from our full-sized patterns, costing from \$2 to \$12 according to design selected.

WEIGHTED WITH WATER.

A lawn roller whose weight can be adjusted to the conditions of your lawn, garden, tennis court or driveway.

All In One

{ A light Machine for the soft, wet spring lawn;
A heavy Machine for the hard, dry summer lawn;
A heavier Machine for the driveway of tennis court.

Why buy one of the old style iron or cement fixed-weight rollers that is generally too heavy or too light to do your lawn the most good, paying for two or three hundred pounds of useless metal—and freight on it as well—when less money will buy the better, more efficient

"Anyweight" Water Ballast Lawn Roller

A difference of 50 pounds may mean success or ruin to your lawn—a half ton machine will spoil it in early spring, while a 200 pound roller is absolutely useless later in the season. If you desire a fine, soft, springy turf of deep green, instead of a course, dead looking patch of grass, use an "Anyweight" Water Ballast Roller—built in 3 sizes, all of 24 inch diameter and of 24, 27 and 32 inch widths. Drums boiler riveted or acetylene welded. Weight 115, 124 or 132 lbs. empty—from that "anyweight" up to half a ton when ballasted. Filled in 30 seconds—emptied in a jiffy. Runs easy—lasts a lifetime.

THIS BOOK SENT FREE We will mail you postpaid, our valuable and interesting book on "The Care of the Lawn," together with folder about the "Anyweight." Write us to-day. Save money—save your lawn.

WILDER STRONG IMPLEMENT CO.

Box 19, MONROE, MICH.

115 lbs. to $\frac{1}{2}$ ton

Walnuts and Wine

A WISE CHILD

The pretty and popular daughter of a well-known clergyman had been out to a dance the night before, and consequently appeared late at the breakfast table. The clergyman, with mock severity, scowled over the top of his newspaper at her when she finally joined him for her morning cup of coffee.

"Good morning, daughter of the devil," he said, keeping a serious face.

His daughter looked at him a moment and then smiled: "Good morning, Father."

Bian Blackman

THE UNHAPPY PET

By Florence Josephine Boyce

I am sat on, crushed, distorted,
Much against my will transported—
Heels up, tail up, any way up, that I happen to be caught;
If I cry, she hugs me tighter;
If I try to scratch or bite her,
Then I 'm grappled by a grown-up and some meeker manners taught.
Almost anything is better than to be the baby's cat!

I go hanging by my middle
Till I 'm crooked as a riddle,
And I feel so weak and wabbly that I could n't chase a rat.
Oh I 'd rather be a monkey
Or a poodle or a donkey—

WHERE TO Go

Go to the merchant for dry-goods, to the butcher for fry goods, to the restaurant for pie goods, to the hair-dresser for dye goods, to the Wrights for fly goods or sky goods, and 'most anywhere for high goods.

William J. Burtscher

A NEW TIME-TABLE

"When does this ferry run, Uncle?" asked the would-be passenger.

"Dis ferry, Marse," said the old man, "she runs at quarter arter, half arter, quarter to, and at."

Dorothy Porter

How Much Interest Is Your Money Earning

When you read of the will left by some wealthy man, just note how much of all his possessions are listed as cash drawing 3% interest from the bank.

You will generally find most of it made up of Bonds, Real Estate, etc., drawing 5% or 6%. His experience in investments is wider than that of the ordinary bank depositor, therefore he can better pick a good investment.

Quite a number of the country's best Bond Houses are recognizing this situation and are offering Bonds with their own guarantee of 6% interest and return of capital. It is putting the experience of the millionaire right in the lap of the bank depositor.

INVESTMENTS

THE READERS' SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE OFFERS ITS SERVICES, WITHOUT CHARGE, TO ALL READERS WHO DESIRE INFORMATION UPON ANY FINANCIAL TOPIC. ALL INQUIRIES WILL BE REGARDED AS CONFIDENTIAL, BUT THE PRIVILEGE IS RESERVED OF PUBLISHING, UNSIGNED, INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS WHICH ARE OF GENERAL INTEREST. THIS MAGAZINE DOES NOT UNDERTAKE TO MAKE SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS INVOLVING CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE; THIS DEPARTMENT, HOWEVER, HAS ACCESS TO ALL THE AVAILABLE CHANNELS OF INFORMATION ON INVESTMENTS AND WILL BE GLAD TO PLACE ITS SERVICES AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

QUESTION: I am the owner of American Smelting and Refining Company, preferred stock, and United States Rubber Company, first preferred stock. Have you any idea that the government contemplates bringing suit against either of these corporations under the Sherman law? If the government should bring such suits, do you think such suit would be successful?

ANSWER: It is impossible to answer your question specifically. The plans of the Department of Justice for the further prosecution of the industrials have not been made public except in a most general way. It is understood, however, that the Department is proceeding, step by step, and that future action will depend largely upon the result of litigation now pending. For example, the United States Steel Corporation is now being attacked. This company does not control much more than half of the production in its industry, and stands on an entirely different footing from the Standard Oil, Tobacco or Powder Companies, which, in fact, were in a class by themselves. If the government is successful in breaking up the steel trust and the sugar trust, which controls even a smaller portion of the product in its industry, it is not unreasonable to suppose that other suits may be instigated. Even if

one or both of the companies which you mention should be dissolved, there is no reason to believe that the method of dissolution will be such as to seriously impair the earning power of the property. Certainly no damage has been done to stockholders of either the American Tobacco or Standard Oil Companies by the dissolution processes to which their companies have been subjected.

QUESTION: What is the significance of the words "Preferred as to Assets" when applied to preferred stock?

ANSWER: As long as a company remains solvent and unless it is dissolved by the voluntary act of the stockholders, or unless the preferred stock is retired by the company, the holder of preferred stock can never get his money back unless he receives it from some other investor. If the dissolution of the company comes as a result of bankruptcy, the preference as to assets will usually amount to nothing, since there will be no assets left to which the preferred stockholder may lay claim. In case of litigation following voluntary dissolution or sale, however, the preference as to assets may, sometimes, be a great advantage to the stockholder. Preference as to assets may protect the holder of preferred stock against manipulation by some interests

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 Hutchinson Wtr. Lt. & Pwr. 4s, 1928
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Investments

which may buy up a majority of the common stock of a company which has not been paying dividends, but which has a large surplus in its business over its debts. The common stock of such company would probably sell at a low value and could be purchased by the investor for a little money. The new interest might elect a board of directors who might recommend to the stockholders some plan of dissolution or sale, which the preferred stockholders, in ignorance, might adopt. If the preferred stock was not preferred as to assets, the common stock would participate equally with the preferred in the proceeds of the sale, although its market value, based on its prospects of dividends, was small. Preference as to assets can never do any harm and may sometimes do great good.

QUESTION: What do you think of the preferred stocks of the railway equipment companies, such as the American Car and Foundry Company, the Pressed Steel Car and the American Locomotive Company?

ANSWER: We think very well of these issues as speculative investments. The railway equipment industry has passed through one of the worst years in its history. The American Car and Foundry Company pays only 2 per cent. and yet is selling around 50. American Locomotive common has paid no dividends since 1908 and is selling at 31 to 32. Pressed Steel Car is selling around 29 and has paid no dividends on its common stock since 1904. Railway Steel Spring has paid no dividends since 1908. Taking these companies as typical of the equipment group we find that in each case they were formerly more liberal to their common stockholders. American Car and Foundry paid 3 per cent. in 1907 and 1908. American Locomotive,

which now pays no dividends, from 1906 to 1908 paid 5 per cent. Pressed Steel Car from 1900 to 1904 paid dividends ranging from 6 to 3 per cent. Railway Steel Spring, from 1904 to 1908, paid dividends running as high as 4 per cent. down to 2 per cent. The preferred stocks of each of these companies have paid dividends without interruption.

A recent bulletin issued by the Railway Business Association, an organization composed largely of railway equipment interests, stated that new railway equipment is being provided so slowly that a small increase in tonnage would result in a serious car shortage. It is not known when a marked revival in business will come, but when it does occur, the railway equipment companies, which are already in a fairly sound financial position, will reap the benefits. For investment purposes the preferred stocks of these companies are greatly superior to the common stocks.

QUESTION: What is your opinion of railway equipment issued?

ANSWER: Railway equipment issues are so well secured that because of the higher interest which they pay they rank ahead of any but the best first mortgage bonds. They are not secured, as is commonly stated, by a first mortgage on railway equipment but by a lease of railway equipment which is owned by some company or individual altogether separate from the lessee railway company. The lease provides for the payment of interest on the sum which represents the cost of the cars or locomotives leased and for the repayment of the cost in a series of instalments, and provides, further, that the equipment does not usually become the property of the railway company until the entire cost price has been refunded to the trustee and the bonds retired. Any de-

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 Sinking Fund Gold Bonds

Dated May 1, 1911 Due May 1, 1926

Interest payable May 1 and November 1 in New York,
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Callable, as a whole or for the Sinking Fund, at 102 and accrued
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Coupon Bonds of \$500 and \$1,000

With privilege of Registration as to Principal only

Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, Trustee

Outstanding - - - - - \$3,000,000

Reserved for additions and improvements

at 80 per cent. of cash cost - - - - - 5,000,000

Total authorized, \$7,000,000

From official information furnished by the Company we
 summarize as follows:

Net earnings are more than $2\frac{1}{4}$ times all interest charges.

Gross and net earnings have shown steady increases as follows:

	Gross	Net
Year ended December 31, 1908	\$330,506	\$134,463
" " " 1909	376,354	174,878
" " " 1910	444,152	194,419
Twelve months ended October 31, 1911	504,548	227,945

These bonds are secured through collateral by substantially a first lien on entire electric street railway, light and power and gas properties in a prosperous and growing community of about 40,000 population. The sinking fund retires 25 per cent. of all bonds issued under this mortgage.

Satisfactory franchises exist: electric light charter is perpetual, others expire in 1944, 1936 and 1929.

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Columbus, Ohio

Investments

fault forfeits all payments which have been made. The trust certificates, in addition to the security of this lease, are the direct obligation of the railway company. There is no case on record of default in interest or principal of railway equipment issues. The property which they represent is so indispensable to the operations of the railroad that should bankruptcy occur the holders of these certificates can always count upon prompt payment.

QUESTION: What is your opinion of Pittsburgh Coal preferred as an investment?

ANSWER: Pittsburgh coal preferred is now selling around 80. Its range for 1911 was from 67- $\frac{3}{4}$ to 90- $\frac{3}{4}$. The amount outstanding is \$27,071,800 and the rate is 7 per cent. The company has not been particularly successful in paying preferred dividends. From 1900 to 1905 7 per cent. was paid; 1906 to 1909 dividends were suspended; in 1910 5 per cent., 1911 5 per cent., and the 5 per cent. rate is apparently to be continued for 1912. This dividend is cumulative, that is any unpaid arrears must be paid before the common stock receives anything. Owing to the large number of passed dividends these arrears are now considerable. The company has a large bonded debt which comes ahead of the preferred stock. This debt includes \$25,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds issued in 1904. The company has recently sold 7,000 acres of coking coal land for \$10,350,000 to a subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation, which will be used to retire the \$9,000,000 of its first mortgage bonds.

This company has recently formed a merger with the Monongahela Consoli-

dated Coal and Coke Company, operating in the same district and has assumed its bonds which, however, are reduced to a comparatively small amount by application of the proceeds of the sale of coal land by this company, also to the H. C. Frick Coal Company. The net earnings of the Pittsburgh and subsidiary companies for the eight months ending August 31, 1911, after deducting fixed charges amounting to \$484,889 and of the Monongahela Company of \$232,736, a total of \$717,625. For the preceding year, however, the company earned a surplus of \$611,860 over its preferred dividends and the bad showing of the eight months period mentioned must be taken to indicate the results of an extreme depression in the soft coal trade. The Pittsburgh Coal Company, along with other shippers from the same district, is now engaged in proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission to secure readjustment of the rates on soft coal to the Lake ports as between the Pittsburgh district and the West Virginia district. It is claimed by the Pittsburgh operators that West Virginia is able to ship at the same rate as Pittsburgh to the Lakes, although the distance from the West Virginia mines is considerable greater. If the Pittsburgh operators are successful in this litigation, they will secure a large increase in their tonnage to Lake ports, especially for Canadian consumption and the net earnings of the Pittsburgh Coal will be materially increased. In the event of a favorable outcome of these proceedings, the preferred stock of the Pittsburgh Coal Company will be much more attractive as an investment than it is at present.

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The net income from the building, at a most conservative estimate, is more than three times the greatest annual interest charge, providing a large surplus annually for the serial retirement of the bonds.

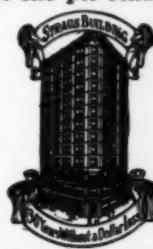
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Twentieth Century Travel



CAR-TIME

By Minna Irving

THE bluebirds on the garden fence
Their soldier coats display,
The woodpeckers are drumming too,
In March time every day,
And though the warming air is raw,
And winds are damp and cold,
The crocuses and daffodils
Are showing signs of gold.

So go and get the magazines,
I want to scrutinize
The pages where from month to month
The autos advertise,
For when the wild geese overhead
Are honking near and far,
And roads invite us to a spin,
It's time to buy a car.

OVERHAULING THE CAR

By Churchill Williams

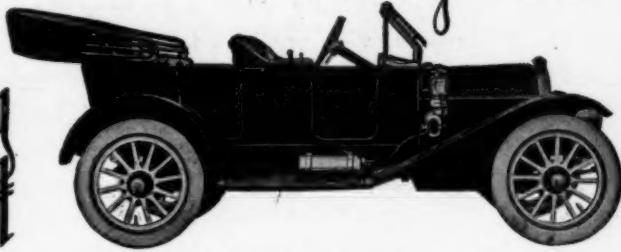
ECONOMY and satisfaction in the operation of the automobile depend nothing more certainly than prompt and careful replacement or refitting of moving parts as they become worn by use. Much can be done to lessen the need for this by keeping the car clean and by attention to small quickly-made adjustments. But a time arrives when wear from friction demands more radical treatment, and this usually involves such dismemberment of vital parts that the car must be laid up for at least several days. It is well at such times to make a "killing" and go over the car from end to end, cleaning its mechanism in

detail as cannot be done when it is assembled, examining its members for condition and fit, and finally reassembling and readjusting these.

Supposing that the owner intends to do this work for himself, or at least, to have it done under his personal direction, the following suggestions are offered. I would preface them with this advice: First, if you have not attempted such work before, engage a first-class machinist to advise and assist you; in any event, do not economize to the extent of denying yourself a helper. Second, be systematic and certain of the reason for each step before you

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is
Quality
In-Built

Beverley \$975



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¶ An automobile should be an investment in economy. In buying then you must consider the cost of maintenance; some cars, as you know, pile up repair bills in a single season that fairly equal the purchase price of the machine. ¶ With the Paige, the first cost is practically last cost. The Paige is built for your needs. It is a quality car in every nut and bolt—every rod and gear.

¶ The chief merit of the Paige is in the quality of the materials assembled by workmen of quality in a factory where the old fashioned idea of doing things right, if they are to be done at all, prevails from the experimental room to the shipping room.

¶ There are motor cars cheaper than the Paige, but under present conditions it is impossible to build a better motor car for less than \$1,000. At that, there is 25 per cent. more motor car value in the Paige at \$975 than in most cars selling up to \$1,400. We make this statement only because hundreds of owners have made the same statement of their own accord.

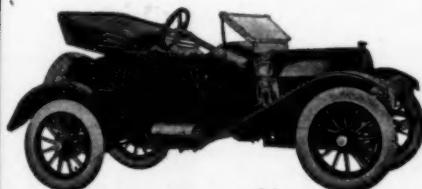
¶ Make a comparison for yourself. If you do, we have no doubt of your eventually buying a Paige.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

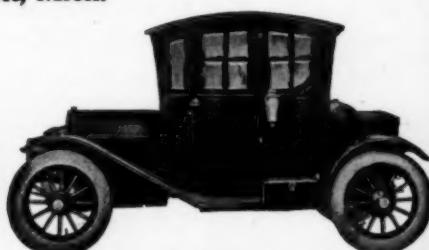
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Overhauling the Car

take it. Third, keep all small parts in boxes or cans, a separate container for each set of parts, and, where possible, run the nut on the bolt to which it belongs immediately after washing them both with gasoline. Fourth, do not attempt to work where you have not plenty of light.

If the motor is so located as to be readily demountable, by all means remove it from the frame at the start. Fastened to a couple of stout horses, which have been braced together, it is in a position to be examined and worked upon with much greater ease and certainty. In any event, after shutting off the gasoline and draining off the water and oil, strip the motor of water, electrical, gas and exhaust connections, and wipe it clear of oil and grit with a rag and gasoline. Then, before removing the valves, test each cylinder separately for compression, either by the rough-and-ready method of comparing the back-pressure upon the cranking lever, or, better by a pressure gauge screwed in turn into each of the spark-plug orifices. Make a note of cylinders showing the lightest compression and, later, when examining the cylinders, pistons and piston rings, refer to this note for guidance in determining the particular rings, valves or valve plugs, if any, at fault. Also, after dropping the lower part of the crank case and before removing the lower half of the crank shaft bearings, test those bearings for

play by inserting a heavy stick between the flywheel and the floor of the workshop and, using this as a pry. Play sufficient to cause a loss of power and sometimes a decided knock, when the motor is pulling heavily, will show itself by this plan and yet fail to disclose itself if simply felt for by lifting the flywheel with the arms unassisted. Likewise, after the crankshaft bearings have been scraped and refitted—if that be found necessary—the lever will again be required to determine if all the play has been taken up. Too close a fit of these bearings is quickest discovered by turning over the motor by hand after the bearings have been bolted as tightly as the wrench will allow. If the operator, using his full strength on the cranking lever can revolve the shaft, its bearings may be deemed not too tight, as a very few miles of running under power will reduce the high spots on them and restore normal conditions.

To accomplish a satisfactory fit of the crank-shaft bearings it is usually sufficient to take out one or more of the thin shims or liners, which are to be found between the edges of the bearing itself. This makes up for the up-and-down wear which, except in extreme cases, will be found to be about all that the bearings have sustained. In some instances, however,—and always for a perfect job—scraping of the bearings will also be required in order to restore them to

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Tulsa



Overhauling the Car

absolutely cylindrical form. If this is to be done the cylinders must be dismounted and the connecting rods loosened at their lower ends, the crank-shaft, together with the fly-wheel, entirely removed, and the bearing caps and bearings taken out. The scraping of all split bearings of bronze or white metal, is best effected with a special tool that may be purchased at any of the larger supply houses. This tool has a straight cutting edge which must be pressed against the bearing so as to engage its face for its whole length, and a thin scraping taken off at each stroke by giving the tool a slightly rolling movement. The operation requires great care and some little skill and, it should be performed by a good mechanie, or if by the owner, then only with caution and with frequent fittings of the two halves of the bearing about the shaft. By giving the inside of the bearing a coating of red lead and turning the shaft, each fitting will show at just what points the bearing touches or fails to touch the shaft, and so indicate to the workman where the bearing needs further scraping, if any.

The connecting-rod bearings at both ends may have some end play. But up-and-down play, however slight, is absolutely not to be permitted. At the piston-pin end such play is unlikely to occur, except in engines that have had hard, long, use. If play is found it must be taken up, either by replacing

the bushings in the bosses of the piston, or by refitting the bearing that is within the connecting rod end itself, the course to be pursued depending upon the position of the bearing in question. In either case this will probably prove to be a job for a machinist. In some motors the connecting rod is "pinched" upon the piston pin, and the bearing is upon the metal surface of the boss of the piston. About the only remedy for play in such case is the reboring of the piston bosses and of the connecting rod as well, and the substitution for the old pin of a new specially made pin of exactly the right size. Obviously, this is a job for the machine shop and expert mechanic, and not for the amateur.

At its big or lower end, the connecting rod is usually furnished with shims, like those on the crankshaft bearings, and the course to be followed is similar to that pursued in taking up looseness in the latter. To test the fit of the big-end bearing, after it has been drawn up as tight as the bolts through its cap will bring it, the connecting rod should be rocked to and fro. Any serious binding of the bearing, will at once be disclosed by this motion, and should be relieved by additional scraping, or possibly by the reinsertion of one of the thinnest shims.

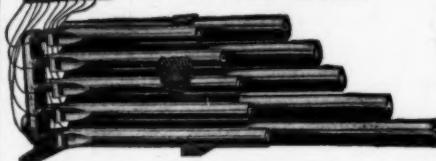
The bearings of the cam shaft or shafts, and of the magneto or water

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Overhauling the Car

pump shafts, if either of these has such a shaft to itself, must be similarly attended to, where provision has been made by the maker for taking up wear. In some motors, however, the end bearings of such shafts are solid, and, if decided play is found in them, the only thing to do is to put in new ones. As part of the overhauling of these parts also it is important that they be examined against badly-worn cams or worn or broken teeth in the gears which drive them. In no case should such defaced cam shafts or gears be put back into the motor. Noise and loss of power are the certain accompaniments of the presence of these defective parts.

Turning to the pistons, these should be scraped free of any carbon on the heads, and then given a bath of gasoline and another of kerosene. After they have been dried the rings should be examined for fit and condition. Any ring that binds should be loosened and thoroughly cleaned. Any ring that is lacking in spring or is not bright all around its outside circumference, should be discarded and replaced with a new one. The cylinders themselves should be scraped free from all carbon, especially on the heads and in the passages leading to the valves, after which they, too, should be thoroughly cleansed in a bath of kerosene. Next the valves should be ground in with one of the valve-grinding pastes or with emery powder, extreme care being taken that no particle of this abrasive material adheres to the valve

pockets or valve-stem guides, or to the cylinder. Wiping all surfaces with an oily rag, followed by immersion of the cylinder in a pail of gasoline, should effectually guard against this.

Finally, turning to those parts of the motor that were detached before beginning the refitting of the bearings, each of these should be thoroughly cleaned externally with a gasoline-soaked rag, and afterward wiped dry. The oil pump and the oil pipes leading to and from it should be flushed with gasoline, the grease cups similarly treated, and all small screws or bolts appertaining to the pump set up tight. The water pump is unlikely to need more than cleaning and an examination for possible looseness; the same being probably true of the magneto, which, by the way, is something the inexperienced man will do well to let severely alone as long as it does its work. It should be added that the magneto should not be removed from its base until, with a punch, or similar tool, the two sides of the flexible coupling on its shaft have been marked so as to insure the correct "timing" of the magneto when it is replaced. The exhaust pipe and muffler, may call for some cleaning from soot, and, on general principles, the carburetor should be drained and examined to be sure that its float and air valve are functioning properly.

These things done, the power plant of the car may be regarded as ready for remounting.

(To be concluded in the May number.)

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MODES FOR THE MOTORIST

By Mrs. A. Sherman Hitchcock

IF there is any pleasure that equals motoring in the spring time, I think it has yet to be discovered. On an exquisite day in springtime, when all nature seems to be jubilant, a spin through the country, made picturesque by the blossom-covered trees and fragrant with their perfumes, with the birds singing and the sun

motoring particularly appeals to women, and that they have entered most enthusiastically into the sport is clearly demonstrated everywhere. It is, indeed, very largely due to the interest and appreciation that the motor car has achieved its present popularity; they have made it the modern pleasure vehicle, and there are really but few purchasers of cars who do not please some feminine taste.

Motoring fashions, too, are all-important at the present time, for it is as necessary to procure comfortable, practical and certainly becoming motor raiment to the mind of the motor woman as it is to procure a reliable and smart-looking car. There are so very many novelties and different styles and materials for the delectation of the motorists to be found in the shops that it would be a woman difficult to please who could not select something in the most modish motor car styles, and all the new spring coats, suits, hats and bonnets are decidedly smart and extremely well built.

A very attractive and youthful style of coat is the model called the Pembroke, which looks well on slender figures, but which will prove the stout woman's Waterloo. This model drops in straight lines from armholes to hips, where there is a three-inch belt of the material passed under stitched flaps—from hence to the skirt hem the lines are perfectly straight. A very smart and correct coat is of khaki-colored whipecord, falling in beautiful, straight lines from neck to heels. It is of the semi-fitting order and not even a pocket breaks the distinction of the cut. There is a lining of amethyst satin. To accompany this model is a



shining, brings realization of what benefits the motor car has brought to us.

Each and every motorist longs for the delight and exhilaration which can only be obtained by a spin in the car, and there are no more enthusiastic motorists than those of the fair sex—

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Modes for the Motorists.

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All the wool materials for the motor coat of the season are brought out in



such a beauty of design and the variety is so great that the motorist should be particularly well dressed this year. The corded woolens and the lovely Worumbos are to be leaders.

The black and white woolens in stripes are a fad for motor garments, and while very conspicuous, find favor with some women. A very attractive model, having charming lines, and becoming to all sizes and ages, is of tobacco brown reversible cashmere with the other side, which is a soft pastel shade of tan for the reveres. These are oddly shaped, beginning at the back of the neck and broadening gradually until they reach the waist-line. These reveres can be brought together and fastened if the state of the weather demands. The back of the coat is in one piece. Cloth d'éponge,

a rough, loosely woven material, is the particularly new goods, and brown, in all the many shades from tan to mustard bids fair to be the favorite color for some time to come.

Motoring hats are of much greater variety than heretofore, but the favorite is the low turban which fits down well over the wearer's head. A decidedly smart motor hat of rough gray straw is trimmed with short wings shading from gray to steel blue and bands of the steel blue were laid straight over the flat wings. Another modish hat is of rough brown straw, faced with taffeta silk. The crown is quite high and wide and the trimming consists of a pheasant's breast dotted with mercury, having a fantasie in the



center front. A close-fitting turban, with a rolling brim, is of violet straw, and has a flat pump bow of yellow chamois as ornamentation. The panama and peanut straws are to be extremely popular.



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"Showing How John Got an Idea, and How the Idea Got John"



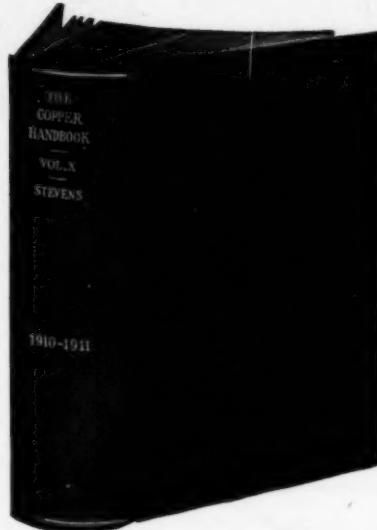
THE BOYS.—Would the man kick if he knew you were copying a plan of his garden, Pop?

JOHN.—Oh, I just want to get the general layout so's I can reproduce it at home, I guess he wouldn't object.

THE BOYS.—Will we have swans too?

JOHN.—Sure and a skating rink for winter too. It's a great idea.

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"SHOWING HOW JOHN GOT AN IDEA, AND HOW THE IDEA GOT JOHN"—Continued



NEIGHBOR.—Building a garage?

JOHN.—Nix! Not exactly, come around in a couple of days and have another guess, he! he! (I guess they'll all be wondering where I got this idea, I'll have to put a canvass around it so's they wont know what I'm up to.)

THE CAT.—He'll have the whole neighborhood green with envy.
THE BOYS.—Dad's got the people's goat this time sure.

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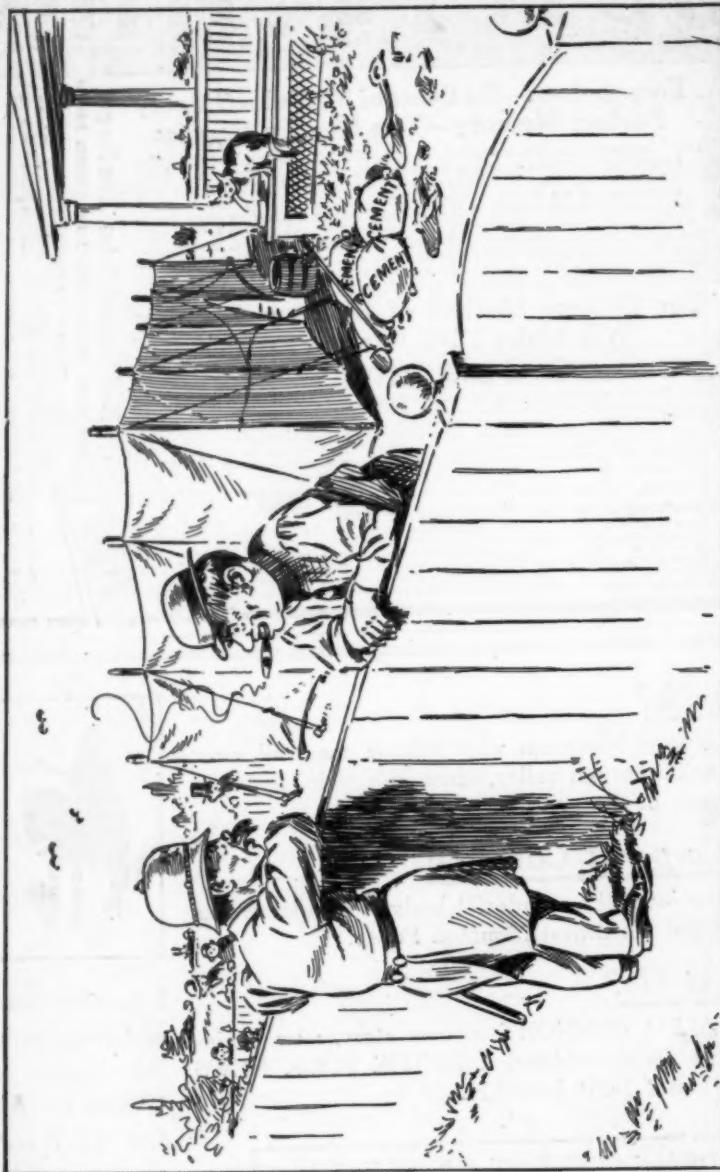
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"SHOWING HOW JOHN GOT AN IDEA, AND HOW THE IDEA GOT JOHN"—Continued



OFFICER.—Yes, but why so much secrecy? The neighbors think it's a kind of a spite fence, but I told 'em you were probably going to start a moving picture show or a circus, but you know you have to have a license to run a circus.

JOHN.—Well, you know, it's a circus to get a license these days, he! he! he! Nixey! you aint on yet, boy, drop around again, you've got another guess coming.



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describe your wants fully as above suggested and a copy of the American College & Private School Directory, a 252-page book, containing information regarding all colleges and private schools in the United States, will be sent you for only 10 cents to cover postage. This book also contains suggestions for those who seek counsel in deciding upon their life work; a plan by which ambitious young men and women of limited means may obtain an education in the school of their choice and an explanation of the way in which the advantages of the best schools may be had at rates, or on terms equally favorable to those of inferior institutions. The price of this book in library binding is \$2.00. It has been adopted by the leading libraries of the country as a reference book, the standard of its kind.

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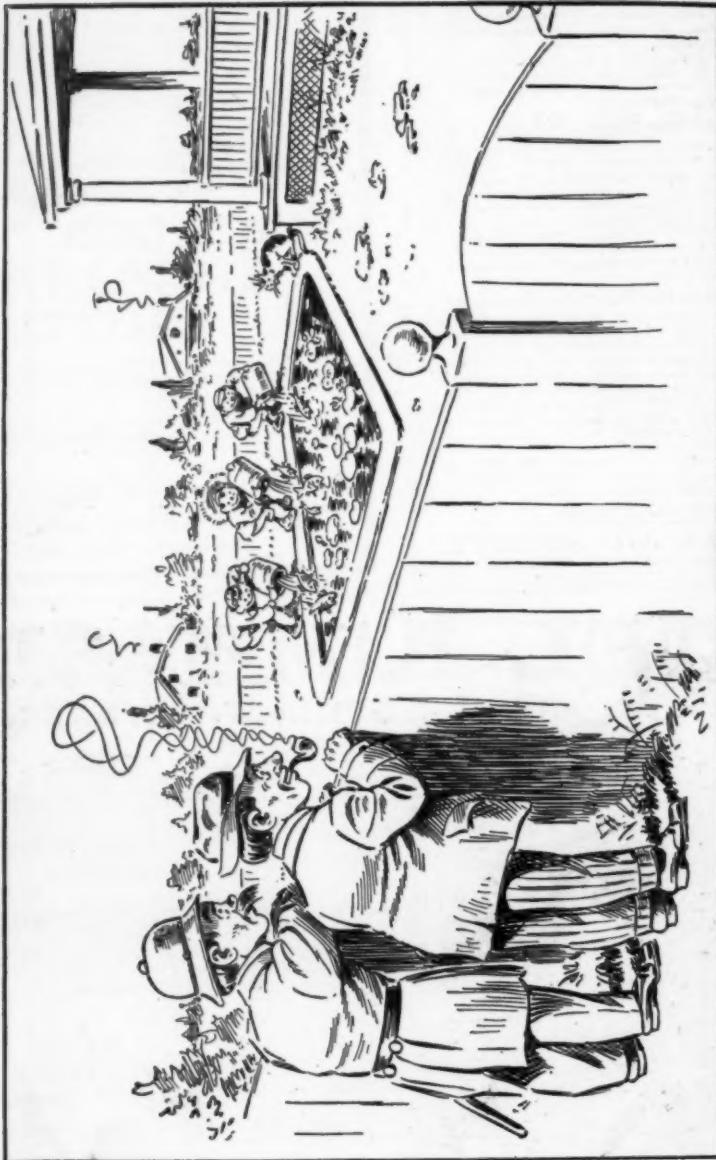
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OFFICER.—Well! well! he's uncovered at last! it's an aquatic garden, look at the gold fish the kids are dumping in it.

NEIGHBOR.—Yea! but what the dence is the old man going to do with them geese?

OFFICER.—Geese nothing! they're swans! gosh! look! I gee whiz! but they're wild.

THE CAT.—Golly, this'll be a golden opportunity for me to fatten up on fish.

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"SHOWING HOW JOHN GOT AN IDEA, AND HOW THE IDEA GOT JOHN"—Continued



Officer.—Good heavens! look they're draggin' him along! why don't he let go of 'em 'fore something happens?

NEIGHBOR.—He can't let go, one of 'em's got him by the ear. Gee! but they're wild.

JOHN.—Gosh! help!

THE CAT.—Well, I swan, they're getting the best of him!

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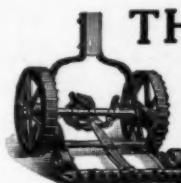
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**GATCHEL
MANNING**
N.E. COR. SIXTH & CHESTNUT STREETS
PHILADELPHIA.



NEIGHBOR.—Ho ! ho ! ho ! I knew it !

OFFICER.—I thought something was going to drop.

THE BOYS.—Gee whiz ! Pop's up agin it again !

THE CAT.—His nibs don't seem to be strong on handling swans !

SUE.—There ! I hope you're satisfied, I told you it would make those swans cross to pen 'em up in the dark cellar, so long, you're always putting your foot in it.

JOHN.—Blub ! blub ! gurgle ! gurgle !!!